

PRACTICAL JOKERS OF HOLLYWOOD

Silver Screen

10c

June

JUN 1 1936
FEDERAL DIVISION

Shirley Temple
With Her
SILVER SCREEN
GOLD MEDAL



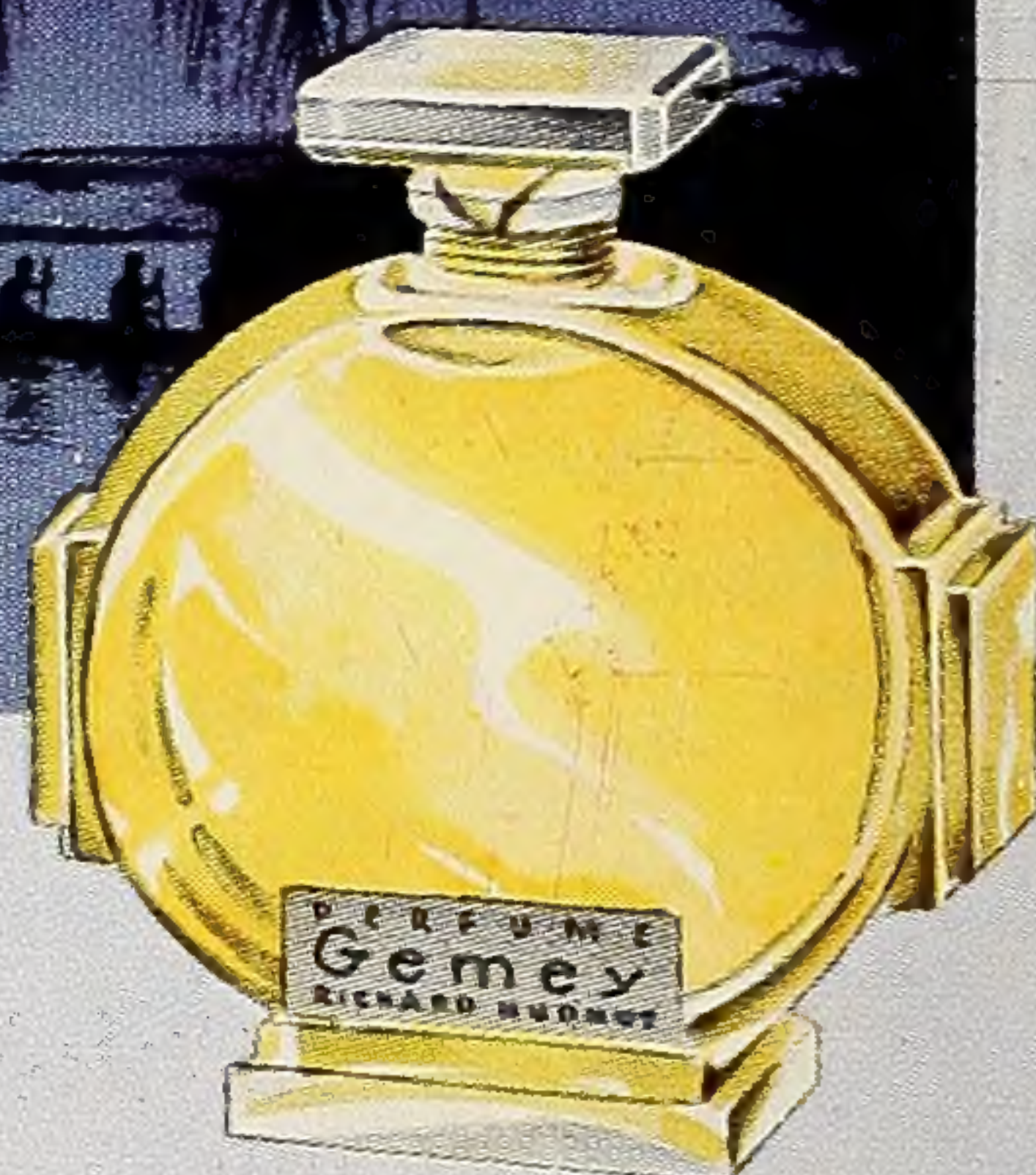


AS THEY SAY IN WAIKIKI

"Maikai!"
THE FRAGRANCE Gemey

"Maikai!" Enchanting! It's the word in Hawaii... the word the world around, for the glamorous fragrance Gemey. For wherever there is moonlight... flooding Honolulu Bay, glancing off the prow of a gondola in the Grand Canal or lighting a garden pathway... wherever romance and youth and laughter are abroad in the land, there, too, is the lovely fragrance Gemey. Women wear it in Naples and Nassau and Nice... in cosmopolitan centers of five continents. Wear it because it is wistful and winsome, wear it because it is gay and young. Wear it because men like it... as you'll like it, when you discover at your favorite perfume counter this world-honored bouquet Richard Hudnut presents to America, the fragrance Gemey!

In
 crystal-clear
 flacons.
 2.50, 4.50, 5.



by **RICHARD
 HUDNUT**

New York . . . Paris . . . London . . . Toronto
 Barcelona . . . Capetown . . . Buenos Aires
 Sydney . . . Shanghai . . . Havana . . . Vienna

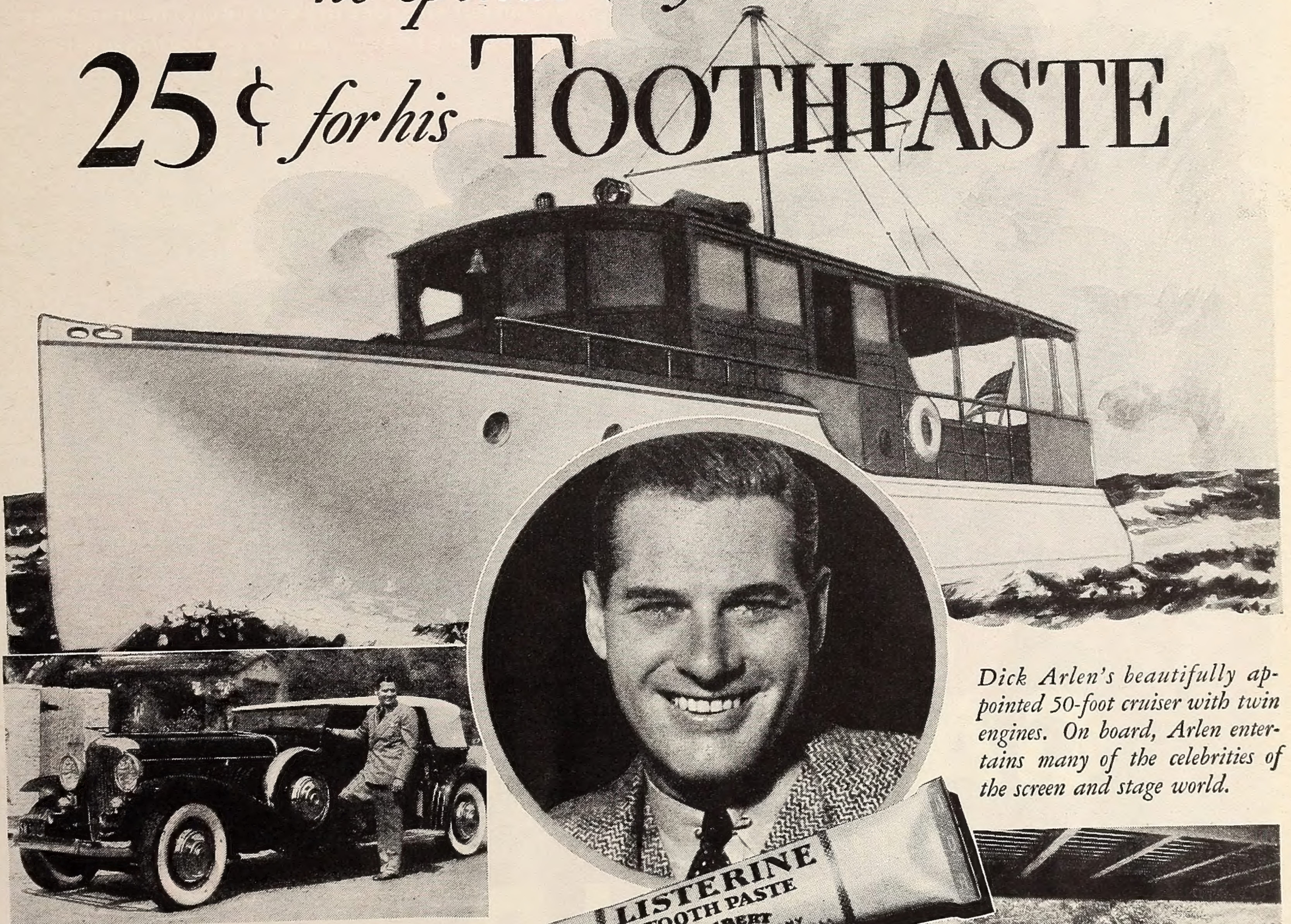
In Hawaii . . . in every romance port o' call . . . wherever there are lovely women, there's the perfume they adore . . . the fragrance Gemey!



Surrounded by LUXURIES..

he spends only

25¢ for his TOOTHPASTE



Dick Arlen's Duesenberg with its special body. Arlen is one of the best drivers in California.

Richard Arlen says: "I like a dentifrice that has substance and body to it...one that does a good job of cleansing... particularly when it comes to removing discoloration. Maybe that's why I'm such a consistent rooter for that LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE."

SCREEN stars don't guess about their tooth paste. They can't afford to, with millions ready to spot the slightest flaw in teeth.

Is it any wonder then that the famous screen star, Dick Arlen, surrounded by luxury and able to pay any price for a dentifrice, chooses Listerine Tooth Paste? Its brilliant results won him as they have won more than 3,000,000 other users.

Why not give your teeth the same

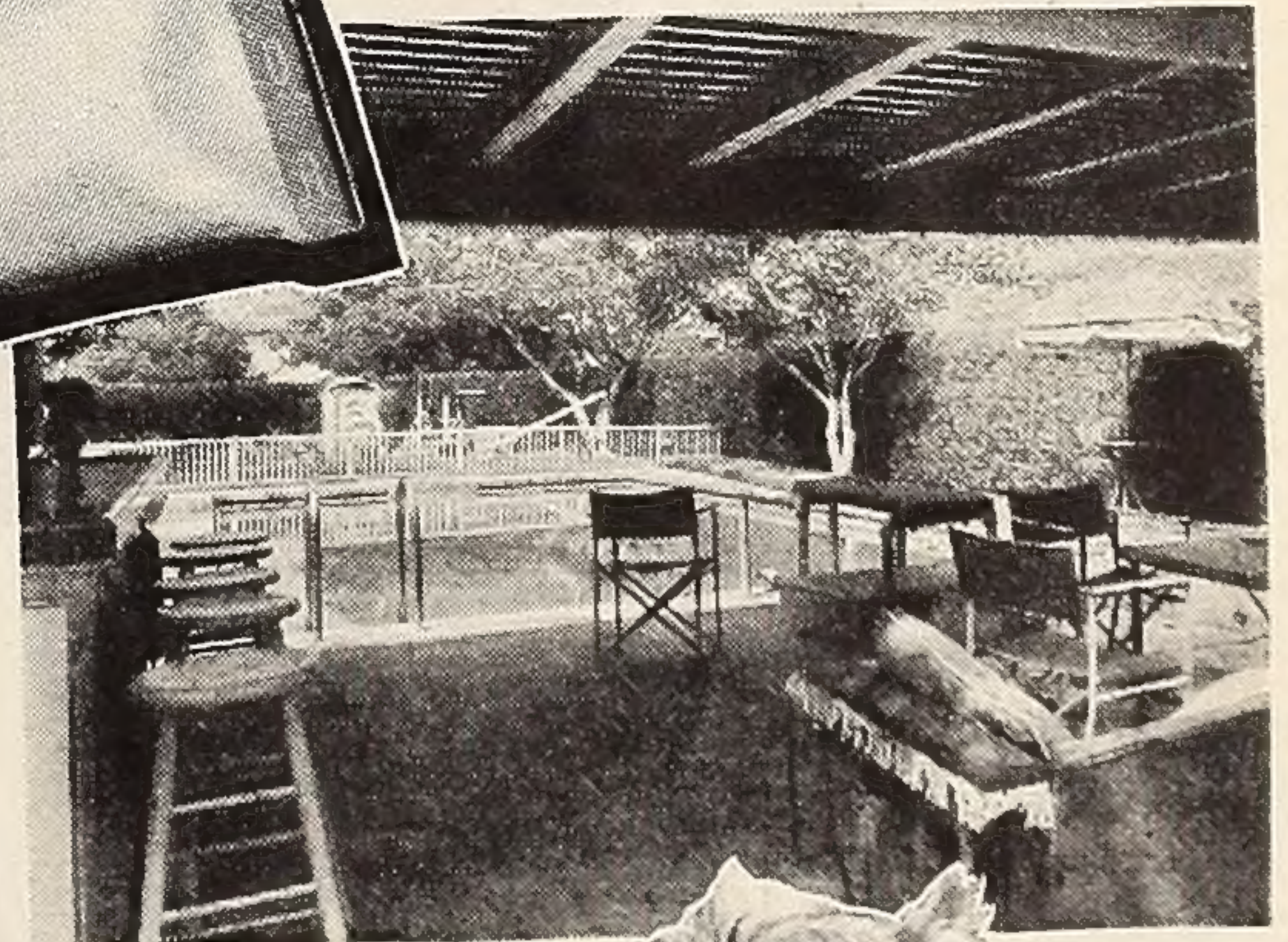
Keeping fit is a religion with Dick Arlen. Every day finds him in the pool on his estate on Toluca Lake, California.

wonderful care? Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today, and use it twice daily for three weeks. You will be delighted to see the improvement in the brilliance of your teeth.

See how thoroughly but how gently it cleans... See how it erases stubborn discolorations... See how it makes precious enamel gleam and shine... And note the wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration it gives to the entire mouth.

You will like Listerine Tooth Paste from the moment you try it... It is in every way worthy of the fine name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Dick Arlen's beautifully appointed 50-foot cruiser with twin engines. On board, Arlen entertains many of the celebrities of the screen and stage world.



Richard Arlen's pet Schnauzer, "Lucky," valued conservatively at \$2,500 and the son of a champion.

They were BORN to play these roles

You never saw two stars more perfectly suited to portray the "male-and-female" of this great drama of San Francisco's bravest days! Clark Gable, owner of a gambling hell and Jeanette MacDonald as the innocent girl, stranded in a wicked city! Their first time together on the screen...and it's an electrifying thrill!

Clark
GABLE
Jeanette
MAC DONALD

IN **San Francisco**

WITH
Spencer **TRACY**

Jack Holt • Ted Healy • Jesse Ralph

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER Picture

See the "Paradise" hottest spot of Frisco's most daring days... with Clark managing!

See New Year's Eve revels in San Francisco...with champagne flowing in fountains!

See "The Chickens' Ball"...with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!

See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House...Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames...a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!

HERE'S A LOVE SONG FOR YOU!

It's called "WOULD YOU"

The composers of "Alone" (Brown and Freed) have written a new one called "WOULD YOU". Try it on YOUR sweetheart for exciting results... but first hear Jeanette MacDonald sing it. The screen's beautiful songbird also sings a thrilling number... "SAN FRANCISCO" in addition to "THE JEWEL SONG" and "MANON".

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

The Opening Chorus



Bette Davis

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR EDITOR,

Well, you can't expect much of a letter from a gal who is scurrying around New York again for the first time in over a year, so if you have any great expectations I might just as well nip them in the bud right now.

And what have I been doing and whom have I been seeing? Isn't it weird how you can get out of Hollywood, but you can't ever get away from Hollywood? The very first night I spent in your quaint metropolis I bumped into almost as many movie stars as I would have at a Chinese premiere. At the Versailles I saw Fay Wray, who is one star more beautiful off the screen than on, and her good looking writer husband, John Monk Saunders, celebrating their last night together. Fay is working in Hollywood now and John is writing in London, and every chance they have they dash across a continent or an ocean for a New York spree.

Also, there were Gary Cooper and his Missus celebrating their departure the next day for Bermuda. Poor Massa Gary, he 'low as how he's mighty tired after the Dietrich picture and the Capra picture (and ain't he somepin in that?) so he has rented a house in Bermuda, far from the yappings and snarlings of assistant directors. At the El Morocco, Ann Sothorn (she, too, no longer a blonde) was dancing with Roger Pryor with love light in her eyes. Wise-cracking like mad from the El Morocco's zebra-striped cushions was Bridegroom Oakie with the little woman, she who was Vanita Varden.

At the Saturday matinee of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" I saw Dick Barthelmess. Right down front giving Dick a big hand was Bette Davis, minus "Oscar" (the Academy Award), and completely unrecognized by the audience.

Simply going into raptures over Helen Hayes' superb performance in "Victoria Regina" were Dolores Del Rio and her husband Cedric Gibbons, who are on their way to England—Dolores being scheduled for an early Douglas Fairbanks Jr. picture.

I saw Claudette Colbert shopping furiously in Saks-Fifth Avenue, Ralph Bellamy applauding Ina Claire in "End of Summer," and Kay Francis lunching at "21".

Yes, indeed, I'll just have to go back to Hollywood to get away from it all.

Liza



IN
wrong!

YOU can't help feeling sorry for her—the girl who seems to be “in wrong” with everyone.

She's pretty—but men avoid her. She's good company—but girls let her alone. She's simply out of things. *And why?*

Well, bluntly, because underarm perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be near.

And the pity of it is, she has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get this helpful habit—it pays socially! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

TIPS

ON PICTURES



When “Ramona” comes to the screen, Loretta Young will play the famous unhappy Indian maiden.

BRIDGE OF SIGHS, THE—Good. Another crime drama replete with the usual ingredients that go to make a mystery that has suspense and thrills and romance. The cast includes such well known players as Walter Byron, Jack La Rue, Onslow Stevens, Dorothy Tree.

BROADWAY PLAYBOY—Amusing. Geo. M. Cohan authored this opus about a hayseed from a small town who comes to the city to put a crimp in the marital plans of his boyhood pal. A good deal of wrangling floats into the urban air before everything is smoothed out happily. (Warren William, Gene Lockhart, June Lang, Barton MacLane.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS—Good. This time Charlie introduces us to his wife and numerous offspring, and what a fine time they have at the circus until Papa (Warner Oland) starts dishing out a murder that interrupts the festivities. (Drue Leyton.)

COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE—Fine. Everybody over three knows and adores those amazing Canadian “quints,” so none of you will want to miss seeing them—all five—in this absorbing tale woven around their extraordinary birth and the excitement it created. (Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson and the Quints—in person.)

DOUGHNUTS AND SOCIETY—Fair. Louise Fazenda and Maude Eburne are the two ladies who get tired of fooling around with an Alaskan gold mine and start a doughnut factory for diversion. After that they make an attempt to rub shoulders with the upper crust, with amusing results. (Eddie Nugent-Ann Rutherford.)

“GENTLE JULIA”—Amusing. Booth Tarkington is at his gentle best in this delightful comedy of American customs and manners in a small town. In the cast you will find Jane Withers, Jackie Searl, Marsha Hunt, Tom Brown, etc.

GIVE US THIS NIGHT—Fair. With two players (Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura) who not only can sing but look distinctly attractive also, we can recommend this operetta to you without too many reservations. That is, if you're not a jazz hound and can take romantic love ditties with a good grace when you run across them.

HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES—Good. Only the title of Meredith Nicholson's famous novel is used here. The present plot has to do with an International spy ring, with headquarters in a night club near Paris, called The House With a Thousand Candles. Good cast includes Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Irving Pichel.

KLONDIKE ANNIE—Fair. There are still some of you who like the Mae West strut and the Mae West humor and there are some of you, of course, who've grown a wee bit tired of her sameness. However, it may be news that Mae goes good on us in this present opus. Yep, she reforms! See how you like that. (Victor McLaglen.)

LEATHERNECKS HAVE LANDED, THE—Fine melodrama. All we can say is that when they land at your neighborhood theatre, you'd better go take a look at these Marines. For the sake of the exciting plot, however, they land in Shanghai—with exuberant results. (Lew Ayres, Isabel Jewel.)

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—Excellent. With Freddie Bartholomew in the title part, minus the traditional curls, how could you help but enjoy this 1936 version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's famous story of the little Anglo-American boy who inherited an earldom. (Dolores Costello-C. Aubrey Smith.)

LITTLE MISS NOBODY—Good. In this tale of a homeless child who gets thrown out of an orphanage during a moment of genuine self-sacrifice, little Jane Withers is allowed to run what we call the gamut of emotions. And she's darn good, too. (Sara Haden, Ralph Morgan.)

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST—Amusing. Carole Lombard proves herself a fine comedienne in this modern “taming of the shrew” affair concerning a society girl and her two suitors, one rich, one poor. Who wins her in the end? The rich one, of course! What did you think? (Preston Foster-Cesar Romero.)

MOONLIGHT MURDER, THE—Fair. The Hollywood Bowl is the scene of the crime and it may provoke the unholy glee of the non-musical to hear the conceited tenor warbling “Il Trovatore” one minute and the next to find him murdered. (Chester Morris-Madge Evans-Leo Carrillo.)

MOON'S OUR HOME, THE—Entertaining. One of the breeziest of the season's comedies, with Margaret Sullavan perfectly cast as a temperamental screen star and Henry Fonda (her ex-hubby) playing an equally hot-headed writer. Faith Baldwin is responsible for the plot and Dorothy Parker for the snappy dialogue.

MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT—Fair. Well, murder is murder no matter whodunit—at least that's what we always thought, and still do. For a change, however, we have a feminine sleuth in the person of pretty Marguerite Churchill, and she has a way of digging out the truth that's pretty slick. (Lyle Talbot, Claire Dodd.)

ROBIN HOOD OF ELDORADO—Fine. A colorful, exciting tale of California in 1849 around the time the Americans took over the government of the land from the Mexicans. Warner Baxter is excellent as the peaceful peon who is forced to become a bandit in order to avenge the death of his wife (Margo) and the theft of his farm.

SMALL TOWN GIRL—Fine. Janet Gaynor is the small town girl hungry for adventure, but who finds out before long that adventure carries its full share of heartache as well as romance. A lively story, well told, and boasting an excellent cast topped by Bob Taylor, this year's male rave, Lewis Stone and James Stewart.

SUTTER'S GOLD—Interesting. The panoramic drama of a Swiss emigrant, who makes American history during the middle years of the 19th century, is lavishly told here against a rich, colorful background. Edward Arnold plays the title role and with him are Binnie Barnes, Lee Tracy, Katharine Alexander, Montagu Love.

THESE THREE—Excellent. The tragic story of two college girls whose newly opened boarding school in Connecticut is ruthlessly closed because of the lies of a pathological pupil. An exquisite production, poignantly played by Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea, Bonita Granville, etc.

UNGUARDED HOUR, THE—Fine. A dramatic story concerning some English aristocrats who become unfortunately involved in a murder scandal. It is smartly acted, sumptuously set, and entertaining throughout. (Loretta Young, Franchot Tone, Lewis Stone, Roland Young.)

Gloriously The Screen Surrenders to COLOR!

**THE FIRST DANCING
MUSICAL IN 100% NEW
TECHNICOLOR!**

THRILL to a throbbing love story
of Old California . . . gay with
the laughter of sweet Senoritas
. . . alive with the dash of bold
caballeros . . . atingle with the
music and song and dancing of
daring hearts aflame
in a land of carefree
adventure.

**PIONEER
PICTURES**
presents

DANCING PIRATE

**A CAST OF
HUNDREDS**

introducing

CHARLES COLLINS

The Screen's New Dancing Sensation

FRANK MORGAN

Laugh star of 50 hits

STEFFI DUNA

The girl of "La Cucaracha"

Luis Alberni . Victor Varconi

Jack La Rue Directed by **LLOYD CORRIGAN**

Designed in color by **ROBERT EDMOND JONES**

Produced by **JOHN SPEAKS**. Executive Producer
MERIAN C. COOPER . . . Distributed by

RKO-RADIO PICTURES★

*You've never seen any-
thing like the spectacular
"Moonlight Dance" . . .
and a score of other
gasping scenes!*



**"PIONEER
PICTURES
COLOR
THE
WORLD"**

Hear the sentimental songs
by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You
Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"

for JUNE 1936

"HOW I ENDED CONSTIPATION"

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.



Bernice G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC



WHY LET constipation keep you run-down, listless, nervous and tired when permanent relief may be yours so easily? Take comfort from the above true story of another sufferer. For this is not just advertising promises, but the actual experience of one of the thousands who write to tell how Yeast Foam Tablets have ended their suffering and restored them to vigorous health.

There's no more need to make yourself the victim of habit-forming cathartics. Yeast Foam Tablets help restore natural digestive and eliminative functions without irritation. Rich in needed tonic elements, this pleasant, pasteurized yeast has banished constipation, headaches and other symptoms for thousands—bringing back the normal healthy glow of the skin—the natural pep—and the surging energy of buoyant health!

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Do not accept a substitute. Send for Free Sample.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. SC-6-36

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City _____ State _____

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

Write Your Thoughts, Observations, Reactions And Conclusions About The Movies And Win A Real Fan Prize.

FROM the bottom of my heart, Silver Screen, I ask you for a picture of Bob Taylor. I've tried so hard to get one, entering every one of these contests," writes Mary Jean Isaac of 15th St., N. W., Canton, Ohio. "His fine work in 'Magnificent Obsession' and 'Small Town Girl' should win many new fans and certainly make him considerable for the Academy Award." And that's a lot.

"I RECENTLY saw 'Rose Marie,' starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Even though some scenes in this picture are rather fantastic, I think it is one of the best pictures I have ever seen," writes Alma Montgomery of S. Cleveland St., Philadelphia, Pa. "Miss MacDonald, with her beautiful soprano voice, and Mr. Eddy, with his deep baritone voice, really make a wonderful pair. Their acting is superb. I hope that I soon shall have the opportunity to see them in another picture together."

Probably in July, but it isn't named yet.

"AGAIN Gary Cooper proves what a truly remarkable actor he really is! This time it is with his excellent comedy work in 'Desire,'" writes Mrs. Preston Chapman of Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Ga. "We fans were gratified with his thoroughly delightful performance, and his versatility thrills us anew. More comedy roles, Gary—you're marvelous in 'em."

Sorry, "Beau Geste" is next.

ETHEL SMITH of Cedar St., Ridgefield Park, N. J., writes, "Give us more of that excellent, handsome Robert Taylor. He's



Freddie Bartholomew's framed and inscribed photo, won by M. Agnes Walker.



Bing Crosby's photo, won by Martha Hahn.

headed for the highest peak there is in movieland, and if we moviegoers have anything to do with it he'll stay up on the top. Irene Dunne was excellent in the picture, 'Magnificent Obsession,' but the true star, the one who shone most, was Robert Taylor. He actually makes his audiences 'feel' the picture. He's here to stay. Three cheers for Bob Taylor!"

S-h-h! Not so loud, Gable might hear.



George Raft, won by Grace Hintze.



Fred MacMurray, won by Ruth E. Brown.

"Heretofore, I have been disappointed with my favorite star, Dick Powell, because his love scenes were always rather 'mushy.' In 'Thanks A Million,' however, he comes through and wins stars and stripes. In that picture he was truly a different person, and it all seemed too good to be true. I held my breath lest the 'old' Dick Powell pop up at any moment and spoil it all. The real test for this 'new person' came in the love scene between Dick and Katherine Irving as Mrs. Krueger. I gazed in astonishment as I saw Dick Powell go through

emotional scene without embarrassing the audience," writes Elaine Bateman of Rene Court, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after June 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

.....

My name is

Address City State

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in May have been notified by mail.

that delicate scene without a single trace of the 'mushiness' that was so obvious in his previous pictures. The world today demands sincerity above everything else."

Can't you be sincerely mushy?

"WHO IS this handsome stranger in our midst? He is none other than that dashing Irish gentleman, Errol Flynn. All my votes of praise go to him for his fine acting and handsome features. My best wishes for his future domestic happiness and screen success go to him also," writes Carolyn Thomson of Union St., Schenectady, N. Y.

Hark the Errol angel sings!

"BETTE DAVIS has ascended to the heights of fame in 'Of Human Bondage' and 'Dangerous,' and no one, to my way of thinking, deserves it more than she," writes Fred Hamel of Miller St., Fort Huron, Mich. "Being told that she had no future in films didn't stop this versatile actress. She worked hard and reached the very top by giving the best feminine performance of last year. To receive her photograph would certainly be the highest honor that could be shown me."

O.K. Fred. "Mean" parts do not always prevent popularity, apparently.

"MIRIAM HOPKINS' charming eyes, personality and the way she puts her very soul and body into characters she plays will always secure for her millions of friends and theatre patrons," writes Leslie Stone of E. Main St., Lebanon, Tenn. "She is my favorite in any picture. Sure hope I can win a signed photo of her."

They raise nice girls down South.

"MICHAEL WHALEN is rather new to me but he is certainly going over big. If I win one of his autographed photos, it will be one of my treasured movie possessions. That bright and cheery smile of his must make everyone happy who knows him," writes Thelma Pic Kell of Vermont St., Huron, S. D. "His performances in 'The Country Doctor' and 'Song and Dance Man' were marvelous."

We'll ask him, anyhow.

"HANDSOME. That is just the word to describe Robert Taylor," writes Yolande Foderaro of W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill. "Ever since his fascinating performance in 'Magnificent Obsession' he has become Hollywood's second Clark Gable."

You'll spoil him.

BETTER TITLES

For The New Pictures

"Hopalong Cassidy" (William Boyd)
has been changed to

"Three on a Trail"

"The Gentleman From Big Bend"
(Warren William) has been
changed to "Times Square Playboy"

"Something To Live For" (Herbert
Marshall) has been changed to
"Forgotten Faces"

"Murder in the Big House" (Craig
Reynolds) has been changed to
"Jail Break"

"Big Business" (Guy Kibbee) has
been changed to "The Big Noise"

"Turmoil" (Jean Hersholt) has been
changed to "Sins of Man"



"Kiss me again or I'll yell for help!"

THERE was a young actor
...oui, oui!

No respect for convention
had he.

He got slapped on the cheek
And jailed for a week
Just for kissing a girl in
Paree!

* * *

THE reason is not hard
to see...

The answer is simply that
he

Never met the young miss
Till he stole that sweet
kiss

But things happen fast in
Paree!

PICKFORD-LASKY
PRODUCTIONS

presents

Francis LEDERER in ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

with

IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT
ROLAND YOUNG

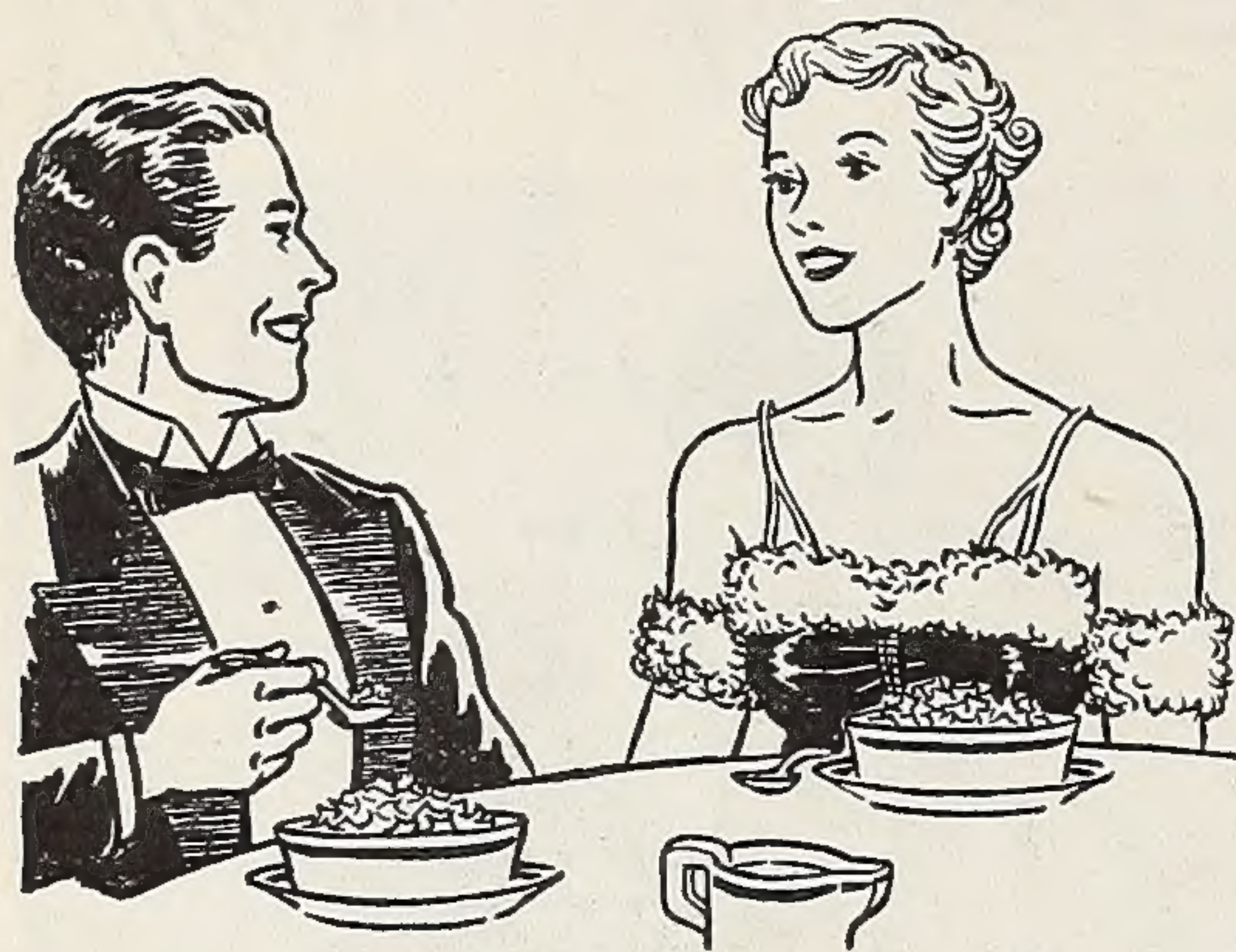
Erik Rhodes • Joseph Cawthorn

Directed by
ROWLAND V. LEE

Released thru United Artists



Postscript



No MATTER how large and luxurious the dinner may have been before the party — when it's all over you find you're hungry again.

And so we suggest a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream for that late snack. They're light, crisp, satisfying. And because of them, tomorrow will be brighter. Sold everywhere. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Nothing takes the place of

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

REMOVE Unightly Hair

The dainty, pleasant way to remove hair from arms, legs and face. Velvet Mitten, as easy to use as a powder puff, gently rubs away the unsightly growth. Harmless...odorless...painless. Does not encourage re-growth. Leaves skin soft and velvety smooth. If your dealer hasn't them, send one dollar for 3 Velvet Mittens ... a full summer's supply.

**Velvet Mitten
HAIR REMOVER**

AT TOILET GOODS CO.
30¢ 3 for \$1
VELVET MITTEN CO., 902 E. NINTH ST., LOS ANGELES

Freckles



Banish those embarrassing freckles quickly in the privacy of your room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft, smooth, and clear.

50c
a jar

Booklet on request.

Stillman Co., Aurora, Ill., Dept. 20

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

The TEMPTING RECIPES

Try These Tasty
Dishes And Enjoy A
New Thrill Straight
From Hollywood.

OF THE STARS

By Ruth Corbin

I CAN'T think of anything more interesting than knowing how our favorites of the films, whose clothes we copy and hair styles we ape, start and end their days. I'd like to know whether they have just a cup of black coffee or a healthy breakfast that sticks to their ribs before departing for the studio, and if, on returning home in the evening, they take a glass of warm milk, a tempting rarebit or just nothing at all before tucking in. All in-between-meals have interesting and diverting possibilities but actors are, after all, only human beings, and since most of them started life in average homes it seems to me that in the main their tastes should be pretty much like other folks'.

You all know that Claudette Colbert is French, which probably accounts for the delicious little French pancakes which she favors and which can be dressed up and made to do duty for almost any meal at any time of the day. Claudette assures me that once she made them regularly and that even now, on occasion, she treats unexpected arrivals to them proving to herself, at least, that her hand has not lost its skill.

They are amazingly versatile little things. For breakfast she likes them wrapped around little pig sausages, or plain with butter and a little maple sugar which, when covered and left to stand a minute, forms its own syrup. They are made almost paper thin, about the size of a salad dish and are cooked to a golden brown. For luncheon they are usually served funnel shape and filled with preserves or orange marmalade. Once when I was lunching

with her she covered them with a rich French sauce and transformed them immediately into "crepes Suzettes." You can eat and eat until your cheeks bulge and still want more. I begged the recipe from Claudette and I was surprised how simple it was. Here is the way she does it.

- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 egg
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons melted Crisco
- 1 cup hot milk

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Beat egg until light and add hot milk and melted Crisco. When slightly cool stir into sifted ingredients. Beat until perfectly smooth. Heat griddle or skillet. Grease with Crisco. Use about two tablespoons of batter for each pancake. This recipe will make about a dozen pancakes.

Fredric March's favorite breakfast consists of cheese roulettes served with scrambled eggs and strips of bacon. And it is shocking the amount he can put away. Freddie had his mother send him this recipe when he was in college and he has treasured it ever since. Here 'tis.

- 2 cups, sifted, of any good cake flour such as Swansdown
- 2 teaspoons double acting baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening



Cheese roulettes for breakfast start the day off right for Freddie March.

These appetizing roulettes can be made in twenty minutes.

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup of milk
Melted butter
1 cup grated American cheese
Salt—Paprika.

Sift the flour, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Cut in shortening; add all the milk at once and stir carefully until all the flour is dampened. Then stir vigorously until mixture forms a soft dough and follows the spoon around the bowl. Turn out immediately on slightly floured board and knead 30 seconds. Roll into oblong sheet one-eighth inch thick. Brush with melted butter. Spread cheese evenly over dough. Sprinkle with salt and paprika. Roll sheet as for jelly roll, cut in $\frac{3}{4}$ inch slices and place on greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven 15 or 20 minutes. Makes 2 dozen roulettes.

In the south one of the favorite breakfasts is waffles. These can be cooked at the table and served hot, as needed. Waffles are a favorite dish with John Boles, Ginger Rogers, Gail Patrick, Dick Powell and scores of other southern stars. I got this particular recipe from Gale Patrick but, being a southerner, I can assure you it is the standard for that country which lies below the Mason and Dixon line. Waffles are not only a breakfast dish for southerners but are frequently used for late meals by adding a little more sugar and chocolate to taste, and serving with ice cream. They are really quite delightful this way. When the regular waffles are served with syrup and sausage, more often in cake form, the syrup is usually old fashioned cane syrup, sometimes even sorghum, seldom maple. Sometimes, for variety, a poached egg is placed in the center of the waffle. And always with this is served steaming coffee and lots of rich, sweet cream. The waffles are made this way:

2 cups sifted cake flour, Swansdown or other recognized brand
2 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks well beaten
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted butter or Crisco
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Sift the flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Combine egg yolks and milk; add to flour, beating until smooth. Add butter. Fold egg whites. Bake in waffle irons. This recipe makes four 4-section waffles.

Another new and unique way to serve waffles, according to John Boles, is with Cashew nuts. The ingredients vary a little.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda
1 tablespoon sugar
2 stiffly beaten egg whites
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cashews
2 egg yolks
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sour or buttermilk.

The method of preparation is the same. The taste is something to shout about.

With the summer months just around the corner the woman who wishes to retain the admiration of her friends and the company of her husband must arm herself with the means of being ever ready to prepare a tasty and attractive meal on little or no notice, as well as gala dinners with unstudied charm and hospitality. And to be a perfect hostess she must buy the foods that will keep her out of the kitchen; she must never appear ruffled or wilted from the heat of her stove. It is sometimes a difficult feat but the envious looks of less fortunate women, and your husband's approval, will be worth the effort. I do not mean that meals can be gotten together heedlessly, for a great deal of thought should go into anything as important as feeding your family or your guests. Time was when cooking was either a makeshift or a career. Today cooking can be made an exciting adventure.

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S-6

THE LATEST Hollywood Hair Style

There Is Always A New And
More Beautiful Way To Do Hair,
And Hollywood Discovers It.

By Mary Lee



Did you ever realize that the hair-line—that is, the shape of the forehead where the hair begins—is as individual as your finger-prints? And better still, that this hairline is a thing of beauty?

(At left) Cecilia Parker in the latest and most becoming of hair styles, with tight curls piled high on the side.



The swirl effect is featured in the back with the ends tightly curled at the base of the neck.

opinion, were expressing our exuberance over coming out of the depression by a new wave of elaborateness and high coiffures.

Probably we won't all go in for the extreme high-in-front hairdress immediately, but we're bound to be influenced by it. For instance, foreheads must be shown to their best advantage. Make yours seem as high and wide as you can, and avoid bringing hair out over it, even in waves. If you want to wear bangs (and you shouldn't unless your forehead is high) start them half to three-quarters of an inch back of the hair-line, have them cut unevenly and slightly curled. Don't wear bangs in a hard,

straight line across your forehead.

Center parts are in the ascendency. They're especially good with an "angel" coiffure—a halo effect gained by large curls rolled forward and arranged all the way across the top of your head. And there's a Chinese style to go with eyes and eyebrows made up to accentuate slant (a new vogue that includes copper make-up and even copper eye shadow). This Chinese inspired hairdress starts with a center part. Then the hair is combed back from the forehead and up from the ears into two smooth and shining puffs (which are actually large curls with the ends turned under). A flat circle at the back of the head with soft curls coming up from the

GOING—going—and practically gone are the days of windblown bobs, shingled backs-of-heads and the set, formal waves over which we wore nets at night to keep them in place! Hollywood has rebelled against them, and Hollywood sets the pace in hair styles.

As a matter of fact, waves are taking second place in hair styles and curls have come to the top. Witness lovely Cecilia Parker, M-G-M featured player whose latest picture is "Three Live Ghosts." You see her hair from the front and you're entirely unprepared for the different effects back and side views reveal. Smooth, soft waves of the "shadow" type, combed back from her forehead, show her natural hair-line. A mass of curls greets the eye at one profile view, and an interesting swirl shows up in back.

There's no end to what curls can be made to do in achieving unusual hair styles. And they make it possible to do your hair several different ways, according to your mood and the time of day. Feminine softness for day-time and queenly elaborateness for evening is the general rule.

We've just seen some new coiffures inspired by Elizabeth Arden that fairly took our breath away! For evening, the hair was done high in front, combed up off the forehead and curled under to give a pompadour effect (a divided pompadour when the hair was parted in the middle or on one side). The flat spot at the back of the head, which we've been so accustomed to covering up with waves or fluffs, was left flat—a small shining circle surrounded by soft curls. Monsieur Guillaume, Parisian hair stylist, explained that the fashion for hair worn high in front is a revival of the gayest days in French history, when cathedrals were rearing their spires toward Heaven and high, white-powdered coiffures topped off elaborate silk gowns. Then the Revolution tore down aristocratic culture and down with it came the urge for stately hairdress. Straggly hair accompanied ragged clothes.

More recently, the World War was blamed for exchanging pompadours, puffs and high-piled coils for boyish bobs and windblown tresses. In Monsieur Guillaume's



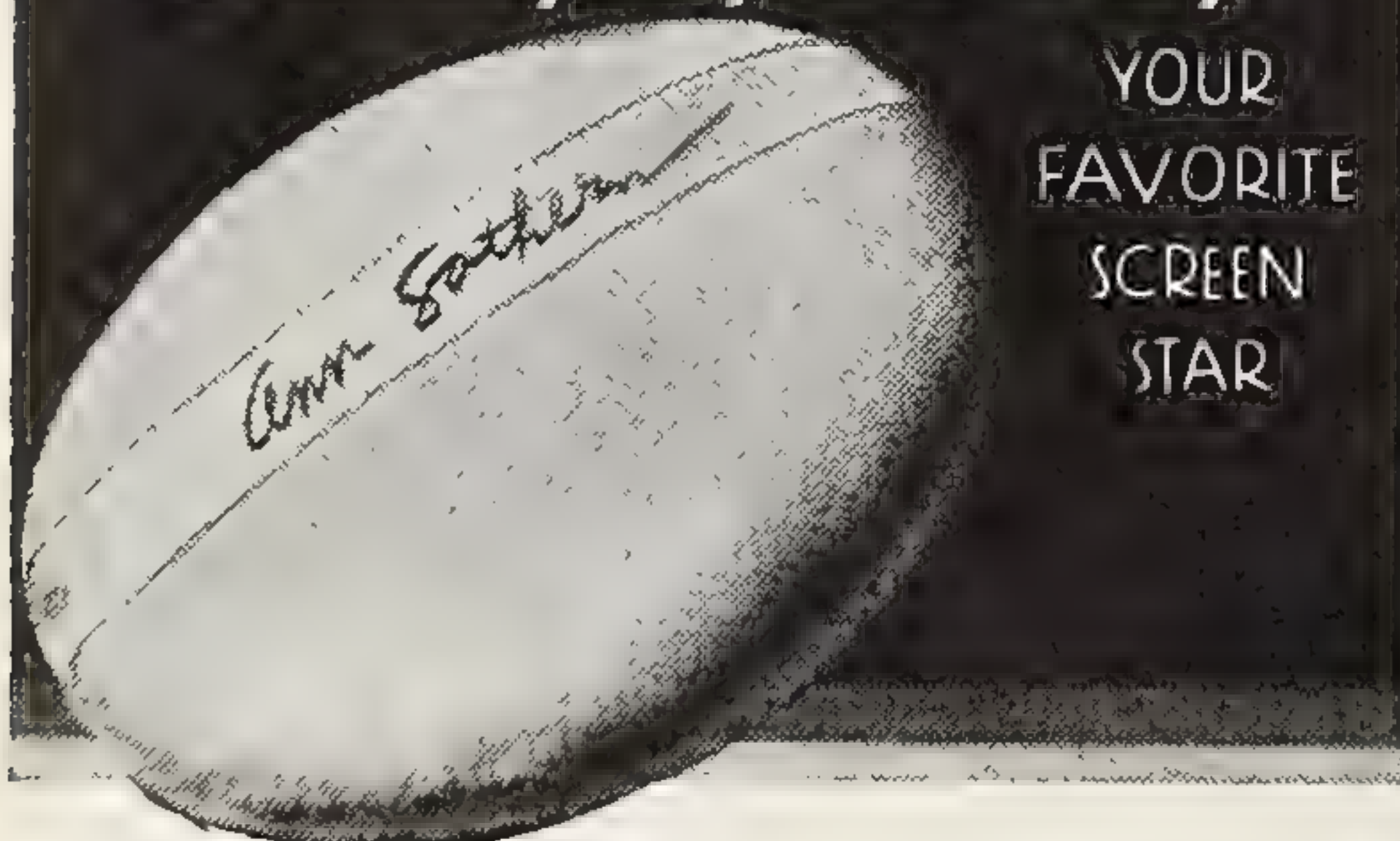
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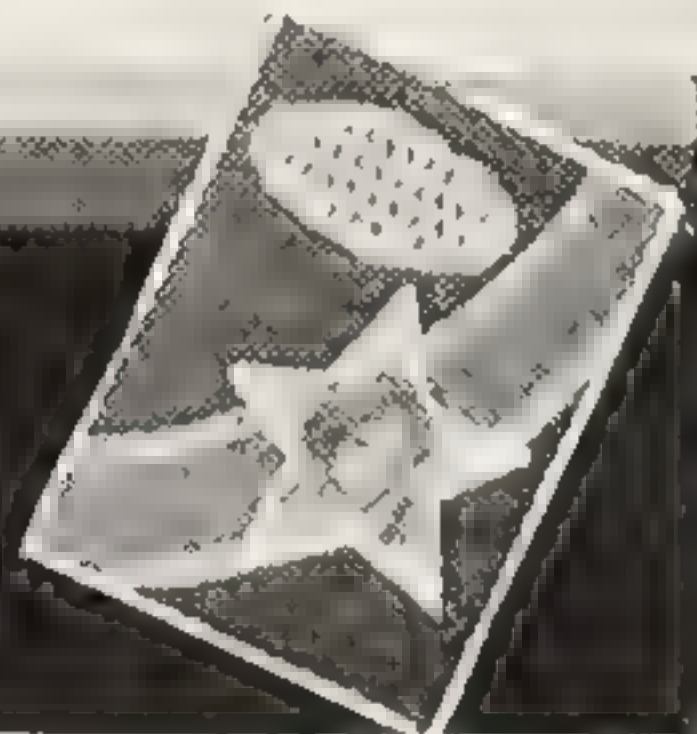
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neck complete the effect. Fantastic as it sounds, it's stunning the way Monsieur Leonardi, Director of Elizabeth Arden's new hair salon, does it! And strange to say, these stately hair arrangements for evening are set with water (no lotion) and a few deft strokes of the comb change them into conservative daytime styles that would flatter your sportiest summer bonnet!

We really don't need to tell you that much of the success of your new coiffure (or series of coiffures) depends upon your permanent wave. You want one that will be manageable and that will leave your hair itself as beautifully soft and lustrous as if you had naturally curly hair. One reason we're so strong for Eugène permanents is that, after you've had one, your hairdresser can originate or copy any style of hairdress, from ringlets banked all over your head to wide waves contrasting with soft curls, frivolously placed. The secret of this wave's universal reputation is in the Eugène sachets which gently steam the curl into your hair. And you must be sure these sachets are used on your hair if you want a genuine Eugène permanent. The machine alone doesn't make the wave. You can brush your hair to your heart's content after this type of permanent—in fact the manufacturer recommends it. Brushing actually improves the wave and it does your hair worlds of good!

We'd like to say a word about dandruff, because it's one of those things that can't be tolerated with hair styles as we now have them. Actually, dandruff flakes are nothing but perfectly normal scalp excretions, plus dirt and foreign matter. You don't catch them. Beautiful, healthy hair demands that dandruff should be removed thoroughly, and as often as it becomes apparent. Neglect to do so robs hair of lustre and in many cases makes it fall out.

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Merle Oberon, who, in two pictures, "The Dark Angel" and "These Three," has established herself as one of our most charming stars.



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STUDIO

Behind The Scenes
With The Stars.

By
S. R. Mook

On the Universal Lot

THE most important picture of the month—to me, anyhow, is "Showboat," filming at Universal. This is one of my three favorite operettas and Universal is, apparently, bringing it to the screen almost intact. All those marvelous numbers that made it the sensation of several theatrical seasons have been retained—"Ol' Man River," "Bill," "Can't Help Lovin' that Man," "Why Do I Love You?" and "Make Believe."

In addition, they've assembled a great cast for it. Irene Dunne plays the lead and she played it in the Chicago company on the stage for a year. Allan Jones (he who recently became betrothed to Irene Hervey) played the male lead on the stage in a Kansas City stock company for a couple of weeks. Charles Winninger created the part of *Cap'n Andy* in New York and he's playing it in the film, too. Paul Robeson created his part in the London production and afterwards played the same part in the revival in New York. Sammy White and Francis X. Mahoney were also in the original New York production. Queenie Smith is one of New York's leading musical comedy ingenues. It's true Edna May Oliver originated the part of *Parthenia Hawks* and she isn't in the picture, but Helen Westley is playing the part and I'll bet



In "Showboat," Allan Jones, as Gaylord Ravenal, sings his heart out to Irene Dunne.

Miss Westley will be even better.

This scene that they're playing now is where Allan and Irene first meet. He's the dashing *Ravenal*, a little frayed around the edges but with quite an air for all that. He saunters down to the showboat that Irene's old man owns, sits on the wharf and gazes across the river. Irene is practicing her music inside and she's none too hot. He listens with a pained expression. Then he begins to sing and Irene comes out on the upper deck of the boat. She starts talking to him but after a few minutes' conversation she says she has to go because they don't know each other. Allan suggests that they pretend they do and immediately launches into the song "Only Make Believe."

I'd like to devote the whole day to this set. What color, romance, gayety! Spring is here, the sap's rising, the birds are sing-



Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy as they clash in dramatic fashion in "San Francisco."

NEWS

ing, the sun is shining and there's no picture in production that fits in with all this as does "Showboat." Most pictures I don't care whether you see or not. The studios make 'em and I tell you about 'em and you can take 'em or leave 'em, but *don't miss "Showboat!"* Oh, yes, in case you don't know him, Allan Jones is the gent who sang "Alone" in "A Night at the Opera" and he's a comer. Miss Dunne needs no introduction. She has never sung better nor looked lovelier. Her best pictures, "Back Street" and "The Magnificent Obsession," were both made on the Universal lot, and this is going to be the best of the three.

On the next stage Edward Everett Horton is working in "Unconscious."

Now the plot of this picture is quite complicated, so pay attention. A bunch of business men in New York are waiting for a man named "Wight," who is to address them. Horton, whose name is "Wright," comes to the office on business and the office boy misunderstands him and thinks it's Mr. Wight, so he shows him in and George Irving comes over with outstretched hand.

"It's certainly an honor to meet you, Mr. Wight," he beams. "I'm Johnson Purdee of the Chamber of Commerce."

"Chamber of Commerce," Horton blinks. "Well, that's fine."

"We've been getting reports on your flight from Seattle," Irving goes on, leading him towards a room where there are about fifty people waiting to hear the real Wight talk, "but we'd almost given you up."

Mr. Horton gets that worried look on his face, starts to speak but only gulps.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Irving continues, addressing the group, "I am happy to be able to tell you that William Wight, the noted economist whom we have been expecting, is with us."

Mr. Horton looks at him with his eyes popping out. He gulps in surprise, rises, then decides not to interfere and sits down again. In his fright he nervously swallows a couple of times, takes a gulp from a glass of water standing in front of him, opens his mouth like a fish out of water, as if to remonstrate, then, with a determined air, he purses his lips and squares his jaw.

"He's going to give us his views of the role this great city will play in the new era," Irving is saying. "Ladies and gentlemen—Mr. Wight."

Eddie rises, a little scared but with a determined look on his face. "Folks of Manhattan," he begins amid much applause, "Business has changed and we've



In "Unconscious," our favorite comedian, Edward Everett Horton, makes his speech to the wrong audience.



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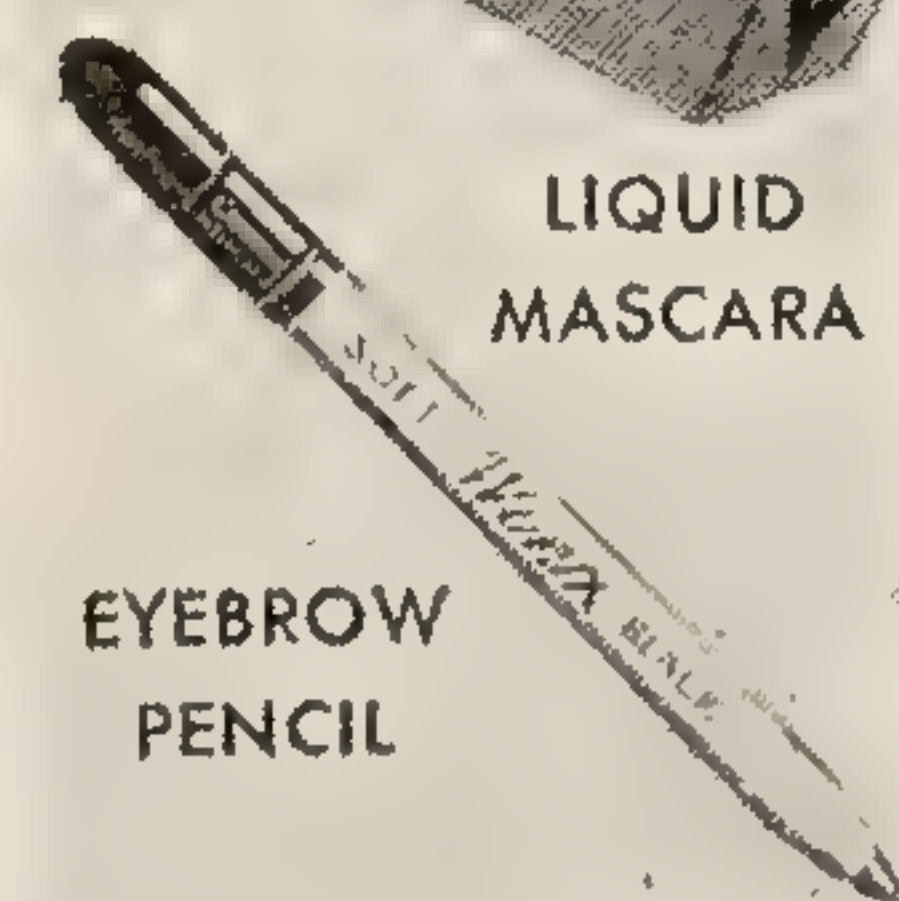
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got to do things in a new way." He pauses and then, "As I said to my Aunt Martha, New York's growing so fast she doesn't know her own speed." There is laughter at this sally and then the director says, "Cut."

So we leave Mr. Horton in the middle of his theories as to what New York means in the new era and wend our way to—

Warner Brothers

WELL, it's very strange. There are four or five pictures shooting here but you'll only hear about one. "Florence Nightingale," with Kay Francis, is just starting and the set is closed today so I'll tell you about that one next month. "Murder in Sing Sing" is on location. "Two Against the World"—featuring Humphrey Bogart—is shooting and I go on the set. I'm introduced to Beverly Roberts and she starts telling me a joke about the Jewish father who took his two little girls and son to a restaurant with the understanding they wouldn't ask for pork. So the waiter came and the little girls didn't ask for pork but the son did. Beverly pauses.

"Go on," I urge her, "what happened?" "The father boxed his jaw—like this," and, boy, howdy! Does that dame pack a wallop! My ears are still ringing from the clout she gave me.

And then the director comes up. "I'm sorry," he explains, "but this is a very difficult scene we're going into and I'll appreciate it if you'll come back some other time."

No one has to drop a ton of bricks on my head for me to take a hint and with everyone glooming around getting into the mood for this big emotional scene (everyone else is in the same frame of mind as Beverly) *there's no sense staying.*

The remaining picture is called "Big Business" and features Guy Kibbee, Dick Foran, Alma Lloyd and Virginia Brissac. This little number is a re-make of one of George Arliss' first talkies, called "The Millionaire," in which James Cagney appeared for about two minutes as a flip salesman, and stole both scenes he was in.

It's about a retired millionaire who becomes awfully bored with being retired. Kibbee is the millionaire and certainly a jollier one than glum old George. He's puttering around with his gardening at the moment. It's such a beautiful garden I don't know why anyone should be bored fiddling around in it. There are lovely willow trees and gorgeous flower beds. Right in front of the camera is a lone branch, apparently hanging out of the thin air. It's really hung up with wires but it looks funny all the same to see the branch of a tree hanging in the air and not attached to any tree trunk.

Guy is trying to move a stone bench but about all he can do is lift one end a few inches off the ground. His gardener (Ed-



Guy Kibbee and Edward McWade in "Big Business," with snappy hints on when to retire.

ward McWade) comes into the scene, tells him the bench is too heavy for him to move, picks it up as though it were cardboard and moves it across the garden. Then they both sit down on it and start reading a paper. But Kibbee wants to talk. He tells McWade that, really, he could have moved it easily. And McWade tells Kibbee he's too old to go around lifting heavy things like that.

"How old are you?" he asks.

"Sixty-two," says Kibbee. "How old are you?"

"Seventy-two," McWade answers. "But you're retired."

"What's that got to do with it?" Kibbee wants to know.

"A retired man is much older than an active man," McWade explains. "He *must* be older. If he's not, they make him older. He *mustn't* do this, he *mustn't* do that—*mustn't* take a drink—*mustn't* smoke—he wraps himself up warm—all those things. Bet you even got a weak heart."

"That's what my doctor says," Guy admits.

"Bet you never knew you had a weak heart till you retired," is McWade's next guess.

Well, it goes on and on like that, but Mr. Kibbee really looks so healthy and seems in such good spirits I can't work up a lot of sympathy for him so I amble out to—

Republic

ONE of these days this is going to be one of the most important studios in town. There's only one picture going today (thank God). It's called "The Harvester," and what a cast they have for it. Russell Hardie (who was under contract to MGM for two years without much happening) has been brought back from New York for the lead. Opposite him is Ann Rutherford, whom I didn't like some months ago in "Waterfront Lady," but she's pretty and they say her acting has improved. Besides these there are Alice Brady, Frank Craven, Eddie Nugent, Joyce Compton and Roy Atwell.

There is more fun on this set today! Alice is a scream on any set. She recalls the first time we met. I was on a diet and ordered cottage cheese for lunch. She suggested a glass of beer to go with it and then called me a damn fool for drinking beer when I was on a reducing diet.

Joseph Santley, who is directing his last picture for Republic before going over to Walter Wanger on a contract, tells her she won't be needed any more before lunch so Alice prepares to leave.

"Sorry I can't ask you to lunch," Miss Brady regrets, "but I've only one broiler and I need half and Jessie Wadsworth, my agent, is lunching with me and she needs the other half. I had Russ in to lunch yesterday and what a lunch we had! Cracked crab and—"

"Yeah," Russ puts in disgustedly, "one crab. There wasn't enough to go round."

"There was too," Alice screams indignantly. "There was a whole claw left over. I kept telling you to take more."

"Quiet, you young upstarts," Santley orders. Joe likes to pretend he's older than Methuselah and that everyone else is just out of creepers.

And the scene starts. Russ and Ann are engaged and are in Roy Atwell's store getting the furnishings for their home. Atwell is showing them around, when they spy a bathtub. It's the period of 1904-06 and bathtubs in the country weren't so common then.

Russ and Ann look at it and giggle.

"Handsome piece, ain't it?" Atwell suggests.

"How do you like it, Ruth?" Russ asks Ann.



Roy Atwell, Russell and Ann Rutherford being pretty funny in "The Harvester."

"Let me enumerate her fine points before the lady passes judgment," Atwell breaks in. "This is what we bathtub-people call a laying-down tub—a tremendous improvement over the old settin'-down tub. Here I'll show ye!" And with that he climbs into the tub. "Easy as laying on a parlor sofa—got the same body stretch and head elevation. Get in and try her, David," he suggests as he gets out. "It don't matter if you ain't got yer clothes off—won't scratch her. I expect I'll draw people from as high as twenty miles to view her. Why two people follered 'er up clean from the freight depot. When I got 'er in front of my store I had five people volunteer to unload her. That's how the wind is blowin' . . . Go ahead, David, git in."

"What do you think, Ruth?" Russ repeats.

"Let me direct your attention to another fine point," Atwell interrupts again. "She can't flop over on you when you're in the middle of your bath like the old-fashioned, round-bottomed tub could."

Atwell keeps mixing up his lines and by this time everybody is so convulsed with laughter they have to stop. So I leave and off I go to—

Paramount

QUITE a lot doing here. Walter Wanger is completing two pictures for Paramount release.



"Big Brown Eyes," with Cary Grant, Bert Hanlon and Joan Bennett in the cast. The plot is about jewel robberies and gangsters.

And right out of the blue I run into "Big Brown Eyes," starring Joan Bennett and Cary Grant. I just can't go into this plot in detail. It's too complicated. Manicurists, detectives, newspaper columnists (of course), jewel robberies, infanticide, gangsters and shyster lawyers are all mixed up in this opus. Joan is the manicurist, Cary the detective, Douglas Fowley one of the gangsters and Bert Hanlon one of the shyster lawyers.



SWING OVER TO KOOLS. They're the sensible hot weather smoke these steamy days. They're cool. They're refreshing. They're cork-tipped so as not to stick to lips. And each pack brings you a valuable B & W coupon good for classy premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) So give your throat a break. Switch from hots to **KOOLS!** Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Ash Tray—Chrome finish. Keeps cigarettes clean, convenient . . . 50 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet No. 11



Folding Bridge Chair—Walnut finish—sturdy . . . 600 coupons. 2 chairs . . . 1000

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TOAST to Loveliness

ONLY the girl whose perfectly-groomed hair reflects her fastidiousness is in demand. Nestle Golden Shampoo makes your hair look years younger and more alluring. It cleanses both scalp and hair and imparts a delightful golden sheen. For those who prefer a darker shade, there is Nestle Henna Shampoo made with pure Egyptian Henna.



10c for a package containing 2 shampoos at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

Nestle Golden SHAMPOO
The NESTLE-LE MUR COMPANY, N.Y.



Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

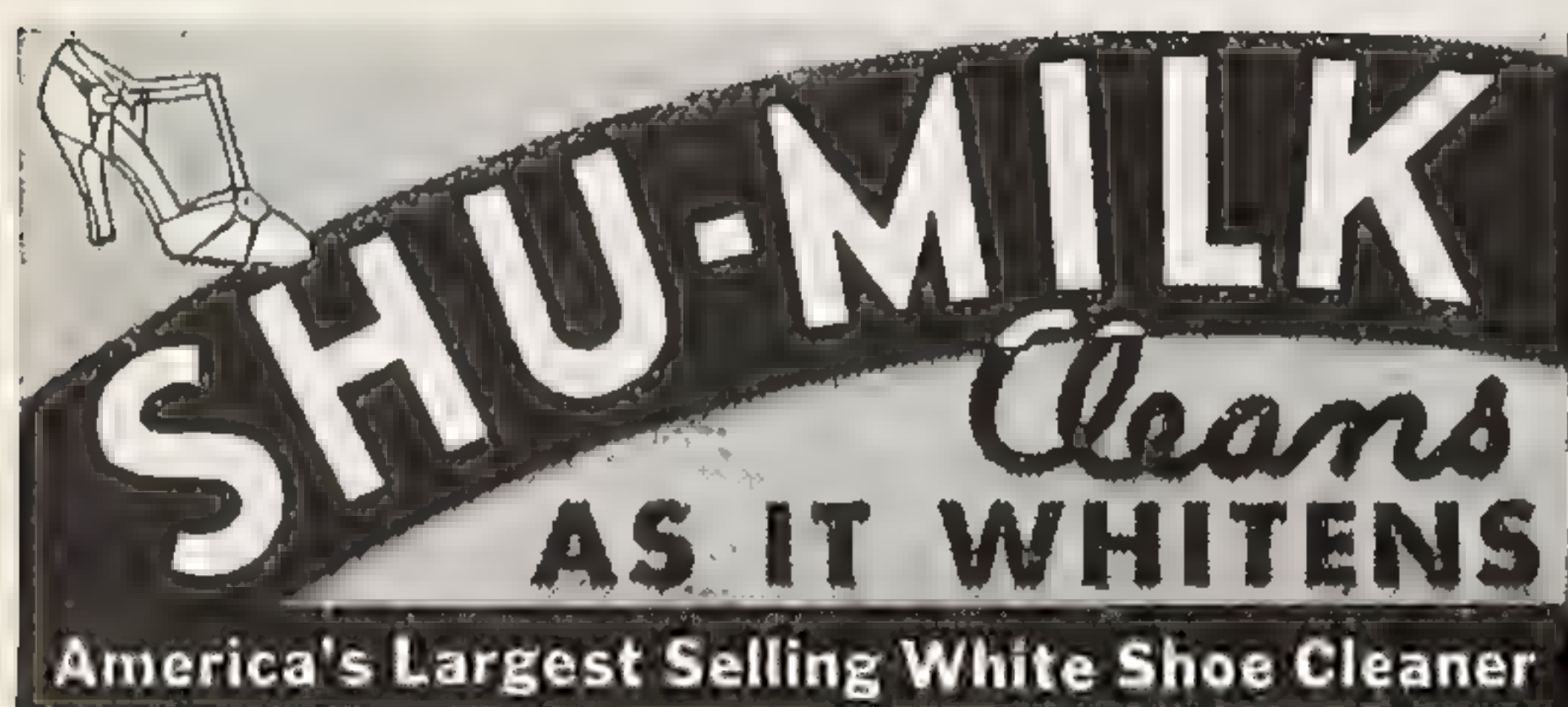
Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.



With Joan's help, Cary has just pinned the evidence for the jewel robbery on Fowley and has had him thrown into jail. The keeper is just pushing Doug into his cell when Hanlon dashes up in a white rage.

"Hey!" Bert screams. "You can't put that man in there!"

"I can't, hey?" growls the keeper. "Watch me." And he gives Doug a shove that sends him reeling into the cell. Then the keeper claps the door shut and locks it and whirls on Bert.

But Bert is not one to be intimidated by a copper—not in a picture, anyhow. "Where do you get that stuff, anyway?" he yells. "That man has constitutional rights. He is innocent and you've got no right to lock him up. I'll see somebody about this. I'll go to the Chief. I'll go to the Mayor. I'll go to the Governor!"

"Aw, go to—," Cary snaps. "Get out of here."

It's an hilariously funny scene and I'm still laughing on the way off the set when I hear somebody say, to that guy what brought me here, "Who's the nice man with you?" I look around and it's Isabel Jewell.

Then I hear Raoul Walsh, the director, yelling to Cary and Joan: "We're going to take this scene over and next time come in sooner. You come in like a couple of water horses." Whatever a water horse is.



Mary Ellis and Norman Foster in "Fatal Lady." She sings.

Next on the schedule is "Fatal Lady," which features Mary Ellis, Norman Foster, Ruth Donnelly, Edgar Kennedy, Guy Bates Post, Walter Pidgeon, Alan Mowbray, and John Halliday.

Mary is a young opera singer of whom great things were expected, but hard luck dogs her footsteps. Norman, Alan and John are all devoted to her and follow her company wherever it goes. Alan gets murdered but Norman and Halliday keep right on pursuing her. Norman's brother comes to Paris to try to get Mary to give up Norman. When she tells the brother (Walter Pidgeon) she doesn't care anything about David, he won't believe her. And then we come to the scene in Miss Ellis' dressing room when Norman comes in. She knows from his manner something is wrong and dismisses her maid. "What is it, Phil?" she asks.

"Someone took a shot at me—while I was shaving," he tells her.

"No!" she gasps. "Oh, I knew it. I knew it the moment I saw him."

"Him?" Norman repeats. "Who?"

"Romero Fonndes (John Halliday)!" she whispers, steadying herself on a chair in front of her as she suffers an attack of vertigo.

And then the telephone rings. I always say there's nothing like ending a scene on a high note and there's nothing higher than the shrill jangle of a telephone bell.

I stop for a moment to chat with Norman and then I go on to the next set,

where we have Gertrude Michael and Herbert Marshall in "Something to Live For." Only Miss Michael isn't working today. This is the warden's (Alonzo Price) office in a penitentiary. He is seated at his desk and Herbert Marshall is facing him. Marshall wants a parole for a few days to go home to take care of some unfinished busi-



Alonzo Price, James Burke and Herbert Marshall in "Something To Live For." Gertrude Michael, who plays Herbert Marshall's wife, is the cause of the suspense and drama.

ness. Someone had been monkeying around his wife and that's why he's in stir.

"If you consider my word of any value," he says to M. Price, "I'm giving it to you now. I promise you I will not put so much as the weight of a finger on my wife."

Gee Whiz! When a guy takes a solemn oath like that there's nothing you can do but believe him, so Marshall goes home and everything ends happily.

Cheered by this thought I attack the last stage at Paramount and it's nothing else but "Florida Special," with Jack Oakie, Sally Eilers and Kent Taylor. But I don't see Jack anywhere around. And every time I see Sally I get a grouch on. There is a girl with the most beautiful natural red hair you ever saw and she changes it to blonde.

Anyhow, this is a mystery picture and the scene is a car on the Florida Special where they project motion pictures. Sally (who is the hostess on the train) and Kent are sitting in the front row.

"Better be careful," he whispers, "or somebody in this crowd might steal the fillings from your teeth."

"Then you'd better keep your mouth shut," Sally whispers back.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asks suddenly. "You're trembling."

"It's nothing," she assures him, "I'm all right."

But she isn't. She's in a heck of a spot. I could a tale unfold about these charac-



Kent Taylor and Sally Eilers in "Florida Special," one of those plots that you spoil if you tell it.

ters but if I did you wouldn't get any kick out of the mystery, so we'll just leave things as they are and skip around the corner to—

R-K-O

WHAT luck! Only one picture going here today. It's "Special Investigator," starring Richard Dix. But Mr. Dix isn't working. Margaret Callahan, Joe Sawyer and J. Carroll Naish are in the scene.

Naish is a crook, Maggie is his girl and Sawyer is his friend. Margaret has unwittingly betrayed him to Dix. Naish is either sick or wounded and Sawyer is taking advantage of the situation by forcing his attentions (or would you say "intentions?") on Miss Callahan. She's struggling mightily with him when she looks up and sees Naish at the head of the stairs, magnificent in a black silk dressing gown and blue pajamas. They seem a bit incongruous in this dilapidated farm house where "the



Margaret Callahan and J. Carroll Naish in "Special Investigator," a G man story. Richard Dix is the star.

gang" is hanging out, but he pays no attention to *that*. His eyes look glassy and he's gripping the rail to support himself. His face (I quote from the script) is like a death mask, his eyes glitter like slits of ice and *no gun is in his hands*.

"Tell that rat hiding behind you that you didn't heel in here to plant a Federal dick on me. Tell him that Galt (Dix) is only a cow town lawyer," Naish barks at her.

"Eddie," she stammers, "a woman recognized him in Reno. She called him—Bill Fenwick, but I—"

"Then it's true," Naish blazes. "You lied to me. You came here to spy on me—to frame me." He chokes with rage. His hand goes to one of the guns concealed under his bathrobe. The butt is just visible. He casts a cunning glance down over the two, claps his hand to his side over the gun butt and doubles over, pretending to be weaker than he really is as he slowly descends the steps.

"Eddie," she begs, tearing loose from Sawyer and rushing to the stairs to meet him, "Eddie, listen to me. Didn't I beg you to leave here in the first place—before I ever knew him?"

"Well, you know now," Naish rages taking another step down, "who that finger is. He's a G man."

"I tell you I *didn't* know," she protests. "You lie. You rattled on me. The way

[Continued on page 78]

Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.

IT is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perspiration odor. Yet 9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

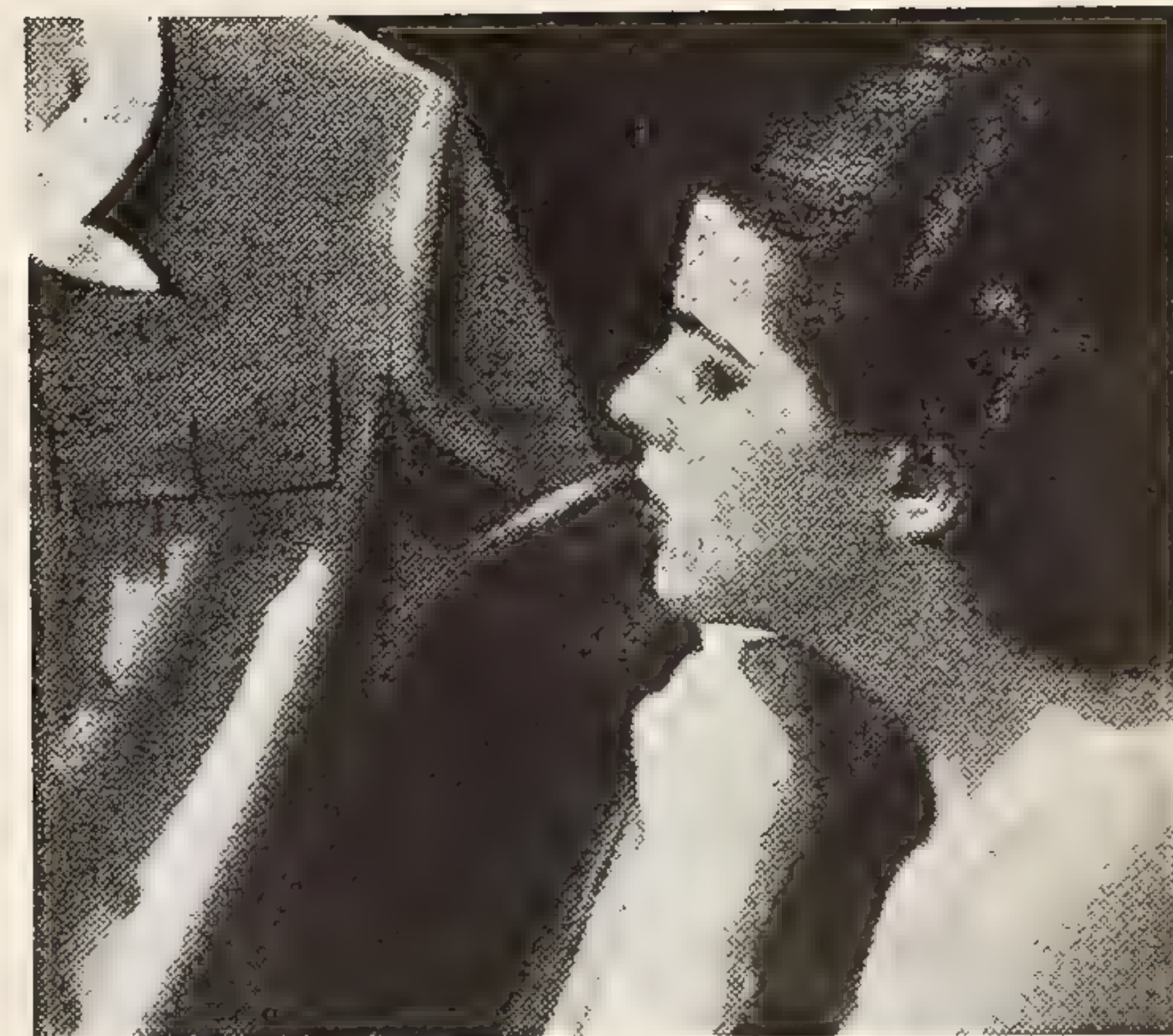
You owe it to *yourself* to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, *even once*, you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself *completely* by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm *dry*.

You may be completely dainty, but people near you are conscious of the stale "armhole odor" of your *dress*! They think it is *you*!

There is one SURE protection

Once a woman realizes what the problem is, she will insist on underarm *dryness*. That is why millions of fastidious women regularly use Liquid Odorono. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armhole of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of uncleanness.



Any doctor will tell you that Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the excess perspiration is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticeable and evaporates freely.

Saves your lovely gowns

There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odorono, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odorono (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

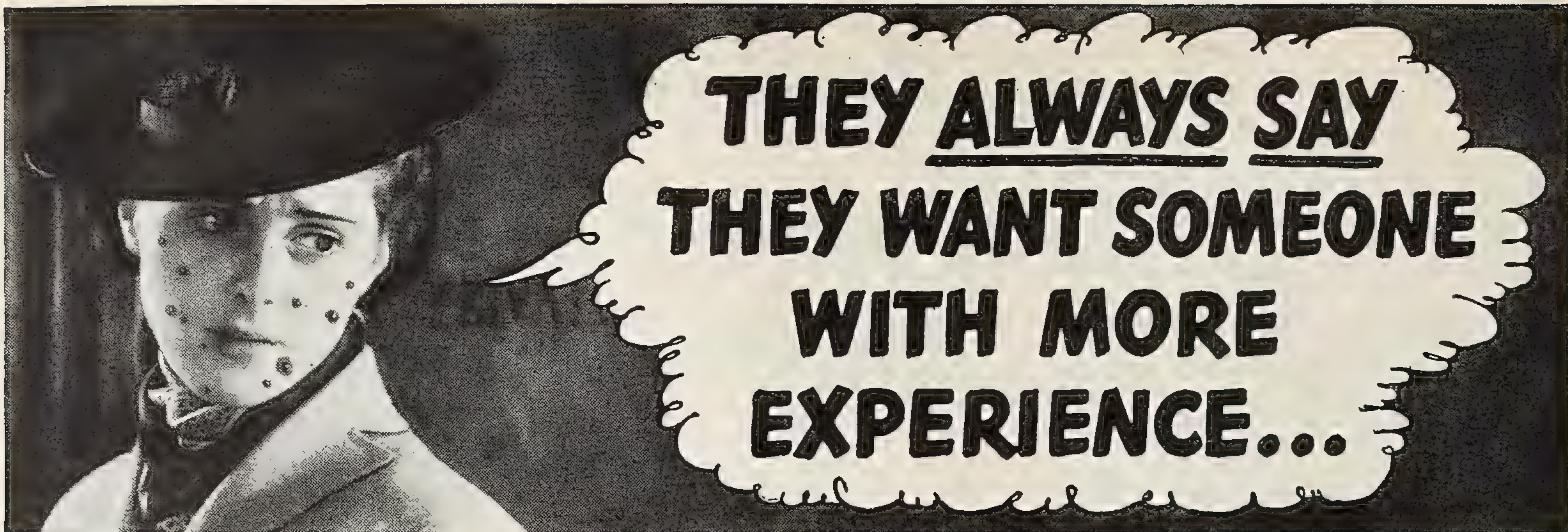
If you want to be completely at ease and assured, send today for samples of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 6S6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



-BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB

THANK YOU **SO** MUCH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THESE JOBS, MRS. WHITE - I'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO LAND ONE, TOMORROW -



NEXT DAY

I'M SORRY, MISS BAKER, BUT I THINK MRS. WHITE MISUNDERSTOOD ME - WE REALLY NEED SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE

I COULDN'T TAKE ON A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE THAT!



NEXT WEEK

NO, MRS. WHITE - I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK. I CAN'T SEEM TO PUT MYSELF ACROSS. I WISH I KNEW WHAT...

MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY PERSONAL. I THINK THE TROUBLE MAY BE YOUR SKIN. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO CLEAR UP THOSE PIMPLES?



LATER

MOTHER - I'VE GOT A JOB! IT'S WHERE ALICE WORKS - AND SHE SAYS **ONE** REASON THEY TOOK ME WAS BECAUSE THEY LIKED MY LOOKS! I MUST TELL MRS. WHITE!!

AND BE SURE TO THANK HER AGAIN FOR TELLING YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!



SAY, MISS BAKER - I'VE GOT **STILL** ANOTHER TRADE - LAST FOR YOU -

JIMMY, ARE YOU **SURE** YOU'RE NOT MAKING UP ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU TELL ME?

Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence--from about 13 to 25, or even longer--many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then--pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily--one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it *regularly*--plain, or in a little water--until your skin clears. Start today!



-clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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SILVER SCREEN



Her fame is blooming and Luise Rainer is as welcome as the flowers in May.

JUST as Hollywood suspected, the Sullavan-Wyler divorce was officially announced recently. William Wyler, the director who did so well by "These Three," is in New York recovering from the late Sullavan wars, and Margaret, it seems, is losing no time in falling in love again with her former husband, Henry Fonda, and none other. The first few days of production of "The Moon's Our Home," in which Margaret and Henry are starring, Miss Sullavan just couldn't see her "ex" for a cloud of dust and wouldn't speak a civil word to him. Then all of a sudden they "made up" and now you can't pry Maggie and Henry apart on the set long enough for a good "take." It is interesting to note that Margaret's lawyers secured her a Mexican divorce shortly after she started work on "The Moon's Our Home." When asked if she would now re-marry Fonda she said, "Maybe."

events of her fourteenth and fifteenth years down in pencil and the pages are beginning to fade, so now she's copying them in ink. She says she writes in that diary every night, before going to bed, just as regularly as she brushes her teeth. It ought to be rather interesting.

FRANCIS LEDERER wants all that gossip about his going around with Ida Lupino stopped. He is still very much in love with Mary Loos and his contacts with Ida have been purely of a business nature—Ida is his leading lady in the picture he has just completed for Mary Pickford.

JOAN CRAWFORD has one of those gun phobias and is definitely not the girl you want to take along when shooting quail or stalking deer. She has a horror of killing any animal, and up until the time she made "Chained" with Clark Gable she had never held a gun in her hands. A scene in the picture called for her to shoot a gun, and so the director and all the technicians gathered around to instruct Joan in the gentle art of firing away. "You're sure it isn't loaded," Joan kept asking nervously, "you're positive now I won't hit anything?" And that gave the boys an idea—oh, you know how boys are. Everything was set for the "take." Joan, still a bit shy, shouldered the gun and shot into space. Plunk! Right at her feet lay a dead bird. Well, Joan was almost ready to faint until the director and the boys explained to her that it was all a joke and that the bird in question had probably once graced Theda Bara's hat, and had been dead and stuffed for lo these many years.

BELIEVE it or not the lovely Anita Louise does not like to be called "ethereal." Despite her light-as-a-feather look and her consistent work before the camera since the age of seven, Anita has wisely avoided "nerves." Among the things she does in the interest of health and energy is to drink a glass of steak juice each night before retiring. And the gossips say that Anita and Ross Alexander are very much in love, not that that has anything to do with steak juice.

TOPICS FOR GOSSIP

MAE WEST has moved all her furniture out of her dressing room on "Star Row" at Paramount, personally supervising the moving herself. It seems she and Paramount have a mad on and Mae doesn't live there any more. Wonder if the Mae West dressing-room will be as hard to "rent" to other Paramount players as has been dressing room Number 1—considered the star dressing-room on the Paramount lot. It was formerly occupied by Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Clara Bow, and then for a number of years, Sylvia Sydney. But all the gals seem to have run into hard luck there (they're all out of pictures except Sylvia, who is staging a come-back) and superstitious stars want none of dressing-room 1. What with Dietrich moving out soon, too, poor old "Star Row" is going to be kinda lonely.

ROCHELLE HUDSON has kept a diary ever since she was fourteen years old, and as she has just celebrated her twentieth birthday, that's a good six years of diary-keeping. Rochelle says that she wrote the



Bonita Granville, whose performance in "These Three" will never be forgotten.

WELL, you never can tell what Katharine Hepburn will do next. Recently she drove up to Carmel-by-the-Sea for a weekend and while there visited a small sweater shop. She became so interested in the garments turned out by these artists (everyone in Carmel is an "artiste" of some kind) that she bought nearly a thousand dollars worth of merchandise (the artists must have thought the millennium had come), loaded it in her car and brought it all back to Hollywood and the RKO studio. She is now engaged in selling sweaters to her fellow workers.

NOW that Jean Harlow is no longer a platinum blonde—and who is these days?—she has decided to re-decorate her dressing room and this time use green. Formerly, Jean's dressing room was famous for its seven shades of white.

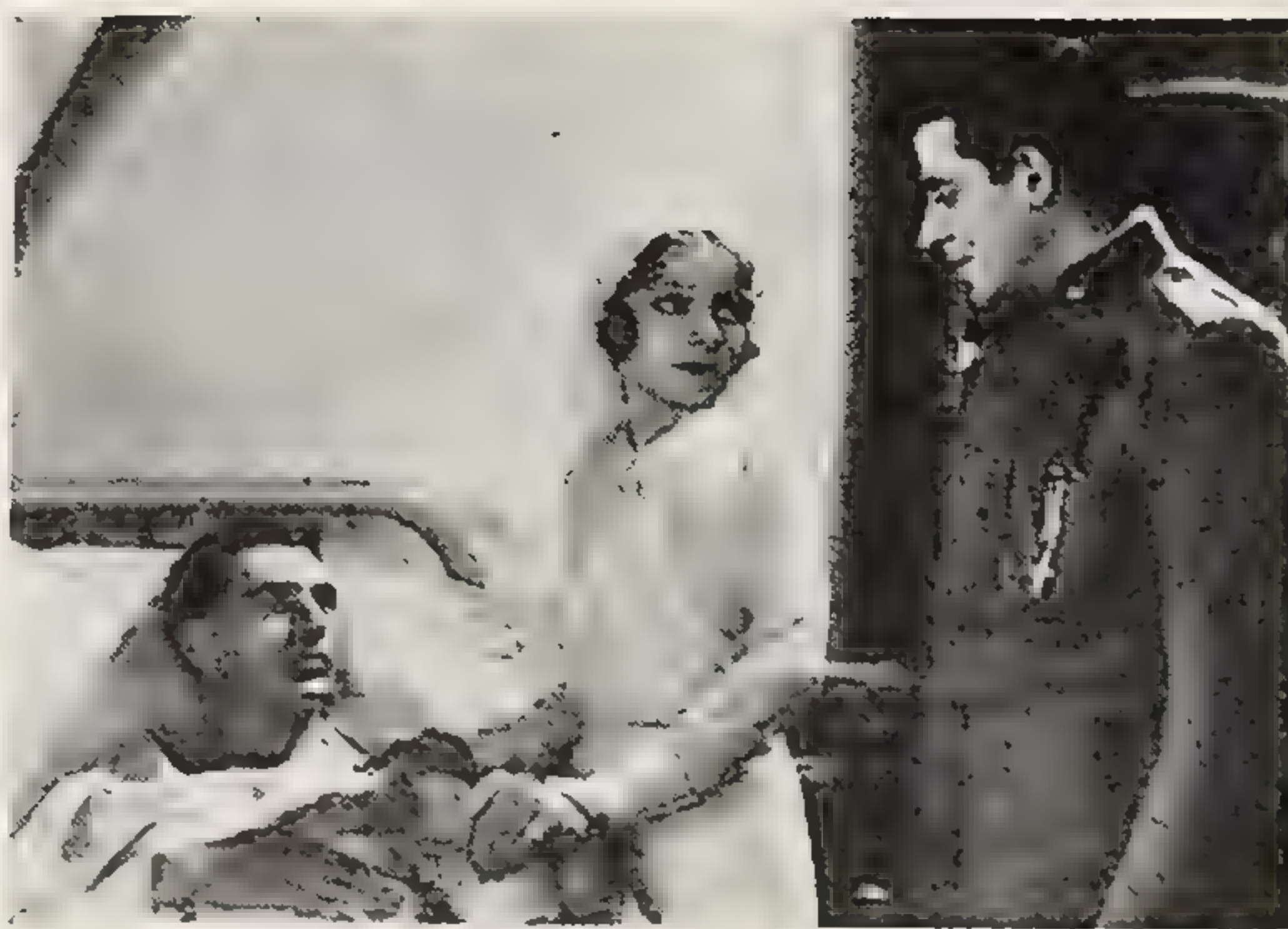


A beautiful scene in "Mutiny on the Bounty." Clark Gable and the Polynesian girl.

PICTURES THAT ARE IN The HEART OF EVERY FAN



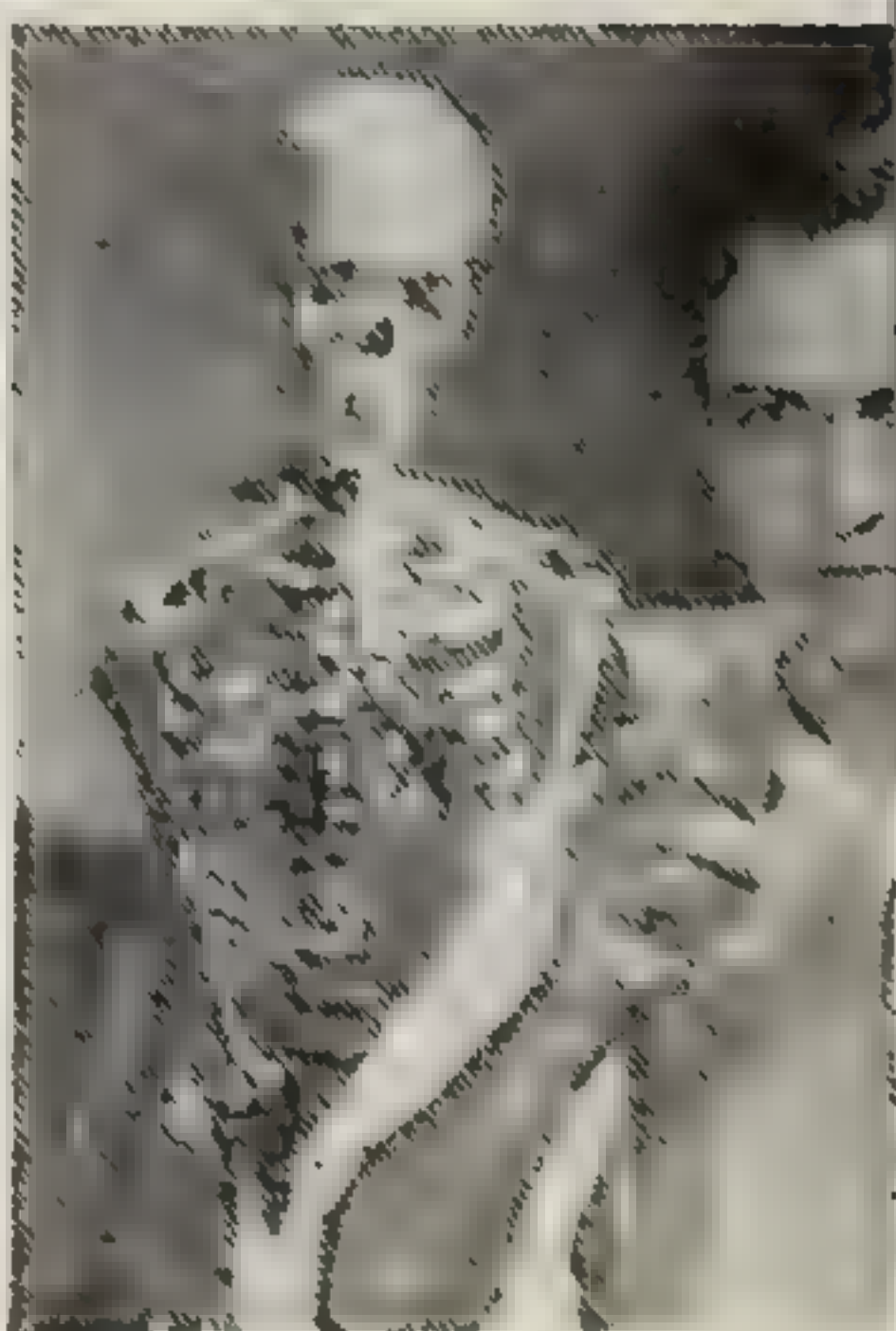
Do you recall Wallace Beery's and Jackie Cooper's great scenes in "The Champ"?



It is a joy to recollect Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes and Jack La Rue in "Farewell to Arms."



Joan Crawford, Edward Arnold and Franchot Tone in "Sadie McKee," when all the world discovered the greatness of Mr. Arnold.



NOBODY, I think, ever had analyzed and dissected a Movie Fan in the laboratory of cold print until I did it recently. To be specific, I analyzed close to 20,000 of them in the experiment, for that was the approximate number of letters I read and checked and double-checked to get a line on you who walk to a movie box-office, pay your money and then move down the aisles of a darkened theatre. The result is an amazing catalogue of your celluloid preferences that might well be studied by every executive of every major studio.

What kind of a person is a Movie Fan? I'd often wondered myself for I've seen the male and female of the species frenziedly pursue a movie star for blocks, and I've seen 'em stand and wait for hours at a stage-door just to get a peek at a Hollywood celeb. To be entirely truthful, while watching these movie fans in the

delirium tremens of their idolatry, I'd said to myself: "These movie fans are nutty and batty and should be removed to a sanitarium for observation."

So I asked the editor of the paper to permit me to get to the bottom of this thing, and actually find out what makes a movie fan, what chemicals of curiosity and exhibitionism enter into his or

Scenes That Will Never Be Forgotten. Great Moments When The Lowly "Movies" Became An Art—Touched With Immortality.

By
Ed Sullivan

Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore in the famous trial scene of "A Free Soul."



every section of the country. But if the amount of mail was amazing, the contents of the mail were even more so—each letter was an emotional document. The scenes they mentioned were personal mementos, directly related to some event in the Movie

Fan's own life—the birth of a baby in the family, a raise in Joe's salary at the garage, the purchase of a new living-room suite of furniture, a romance that had foundered or led to marriage.

Then, and then only, did I realize that movies, silent or talking, were as influential as songs in dating a period or an incident. Just as an old song will be associated with definite memories so, too, with moving pictures. Learning this, I began to learn about Movie Fans.

The movie star, it developed from reading thousands of letters, is not an impersonal, bloodless image on the screen. Each movie fan associates each star with some one scene that he has never forgotten, some scene that has moved him or her

This grisly scene in "Beau Geste" can never be erased from the minds of those who saw it. The dead soldiers at the ramparts!



deeply, some scene that was either tender or poignant, wistful or gay, dramatic or shocking. And when movie fans wait for hours outside a stage-door to see a star in person, or touch his or her coat or get his or her autograph, it is not a species of ill-bred exhibitionism, as I thought—it is a definite token of affection on the movie fan's part that can be traced back to a scene from some picture that the fan never has forgotten.

Out of 20,000 letters I'd like to select for you some of the Forget-Me-Nots that these movie fans sent in, because the list of Forget-Me-Nots is really a record of the high

lights of celluloid history. Here they are:

Emil Janning's return to his home on Christmas Eve in "The Way of All Flesh" . . . Chico and Diane, as Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell brought them to life in "Seventh Heaven" . . . Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro in their memorable love scene in "Trifling Women" . . . The fadeout in "All Quiet on the Western Front" when Lew Ayres reached for the butterfly, an agonized contrast of beauty and death . . . Jackie Coogan as the tiny, high-hatted chimney sweep in "The Kid" . . . The torture scene in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone communicating their agony to the audience . . . Johnny Walker dragging his brother to the poorhouse in "Over the Hill" . . . Marlene Dietrich rouging her lips as she faced the firing squad in "Dishonored" . . . Valentino's love scene with Nita Naldi in "Blood and Sand" . . . Cagney, strapped to a board, catapulting through the door of his mother's home, killed by the gangsters who brought him home from the hospital . . . John Barrymore, in "The Sea Beast" wincing as the severed stump of his leg is cauterized by a red-hot branding iron . . . Marie Dressler as the drunk in "Anna Christie."

John Gilbert giving the German prisoner a cigarette in "The Big Parade" . . . Gangster George Bancroft, in "Underworld" solicitously feeding a kitten . . . Charles Laughton raspberrying his boss when Laughton falls into a fortune in "If I Had a Million" . . . Edmund Lowe handing Dolores Del Rio her hairpins—the morning after—in "What Price Glory" . . . The spine-tingling scene in "Phantom of the Opera" when Lon Chaney, at the organ, removes his mask and the hideous face fills the scene . . . Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien, in "Secrets," on a bicycle built for two.

Shirley Temple sharing the apple with Abraham Lincoln in "The Littlest Rebel" . . . The birth of the Dionne quintuplets in "The Country Doctor," a new high in comedy . . . Donald



A scene dear to memory—Kay Francis and William Powell in "One Way Passage."

(Below) The great dancer, Fred Astaire, beginning his machine-gun number in "Top Hat."



Bruce Cabot removes the bandages after the facial surgeon has mutilated his face in revenge. A haunting scene from "Let 'Em Have It."



Who can ever forget Paul Muni escaping in "A Fugitive from a Chain Gang"?

her makeup. Permission being granted, I ran a contest and asked movie fans to tell me the greatest scene they could remember from any picture, and explain why it stood out in memory. It was my belief that they would be bewildered by such a question, and that they'd confess that they worshipped movie stars without rhyme or reason. I called it a For-

get-Me-Not contest, and then sat back and waited. Within twenty-four hours, the mail was arriving in such quantities as to embarrass me. Mailman after mailman arrived with sacks and sacks of letters from



(Left) Fredric March quaffs the drink that transforms Jekyll into Hyde.

Meek, as the frightened tailor in "The Informer," nervously telling his rosary beads as he was third-degree'd by the Irish soldiers . . . Sir Guy Standing in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" pinning the medal of valor on the saddlecloth of Gary Cooper's riderless horse . . . The racetrack scene in "Broadway Bill" . . . Karl Dane popping the German sniper out of the tree in "The Big Parade" . . . Freddie Bartholomew's plea: "Pray don't beat me, Mr. Murdstone" in "David Copperfield" . . . The blood-chilling calls that Joan Bennett heard in "Private Worlds" . . . Charles Laughton, as Captain Bligh, in "Mutiny on the Bounty," ordering the sailors to continue flogging the sailor who is already dead, the ultimate in savage discipline . . . The wordless electricity of the first meeting of Clark Gable and his Polynesian honey in the same flicker.

Forget - Me - Nots of the movie fans? . . . Millions of 'em . . . George Raft registering hysterical amusement in the Bowery rooming house, as the owner lights his cigarette with the million dollar check which Raft can't persuade anyone to cash . . . Fred Astaire's machine-gun tap dance in "Top Hat" . . . Lon Chaney, his cloak billowing in the wind as he stands atop the Paris Opera House, his pasty skeleton face chilling your blood . . . Edward G. Robinson kicking Margaret Livingston in the rear end in "Smart Money" . . . Percy Marmont in "Street of Forgotten Men" . . . The German fliers, in "Hell's Angels," volunteering to dive overboard so that their comrades might escape with the huge ship, saluting stiffly and saying: "For the Fatherland" . . . Irene Dunne's horror in "Cimarron" when she learns that the hobo blown to death to save the town was her discredited husband, Richard Dix . . . The unforgettable chariot race in "Ben Hur," with Ramon Novarro lashing his thoroughbreds . . . Walter Huston as the veteran manager in "Prizefighter and the Lady," the flicker that made Myrna Loy . . . Charlie Chaplin, in "City Lights," swallowing a whistle and then giving off strange noises until it was removed . . . Jackie Cooper's prayer in "Skippy" . . . Lillian Gish in "Broken Blossoms" . . . Cliff Edwards singing "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" in "Red Salute" . . . Doug Fairbanks, Sr., pricking a "Z" on his duelling victims in "The Mark of Zorro."

Clark Gable's sweat-beaded face as the Chinese pirates tighten the Malay boot on his foot in "China Seas" . . . Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country" . . . The touching scene in "Cavalcade" when the young lovers move from the rail of the ship and you see, just for an instant, the "Titanic" lettered on the life preserver . . . Noah Beery, in "Beau Geste," propping his dead legionnaires against the walls of the fort, and firing their rifles one by one to convince the attacking Arabs that the man-power of the defenders is not exhausted . . . Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in "Farewell to Arms" . . . Charlie Chaplin's dance of the buns in "Gold Rush" . . . Edward Arnold as the drunk in "Sadie McKee," the characterization that spurted him into the big money class . . . The trick beheading scene in Harold Lloyd's "Catspaw," gruesome but exciting . . . Paul Muni, hiding in the swamp in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," and breathing through a straw under water.

The dramatic scene in "Let 'Em Have It" when the gangster removes the bandages from his face and his horrified thugs see that the slain doctor has carved the killer's initials on his face,

for all the world to see. . . George Raft's coin-flipping in "Scarface" . . . Hertha Thiele, in "Maedchen in Uniform," climbing the stairs to commit suicide, her white lips mumbling the Lord's prayer . . . The gorilla climbing the Empire State Building in "King Kong" . . . George Airliss, in "House of Rothschild," telling his sons to "talk with dignity, walk with dignity, live with dignity" . . . John Barrymore beating Lionel to death in "Rasputin and the Empress" . . . Claudette Colbert exposing her shapely legs in the hitch-hiking sequence from "It Happened One Night" . . . Bill Powell and Kay Francis in "One Way Passage," and the fadeout scene at Tia Juana when the two champagne glasses break to pieces on the bar, and the startled

bartender says: "What was that?"

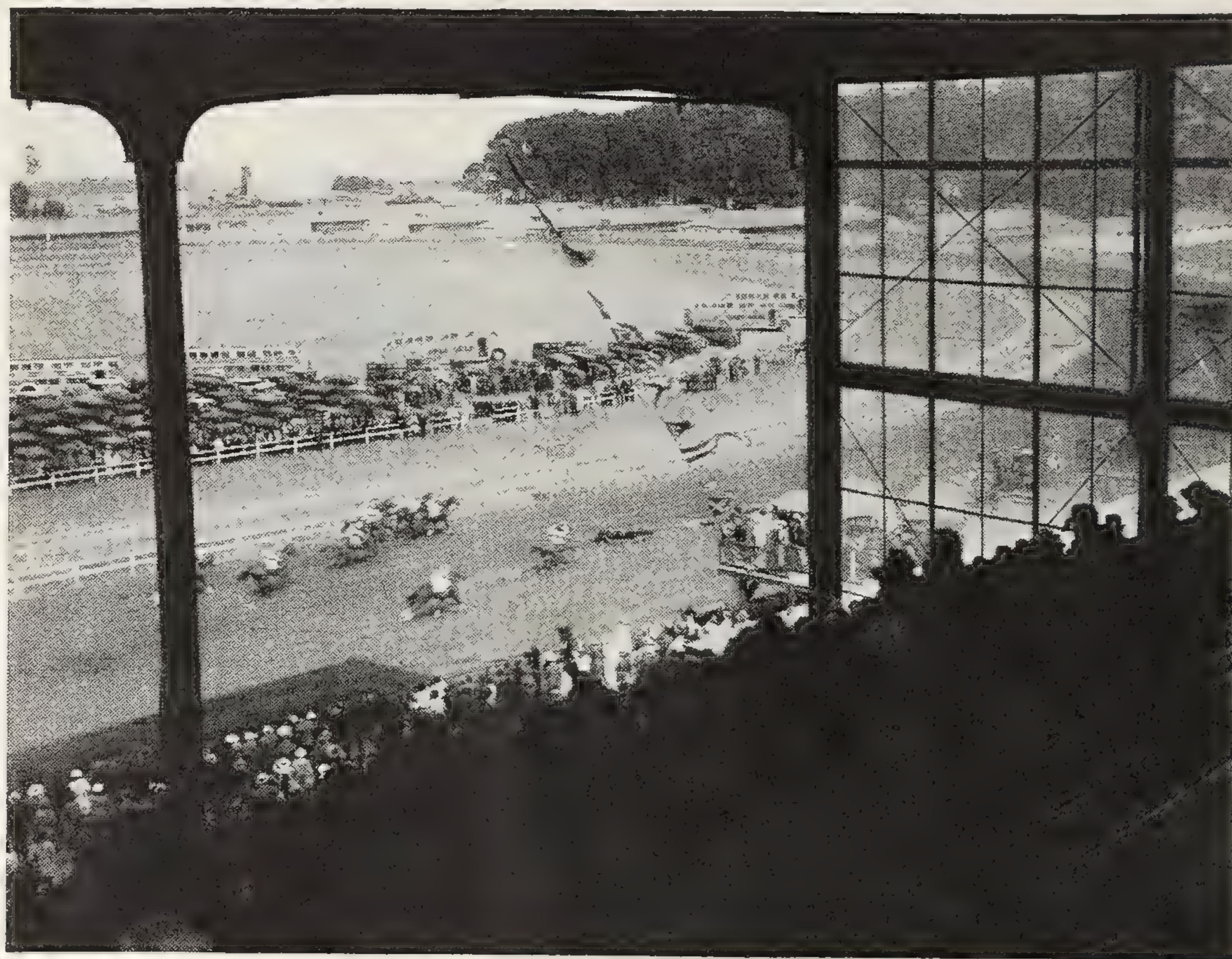
Forget - Me - Nots . . . Fredric March drinking the potion that changed him so horribly in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" . . . Loretta Young and Jim Cagney in the marathon dance scene from "Taxi" . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy's thrilling duet of "Sweet Mystery of Life" in "Naughty Marietta" . . . Clark Gable's dog pulling the weighted sled across the line in "Call of the Wild," to win the bet from villainous Reginald Owen . . . Norma Shearer's death at the altar in "Smilin' Through" . . . Katharine Hepburn praying for John Beal's recovery in "The Little Minister" . . . W. C. Fields and the Indian cigar store dummies in "Mis-

issippi," funniest sequence ever filmed. "Some of my best friends are Indians," gasped Fields . . . Dorothy Dell singing "With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming" in her last flicker.

George Sidney and Charlie Murray leading the donkey 'round and 'round the water tower in "Mike," remember? . . . George O'Brien rowing Janet Gaynor to her death in "Sunrise" . . . Lionel Barrymore's speech to the jury in "A Free Soul" that won him the Academy award . . . John Bunny and Flora Finch . . . The Christians climbing the flight of steps to the arena where the lions awaited them in "Sign of the Cross" . . . John Gilbert teaching Renee Adoree to chew gum in "The Big Parade" . . . Marlene Dietrich warbling "Falling in Love Again" in "Blue Angel" . . . The elephants journeying to their last resting place in "Tarzan" . . . Wallace Beery, dying in "Viva Villa," asking the newspaper

reporter to put something nice about him in the paper . . . The "Three Little Pigs" . . . Sir Guy Standing, in "Annapolis Farewell," rowing out to his old ship and, in his delirium, calling orders to a ghostly crew that existed only in his memory . . . Charlie Chaplin eating his plate of beans, one by one, in "The Immigrant" . . . Walter Huston, as Abraham Lincoln, prostrating himself on the rain-drenched grave of his fiancée, one of the most poignant scenes ever filmed.

Will Rogers' hilarious imitation of a crooner in "Doubting Thomas" . . . The fight between Bill Farnum and Tom Santchi in "The Spoilers" . . . Pearl White and Warner Oland in one of the old movie serials at the nickelodeons . . . Theda Bara vamping any hero in any old picture . . . Fatty Arbuckle . . . Mable Normand in "Mickey" . . . William S. Hart glaring over the blue barrels of his guns in the old western thrillers . . . Nils Asther and his grand performance in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" . . . Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant" Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery in "The [Continued on page 62]



A never to be forgotten moment in the life of every movie fan was the scene in "Broadway Bill" when the odds were just too much for the stout heart of Warner Baxter's thoroughbred.



"The Prizefighter and the Lady" gave Walter Huston an opportunity to play a character part which will long remain among our treasured memories.

"UNLUCKY LADY"

Marlene Dietrich Has
Beauty Unrivalled And
Talent Unlimited, But
No Luck At All.

By Liza

Less glamorous and less talented actresses have made more successful pictures than Marlene. She has had to hold her popularity by the magic of her own personal beauty.

dramatically at my hat, which was not mad with aigrettes, and which I, quite flabbergasted by so much glamour, had tossed on the Bankhead bed. (Early Empire—William Haines.) "You must not do that," said Marlene in those fascinating guttural tones. "It is bad luck." It cer-

tainly was—I continued as a fan magazine writer.

Marlene has been playing in bad luck ever since she came to Hollywood (oh, I know she's been collecting thousands of dollars weekly—but money isn't everything, my child, though it's quite enough to force me to write this story). Every movie star wants to be the Number One Glamour Girl of the screen, there's just no way getting around that. Personally, I'd be perfectly contented to be an off-stage voice (the voice of Bugle Ann would be the climax of my career) and most likely you'd be quite willing to be the corpse in any murder mystery—but not so with those movie stars. They've got more pride and prejudice than Jane Austen ever thought of, and if they can't be Number One girls their little hearts are broken. That's the reason there can be no real friendships between screen idols of the same sex—they're all too busy being jealous of each other and how. You really can't love Katharine Hepburn if she grabs that cinema plum, "Mary of Scotland," right from under your own nose, now can you? And when Claudette Colbert won the Academy Award it brought out the Lucrezia Borgia in at least six other glamour girls who were quite certain that they should have had it. They all want to win, they all want the best pictures, they all want to be on top—it's the law of the jungle. And, dear reader, you've never seen such disappointment and misery in all your life as when somebody, more glamorous, more popular at the box office, noses them out. Marlene Dietrich came to America with a sensational picture, "The Blue Angel," to her credit, a pair of perfect legs and a simply beautiful face, and was immediately acclaimed by the Press, who had sort of been tipped off by the Paramount publicity department, as the Number One Glamour Queen of the screen. Marlene liked her title. Who wouldn't? And she had every intention in the world of keeping it—Bennetts could come and Bennetts could go, and so could Del Rios, Crawfords, Lombards and Francis, but Marlene was going to keep her title if it killed her. It practically did.

Of course I don't have to tell you, you old know-it-all, how important pictures are in a star's [Continued on page 62]



MARLENE DIETRICH must have tossed her hat on the bed. And it must have been that little number she wore that was simply mad with aigrettes in the early sequences of "Desire." As you probably know, as far as "we of the theatre" are concerned there is nothing you can do that will bring "bad luck" quite as quickly and as completely as tossing your hat on the bed. Walking under a ladder, spilling salt, having a black cat cross your path, and whistling in the dressing room—pooh!—mere child's play. Now of course you must not get me wrong, "we of the theatre" are not superstitious, not really, why only ignorant natives dancing the boola boola in the Congo are superstitious—but just the same we don't take any chances, especially with hats—and er—beds. (The "Lubitsch touch.")

The first time I met Marlene she shrieked so loudly I practically jumped out of my skin. It was at a small cocktail party at Talulah Bankhead's and I hadn't been in Hollywood very long and was just awfully curious to find out if Marlene (who was quite a hermit in those days) was really as beautiful and glamorous off the screen as she was on, so naturally I found it a bit disconcerting to be screamed at before I was even introduced. First I thought perhaps it was anti-Press week and the very sight of a writer (flatterer) sickened her, but then I saw she was pointing



Paul Kelly and one of his ponies at the Riviera Field.

The POLO

By
Ben Maddox

They Enjoy The Excitement
And The Beauty Of The
Game, With Its Velvet Fields,
Dancing Thoroughbreds And
Beautiful "Gallery."

TIME was when you could drop in on Robert Montgomery and his missus, of a Sunday afternoon, and be sure they'd be running open house for all pals. But that was in the good old days of last month. Pop out to their snuggerly one of these Sundays and you'd have to sigh, "Cocktail for one, please James." The Montgomerys wouldn't be there to join in. For they and all the other modish members of the Exciting Set have gone ecstatic over what's the most luxurious of games.

Today everybody who's anybody in Hollywood is climaxing the week-end at the polo matches. You see the latest in clothes, in love duos, and in screen favorites, and you overhear the freshest, most appalling gossip—all while getting your terrific bang from this truly aristocratic sport. It's a swell excuse to be outdoors, too, revelling in the sunshine. This is something even a star looks for. Furthermore, here is Action combined with Class. Polo's so Society, don't you know! Let yourself go and become an enthusiast, and before you can say Freddie Bartholomew you'll feel just like a Van Astorbilt.

The fine, furious, and expensive art of socking a white willow-wood ball between goal posts of wicker (expressly made, to snap if you hurtle into 'em) is fairly simple at first glance, even though you have to be atop a peppy pony and must wield an elongated croquet mallet sideways. But it's not long until you discover that it's no pushover. Many a virile film hero will stand up and testify that this is the most difficult game in the world to master.

And dangerous? A brush too close to a galloping opponent, a spill under flying hoofs, and it's liable to be severe on a face that thrills a nation. The reason a lot of addicts aren't playing any more themselves is that Hollywood producers have requested their illustrious employees to avoid any risk of an accident.

Among those who've retired from the fray are Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Gene Raymond, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., George O'Brien, and Dick Powell. All with Honorable Mention, because they're riding fools and showed exceptional promise. They bought the proper outfits and began practicing in earnest. Came the renunciation scene when word filtered back to their bosses. Bob couldn't deny that a mallet had dealt him a terrible whack on the shoulder blade. Gene had received a cut on his lip from

a wild swing. The Messrs. Warners were particularly apoplectic when they found that their Dickie-pie had been thrown fifteen feet by a suddenly naughty nag. It really was this that ended his active participation, and not his scoring a goal for the opposition. Yes, he did! Dick was so agog that he was a brother under the skin to the quarterback who made football history by running the wrong way for a touchdown.

Membership at the



Polo is one of Leslie Howard's few relaxations. Not all the fun is in playing.

CROWD



Sketched by Oscar Howard
at the Riviera Club, Holly-
wood, Calif.

The mornings spent in practice, when a few friends drop over to the field, are delightful, horsey and so smart. Joan Bennett, Irene Dunne and other stars watch the practice intently.



Heather Angel, the only girl who can play. She learned in India.

Riviera Country Club and at the Uplifters, where the movie folks go for their polo, is exclusive. But this de luxe diversion isn't high-priced to watch. The thrilling tilts are open to the public. At the Riviera field, which is in especially high esteem now, you may drive in and view the goings-on from your own car, for forty cents. A seat in the grandstand is a dollar. Boxes aren't too much more. Many of the stars reserve them for the year around, so they may entertain friends when they wish.

The current fashion is to meet for Sunday breakfast about eleven thirty a.m. One of the best spots to rub elbows with the great is the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, because it's so handy for those en route to the gala jamboree. The tables are close and you can greet the Spencer Tracys, the Bing Crosbys, Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, Robert Taylor, the Cagneys, and Anita Louise there nearly every week. Their eyes are bright with anticipation and the talk centers on who's to be vying with whom. Irene Dunne, one of the loveliest devotees, has revived the custom of inviting guests to her home before taking them on out to the dashing doings.

You follow Sunset Boulevard, as it winds and dips through the city's most attractive residential districts, towards the beach. Right beyond the street on which Joan and Franchot Tone live you descend into a little dream valley. A red-tiled roof tops the white archway which is the entrance to the Riviera grounds. They occupy the entire floor of the green glen, and whenever you look up from the hectic fun your eyes are enchanted by the estates that sprawl on the low circle of hills.

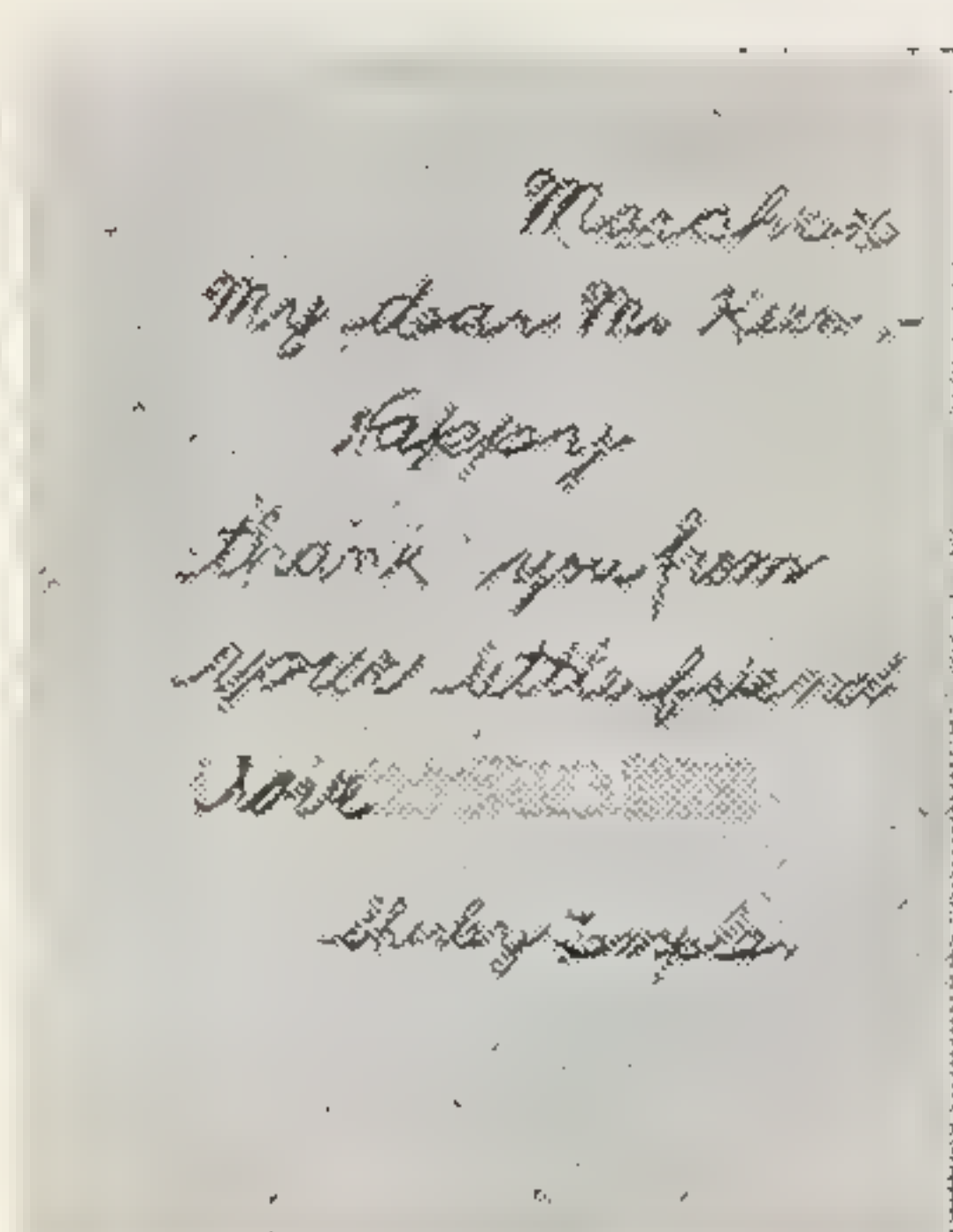
It is actually a former motion picture actor who has popularized polo in Hollywood. "Snowy" Baker, world-famous Australian athlete, was featured in silents years ago. Finally he decided to concentrate on his hobby and so he was put in charge of this swank divertissement at the Riviera club. Nearly every celebrity who's become intrigued with polo has been introduced to its technicalities by him. I made a trip out one day when I could catch him with a spare hour. He has gray hair, but he's as husky and vital as any of his proteges. And his manner is courtly.

"I shall be very happy to give you any information I can," he declared, motioning me to a porch chair [Continued on page 72]

The DELIGHTFUL STORY OF

"The Poor Little Rich Girl" Is
A Perfect Play For The Screen's
Most Popular Player.

Shirley Temple Receives The SILVER SCREEN Gold Medal.



Shirley's
"Thank you" letter.

Shirley proudly
holds the medal
that was voted
to her, as the
most popular
player in pic-
tures, by the
readers of Silver
Screen.



SERVE it on a golden plate in the great dining room of a Westchester country house, and when all is said and done spinach is still spinach. Not all your millions can one calorie add, nor all your tears avoid one bite of it—not when you're only 8 years old and Collins, your special nurse, watches your basal metabolism as a suburbanite watches for the last trolley.

Barbara Barry, heiress to Barry's Soaps, was at luncheon. Planted at the far end of the long dining table in the huge dining room, she looked as little and lonesome as the last penguin in the polar seas. Barbara was everybody's dream child. And what's more, being a philosopher, she was eating her spinach.

As she ate she enlivened the gloom by playing her favorite game. It was a game you could play all by yourself and Barbara was obliged to play by herself, because if she played with just any child she might pick up a germ. Then Stebbins, the butler, would tell Woodward, the housekeeper, and Woodward would tell Collins and Collins would tell Stebbins to telephone for the doctor at once and Barbara would be put to bed.

But you could play this game without anybody finding out. It was called Who Would You Be If You Could Be Anybody You Like? Barbara had decided she would be Betsy Ware:

When Betsy Ware was two years old her mother died. Because the family was poor she couldn't stay at home, so she was sent to an orphan asylum . . .

Barbara knew it all by heart—how Betsy ran away and met Tony the organ grinder and his monkey and a young man called Puddinhead and old Mr. Spindelshanks—it was all in the Betsy Ware books which stood on the little shelf at the head of her bed.

Yes, if she had her way, she'd be Betsy and know Tony and his monkey and never have to eat spinach again . . .

At this moment she sneezed.

A germ had sneaked in! Panic shook the country home of Richard Barry! Stebbins told Woodward who told Collins who sent for the doctor and put Barbara to bed. Then they telephoned for her father.

Richard Barry had just met a young woman to whom he lost his heart. She worked for his rival, Simon Peck Soap Products. Founded 1834. His romance was rudely interrupted by the dire

news from Westchester and he had to rush home to discover Barbara, sneeze or no sneeze, in the pink of health. Well, he didn't mind. Barbara was worth the trouble and when she sang for him her own version of the song, "When I'm With You," her proud father thought she was the most gifted child alive.

One person in the Barry household had grim common sense. Woodward the housekeeper persuaded Barry that all this exaggerated anxiety about his child was nonsense. The father agreed she should be sent away to school where there would be other children to play with. To Nurse Collins was entrusted the task of delivering the little girl at Forest Grove School.

"Are you going to school with me?" Barbara asked Nurse Collins.

"No, I'm going on a vacation."

"What's a vacation?"

"It's a rest. You really become another person on a vacation." Barbara was a lot more interested in this vacation business than Collins had any idea. If she had a vacation, could she become Betsy Ware?

She thought it over as she sat on her suitcase at Grand Central, waiting for Collins to come back. Collins had rushed off when she found her purse missing. But she did not return and the little girl had no way of knowing that Collins had been knocked down by a motor car on Forty-second street and taken to a hospital. The one thing she did know was that she wanted a vacation so she could be Betsy Ware, and here was her chance! She trotted alone out of Grand Central, and off down Forty-second street, toward

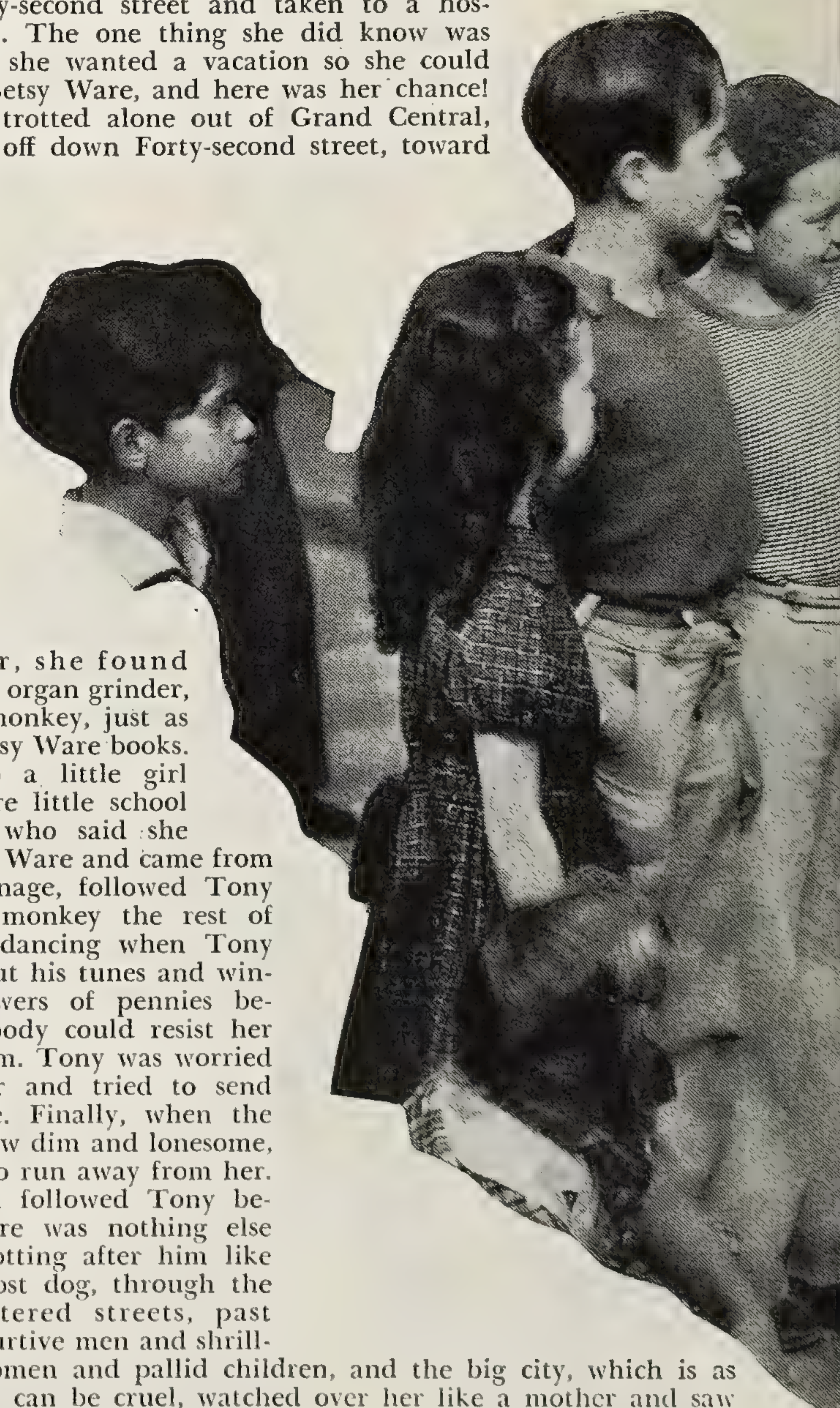
the river, she found Tony, the organ grinder, and his monkey, just as in the Betsy Ware books.

And so a little girl in a severe little school uniform, who said she was Betsy Ware and came from an orphanage, followed Tony and the monkey the rest of the day, dancing when Tony ground out his tunes and winning showers of pennies because nobody could resist her pert charm. Tony was worried about her and tried to send her home. Finally, when the streets grew dim and lonesome, he tried to run away from her.

Barbara followed Tony because there was nothing else to do, trotting after him like a little, lost dog, through the dark, littered streets, past strange, furtive men and shrill-voiced women and pallid children, and the big city, which is as kind as it can be cruel, watched over her like a mother and saw that no harm came to her.

At his own door Tony gave up with a shrug and let her follow him in.

Mrs. Tony, preparing supper for her own brood of five, turned with a fierce scowl. "Ha! So . . . what are you now, a kidnap?" "I am no kidnap! The little one, she kidnap me!"



SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S PICTURE

The Little Rich Girl
Runs Away And Joins
A Song And Dance
Team.

Fictionized by Jack Bechdolt



Michael Whalen, Shirley Temple and Claude Gillingwater rally round for the happy ending in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."



There was the organ grinder, just the same as in the book—monkey, children and all!

"I'm hungry," said Barbara and that settled it. They set her up on top of the clothes hamper, because there weren't any more chairs, and she and Tony and Mrs. Tony and the five bambinos—they all had the whooping cough—shared the spaghetti and—of all things—spinach! Princess or pauper, when you're 8 years old you just can't get away from spinach!

In the little flat above Mr. and Mrs. Tony, lived a pair of hoofers, Jimmy Dolan and Queenie Dolan. They were broke—hoofers usually are—and trying to find a sponsor for a radio act.

Next morning Tony was grinding the organ while Barbara and the bambinos danced. Up above, Queenie was washing the dishes while Jimmy worked out some new routine to the music of Tony's organ.

"Here's one that'll set Bill Robinson talking to himself," Jimmy boasted and did an intricate tap. "I'd like to see anybody tie *that*!" From the flat below came the echo of the identical tap! The hoofers rushed downstairs. There was Barbara adding some new routine that capped Jimmy's. The upshot of it was that they borrowed Barbara and the act became Dolan, Dolan and Dolan and they got a chance that same afternoon to do their stuff for Simon Peck, the soap magnate.

Simon Peck hated radio. He hated all forms of advertising. He hated Richard Barry. Sometimes he even wondered if he cared much for Simon Peck. Richard Barry's swift, modern competition had crowded the old man into the necessity of having to go on the air, but he knew that Dolan, Dolan and Dolan were going to be rotten and, even if they were good, he wouldn't like them.

While Jimmy and Queenie, a badly scared pair, waited in an anteroom, Barbara wandered through some doors marked Private and found herself in a room with an old man who looked just like Mr. Spindelshanks. "Who are you?" he snarled.

"I'm Bonnie Dolan—the big radio star. You know, Dolan, Dolan and Dolan—and *are we good!*" Barbara had learned to say it with all the swank of Jimmy himself.

"Oh, so they sent you in to soften me up, did they? Well, young lady, you're wasting your time. Get out."

"Why have you got two doors?" she asked.

"To keep out nuisances that one door won't stop!"

"But they both open!"

Well, so they did. Peck had to acknowledge there was reason in the child. She felt his change of attitude and smiled that ingratiating smile that crinkled up her eyes and sent dimples scampering in her cheeks. "Tell me a story?" she suggested.

"I don't know any stories," Peck barked.

"You know you remind me of old Mr. Spindelshanks. He's the old grouch in the Betsy Ware stories that helps Betsy when she's hungry and—"

Simon Peck looked startled. "Are you hungry?"

"No. I just had lunch. And I did something bad, too . . ."

"What did you do?"

"Well, we had spinach. And while Jimmy wasn't looking I put mine on his plate." She chuckled and when Barbara chuckled something happened inside of Simon [Continued on page 65]

EVERYTHING UNDER

*The Girl Stars Are Very Wise
And Diplomatic Until The Day
That Love Comes Along.*

By Helen Louise Walker



Kay Francis
found her marriage
to Kenneth MacKenna was
a mistake, but next time it will be
different.

WHEN a girl achieves success—real success—in motion pictures, you'd think that she had pretty nearly everything, wouldn't you? She has the satisfaction of achievement, of dreams come true. She has fame, flattery, attention, the admiring adulation that every woman craves. She has enough money to satisfy her desires for a lovely home, for clothes, furs, jewels, servants, luxurious cars; for indulging any reasonable whim. If she is wise she is tucking away enough of that handsome salary each week to make her future secure. She may indulge her generous impulses with exotic gifts to her friends and practical presents to the needy. All this while she is still young and eager and enthusiastic.

In other words, she is sitting on top of the world . . . until love comes along.

Perhaps she hasn't had time for it really, until now when her future seems assured. Or perhaps she experimented with it in her very young days and then put it aside until success gave her leisure to consider her personal life anew. At any rate, love all too often proves to be that well-known monkey-wrench tossed into the smooth running mechanism of the hard-won Paradise. Sometimes love destroys that Paradise completely. Sometimes it is a hazard to overcome with pain and bitter-

**The successful
Virginia Bruce** did not
find happiness in marriage.

ness. The Paradise is never so perfect again. . . .

Perhaps Barbara Stanwyck is the most outstanding current example. Barbara, you remember, had got off to a flourishing start on a promising career when she began to be harassed by marital difficulties with Frank Fay. That career practically faded away and disappeared while she was trying to cope with those difficulties. Of course she had illness to combat, too. (Remember those two terrible injuries to her spine?) But it was heart break which kept her from mingling with her friends in Hollywood, heart break which finally caused her to withdraw into a seclusion which did

**The gossips insist
that Joan Blondell**
has now found the
real thing in love.

not even include the making of pictures. Once the separation was final, once Barbara was convinced that there could be no patching up of the romance which had absorbed her so intensely in the early days of her stage and screen career, she emerged suddenly to make one of the finest come-backs seen in



CONTROL BUT LOVE!

many a moon. Her splendid performance in "Annie Oakley" led to the coveted role in "A Message to Garcia" and thence to her being cast for "Volcano."

But there is more to it than that. Barbara is seeing her friends once more. The gay, jaunty Barbara whom we used to know. Only now there is more substance, more depth, more sheer womanliness to that red-head whom we used to call "the brat."

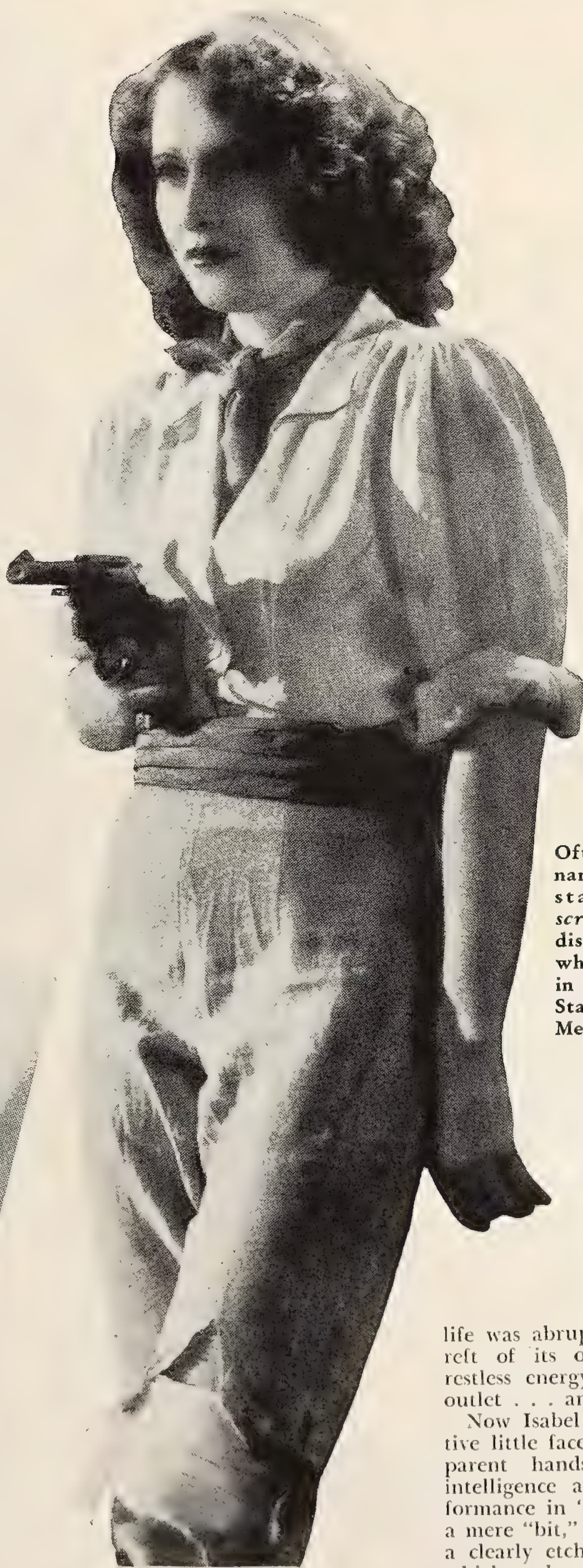
"I learned about courage," she will tell you, seriously. "I learned it mostly from children. Invalid and crippled children. I have learned how much a human being can lose and suffer and fear . . . and come through unscathed. I shall never be defeated again, as I was a short time ago. I shall never be frightened again. And I was so terribly frightened!"

She *couldn't control love*. But, once she was free of its entanglements, Barbara was herself again.

Consider Virginia Bruce. Virginia was just starting in pictures, just glimpsing success in the distance, when she met Jack Gilbert. She gave up "all" (meaning her hopes of a career) for love and marriage and, eventually, for her baby. The tempestuous honeymoon ended . . . and with it her marriage. Virginia was left to piece her life together with a strange assortment of pieces. A broken romance, a fragment of a career and her child.

She took stock of herself and her circumstances. She consulted older and more experienced people.

"I was too young," she told me at last.



ture. Virginia never did anything of any importance in pictures until after she emerged from that swift-maturing process. She emerged as a significant figure on the screen. A figure of whom fine things are expected and even demanded. But . . . *not until she was free.*

She thought that she was retiring from pictures when she married Gilbert. Why, she was just beginning to learn her job! But she *had to be free of love* before she could profit from the experience of love.

When I first met Isabel Jewell, she was known as "Lee Tracy's heart throb." She was just that. She didn't pretend to be anything else, although, before she met Lee, she had enjoyed some success on the New York stage.

"Do you know what they said about Lee in yesterday's paper?" she would pant. Or, "They say that Lee's next picture is going to be something really wonderful.

Exactly his sort of part."

She ate, thought, breathed, lived in the thought of Lee and what was happening to him.

When she was offered a

role in a picture she must needs pause and consider whether her acceptance of it would conflict with Lee's convenience. (Mostly she didn't accept.) Her own career had ceased to exist for her.

Then, one day, suddenly, devastatingly, that romance was over. The little Jewell's life was abruptly empty, bewilderingly bereft of its overwhelming purpose. That restless energy of hers had to have some outlet . . . and pictures still beckoned.

Now Isabel is not a beauty. That sensitive little face, that tiny body, those transparent hands can only be useful to intelligence and experience. See her performance in "A Tale of Two Cities." It is a mere "bit," really. But it stands out with a clearly etched and powerful importance which makes you *know* that Isabel Jewell is going to mean something very definite on the picture horizon. You have probably seen her, too, in "Ceiling Zero." She gives you not only beauty but a sympathetic understanding of the characters she portrays.

But she didn't do this until she was free of the fetters of love. She bloomed with freedom.

All of Janet Gaynor's battles with her studio, all of her [Continued on page 75]

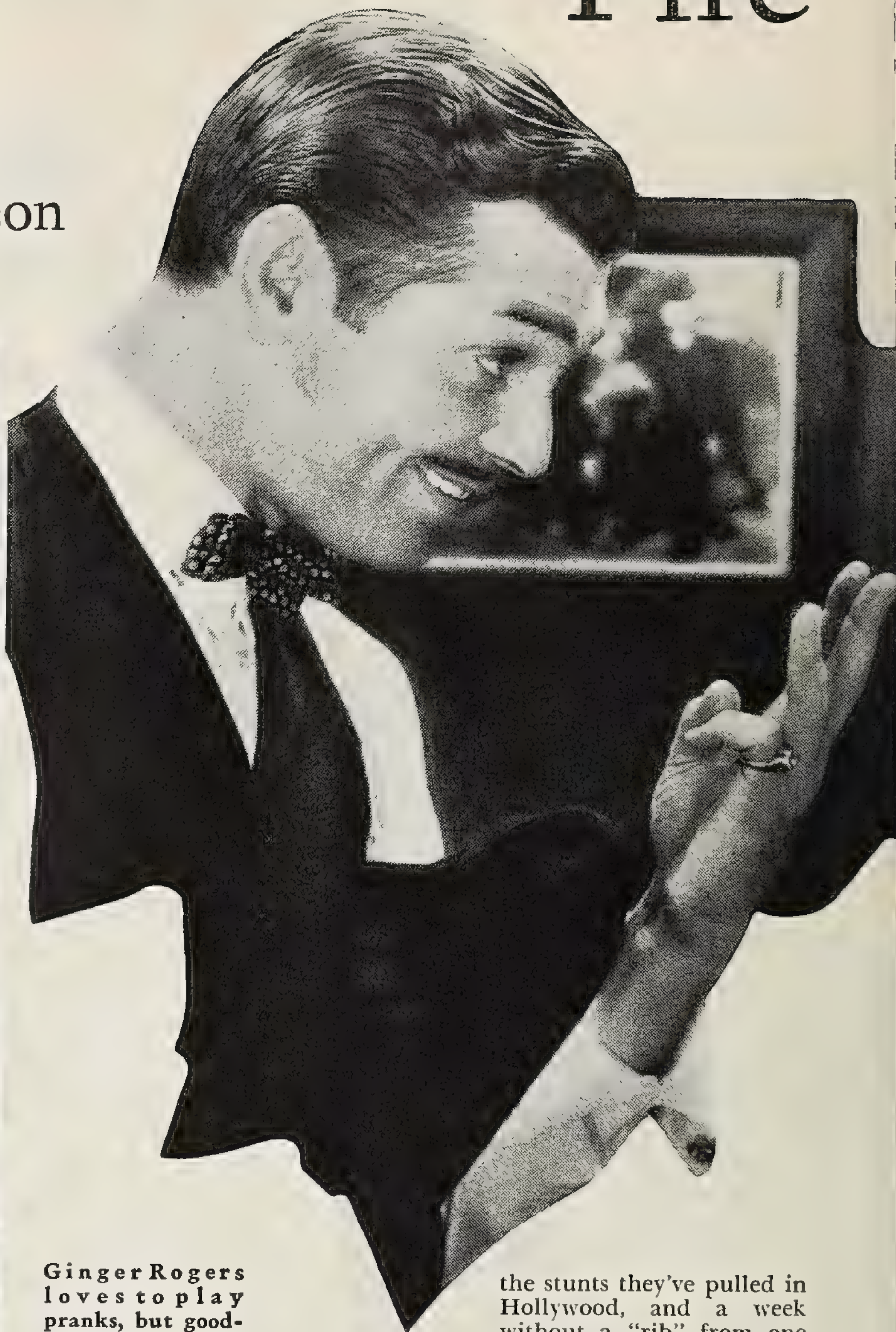
"I shan't make those mistakes again. I intend to give myself five years, at least, to work at my job, to grow up, to become a woman, before I consider love or romance or marriage again. I wouldn't have missed this for anything in the world. I am merely sorry that I was so ill-equipped for the experience!"

But . . . she was *free*. Do you see? Free to concentrate on her work, to develop, to ma-

The Jokers Have To Learn To
"Take It" Themselves, But That
Doesn't Seem To Cure Them.

By Elizabeth Wilson

The



Ginger Rogers
loves to play
pranks, but good-
natured ones.

the stunts they've pulled in
Hollywood, and a week
without a "rib" from one
of those three is a dull
week indeed. Li'l Missy
Carole's latest prank of
importance concerned a

YES, I really believe that the practical joke is here to stay. Though I still don't know why they call it practical when anybody can tell you that a joke in Hollywood costs anywhere from five bucks to five grand. Impractical, I call it. Yes, indeed, depressions may come and go, and so may the NRA, the gangster films, and Anna Sten, but the practical joke is still just as rampant in Hollywood today as it was in the golden days of Queen Mary and King Doug, which little fact is amusing or sadening, depending on the point of view.

Movie folks, it seems, just must have their laughs. And hang the expense. But it's only natural for, after all, their lives alternate between high-pitched excitement and dull, monotonous idleness and to ease the tension only one thing will do—laughter. And so Hollywood will do anything for a laugh. Anything goes—*et comment*. Whatever the price the stars are willing to pay. They just gotta have laughs.

Because of this, Hollywood has developed a number of gay, irresponsible souls who go blithely about delivering Easter baskets at Christmas and indulging in other nonsensical oddities—these, Toots, are the practical jokers of Hollywood. And bless their merry little souls, say I. Unless you've just stepped off the Chief, and are up to your ears in a nasty Eastern grouch and all set to up-stage Hollywood and its quaint foibles, you'll relish a neat practical joke along with the rest of us so long as you are not the victim—that's a horse of another color as Harold Lloyd said when he looked at the blondined Agnes.

Among our better practical jokers are Carole Lombard, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers. They are all three noted for

broken down Ford from a junk yard, yards and yards of red ribbon, and Clark Gable. It seems that the gossip columnists, from the very minute that Clark and Carole left the White Mayfair early to go home, but not together, decided that Mr. Gable and Miss Lombard should fall hopelessly in love, and as soon as Mr. Gable's divorce was final that he should marry Miss Lombard.

Yes, the chatterers had it all figured out. And once a chatterer sets his or her mind on something there's really nothing you can do about it. For weeks after the Mayfair Carole kept reading in the papers where she had been at such and such a party with Clark Gable, and had been seen dancing with him here, there and practically everywhere.

Then, one morning, when she read that she, a vision in white, had attended the Turf Ball with the handsome Gable (and all the time she knew darned well that she had stayed home that particular Saturday night, all done up in cold cream and flu remedies, playing double solitaire with Fieldsie) she thought it was time to do something about it. So she bought a 1928 Ford that had been junked, had it put in running condition, and delivered it to her florist, who proceeded to paint it red and white with a charming border of hearts, fill it with flowers and ribbons and place it in Mr. Gable's garage on St. Valentine's Day.

There were pictures in the papers and more gossip items, and Carole and Clark exchanged repartee, and everybody nearly died laughing and Carole thought that was the end of that. But she reckoned without Mr. Gable. Clark, it seems, is a thrifty soul, so instead of giving the car to his man and telling him to take it out in back lot and lose it he proceeded to have it painted

Practical JOKERS

Of Hollywood



Clark Gable and Carole Lombard act like kids over a joke.

entirely white and use it to drive himself to and from the studio. Then the gag bounced back on Lombard. One night recently, when she had forgotten all about her screwy Valentine, Clark made a date to take her to the Troc, and Carole pranced down the steps looking too beautiful for this world in orchids, chiffon, and waves

—and, to her horror, found the Ford waiting for her, with no windshield, no fenders, no nothing. But a Lombard never bats an eyelash. She arrived at the Troc (Clark didn't spare the breezes) looking like a very young edition of the Witch of Endor.

Carole had another gag bounce back on her once. After a picture had been completed, in which a trained bear had played an important part and practically devoured her and Bing Crosby along with several extras and the script girl she learned that Norman Taurog, the director, was about to have a birthday. So Carole bought a bear and sent it to Mr. Taurog, who never wanted to see another bear as long

as he lived. The director bundled up his birthday present, hired an expensive limousine and sent the bear to the zoo in it, instructing the driver and the zoo management to send their bills to Miss Lombard.

Walter Lang, who directed Carole in "Love Before Breakfast," was the recent victim of one of Carole's practical jokes. Walter was on his way to China and Carole gave him a farewell party, at the boat, to end all farewell parties. His luggage was taken on board done up with ribbons and "Just Married" signs, and as the boat pulled out Carole and Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall and Jean Harlow and Bill Powell and other celebrities pelted him with rice and old shoes. Walter, a bachelor, says that all the old ladies gurgled over him for the first three days out, and after that when no bride ever did appear they started muttering among themselves that he had probably murdered the poor little thing and thrown her body in the Pacific. He was completely ostracized the rest of the trip.

Ginger Rogers, aided and abetted by Katherine Hepburn, recently put over as fine a hoax on Pan Berman, RKO producer, as has ever been put over in the annals of Hollywood. The girls are still laughing and Mr. Berman is still blushing. As you well know RKO was looking high and low for an actress to portray Queen Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland," which stars Hepburn as the ill-fated Mary. Practically everybody in town, and out of town, has been tested for the part.

For the sake of a good laugh, Katie and John Ford, the director, had Ginger made-up to resemble the Virgin Queen, and Ford proceeded to take a silent wardrobe test of her. Later, Ford was in the projection room showing Mr. Berman the different tests when the one of Ginger was flashed on the screen. Pan Berman bolted upright in his chair. "Who is she?" he shouted. "I must have her for Queen Elizabeth." "That's impossible," said Mr. Ford quite calmly. "She's Lady Bertram Douglas and she's on her way to Australia. I merely gave her a wardrobe test to humor her." "Good heavens, man," Mr. Berman continued to shout, as producers do when they scent new talent, "why didn't you get a sound test of her? Has she sailed? What's the name of her boat? We must get her back at once."

Well, when Ginger heard how excited the producer had become over her test she quite seriously and sensibly asked to play Queen Elizabeth if she was as good as all that. But no, it seems that our little Ginger is a song and dance girl and just can't be permitted to do big dramatic things. Ginger was a bit irked, and I certainly don't blame her.

Ginger's entrance into Hollywood was in the nature of a gag—and one of the better gags! She had been signed by Pathe Studios in New York and was on the Chief all set for her first picture in Hollywood. Also on the train was Harold Ross, editor of the New Yorker, and he and Ginger had quite a gay time of it all across Kansas and Iowa. At Albuquerque, Ross received an invitation by wire to dine at a certain supervisor's home the follow-

[Continued on page 66]



Robert Montgomery has a natural, ebullient spirit—a plague to his friends.



Chester Morris can take a joke and ride on it, too, even if it has circus training.

Love

**as burning as
Sahara's Sands**

From Ouida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashes this glorious spectacle-drama of men's heroism and women's devotion, enacted by one of the greatest casts the screen has ever seen.



UNDER TWO FLAGS

starring
Ronald
COLMAN
(*Beau Geste*)

**VICTOR
McLAGLEN**
(*The Informer*)

featuring
Claudette
COLBERT
(*It Happened One Night*)

**ROSALIND
RUSSELL**
(*Rendezvous*)

with GREGORY RATOFF • NIGEL BRUCE • C. HENRY GORDON • HERBERT MUNDIN

AND A CAST OF 10,000

a **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
(*Les Miserables* . . *House of Rothschild*)

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Frank Lloyd (*Cavalcade* . . *Mutiny on the Bounty*)
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida





MADGE - IC EVANS

HALF the fun of knowing Madge is the pleasure received in just looking at her. Also, there is a lovely, casual quality about her that soothes any questioning restlessness of your own. Just when you were about to break into a frenzy over Beauty in general, and Madge in particular!

With Chester Morris in "Moonlight Murder."

GIRLS: OR WHY CAMERAS WERE INVENTED

Beauty Lovers Today Know Their Curves And Dimples

WE READ of players on the stage, and in shows under tents, who are old, but the gentle lights and the life-saving distance between players and payers saves them from being recognized as the old gals that they are. In the films the head of a pretty girl will often be photographed so near the camera that when the picture is on the screen of a big theatre the face will appear about twenty feet high. The alabaster curve of the forehead becomes the rolling curve of snow-covered foothills, and every enticing form and feature stands forth in its perfection.

We had the pleasure of standing behind the screen at the Radio City Music Hall one day, while a picture was running, and recall seeing one hand move with expressive grace as the shadowy actor spoke, and noticed that it was over six feet across. Gutzon Borglum, who sculptures mountains, must have had this experience.

These magnificent and perfectly formed features, shown in such colossal proportions, give us a new kind of beauty entirely. Here no wrinkle may go undiscovered, and every flaw is a monumental disaster. If we ran a beauty parlor, we would have a way of throwing up the faces of our clients to expose their hideousness, and then, after they were fixed up with permanents and transitory aids, we would allow them to bask in the beauty of themselves in magnified size.

The girls of the screen are really very lovely, very young and deserving of admiration. BUT, how did John Barrymore get to look like that for Mercutio?



Mary Ellis is a song-bird of the opera who also qualifies as an imperious beauty.



There is no doubt but that Margaret Sullivan has of late grown more beautiful.



Claire Trevor smiles and shows her teeth which, it so happens, are perfect.

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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS!



(Left) Basil Rathbone as Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet"—a two-dagger man.

Lew Ayres, when he was an actor, with Florence Rice in "Panic On The Air." You know, he's a director now.



In "Roaming Lady," Ralph Bellamy stands between Fay Wray and something—probably a fuller-brushman.

"BE YOURSELF!"

MANY a player feels that in himself he is rather a dull fellow, but clothed in the character created by a skillful author, he is all set for any camera.

Caught off guard they are embarrassed and quite desperate for a character in which to conceal themselves. So, many of them have adopted what we may call a party manner. When the public comes

upon them they drop into this alien self and go on with the role until relieved. As a pretty girl at her first party assumes a vivaciousness which may be entirely foreign to her own character, so movie stars have property smiles which are designed to make anyone who is looking think that he, the actor, is a hell of a fellow.

This explains the fur-trimmed short overcoat of the actor of another day, and the flowing tie and the spats. He played a part so that no one should catch him off guard.



(Left) Victor McLaglen, on location, captures and kills a poisonous snake.



Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea (Frances Dee) on the steps of their attractive ranch house.



(Left) W. C. Fields taking his ease between shots.

It Takes A
Real Actor To
Look Natural
When Photo-
graphed "Out
Of Character."



(Above) Sandra Shaw and her famous husband, Gary Cooper, on their rancho.



(Right) Fred MacMurray and his favorite saddle horse. He is always working and "The Princess Comes Across" is his next.



Wallace Beery, our favorite character actor, caught off stage.



NEW, REMARKABLE AND CURIOUS



On the new temperature controlled sound stage at Paramount, the thermometer can be held at below freezing. Grace Bradley is beside the nozzle of a snow machine which is blowing real snow upon the

actors in "13 Hours By Air." No longer will the illusion of snow be created by corn flakes. This is real snow, made from ground ice, and the actors will shiver real shivers—guaranteed.



Jane Withers has provided quite a nice little home for her parents. The scientists in the distant observatory, satiated with Venus, could well study with amazement this talented star and her many-storied, modest residence.



Tala Birell introduces a novelty to sophisticated Hollywood. In her white enameled, rubber tired rickshaw, she gives an Oriental flavor to her shopping trips.



In Picture Making, Where
So Much Money Is In-
volved, New Ideas Are
Quickly Snapped Up—
Sometimes They Snap
Back.



Ann Harding and Walter Abel as they appear in "The Witness Chair." They are Hollywood's idea of an employer and his secretary. What imagination! Here is something to look into.



In "Poppy," W. C. Fields encounters Ida Mae Moore and her fourteen-foot python, a situation which would drive weaker men to a condition of distrust and doubt.



Wherever the players go there are always autograph hunters. Fred MacMurray is putting his John Hancock on the books of his admirers.



Time was when culture was indicated by a tasty grill work over the bead portieres. Today the chromium bar gives the touch of grandeur. The one time bar-fly sideling up to the free lunch would indeed feel out of place in such artistic surroundings. But the liquor is more or less the same.

HERE ARE PICTURES!

A RECENT census of the studios revealed that there were forty-one pictures in work at nine different producing lots. The custom, generally adopted throughout the country, of showing two features instead of one has increased the demand and explains the increase from twenty-five pictures in work two years ago. There is great public interest in "Romeo and Juliet" and also in "Mary of Scotland." The former is being made with Norma Shearer and the latter with Katharine Hepburn. There are a number of musicals, including Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "I Won't Dance" and Irene Dunne in "Showboat." We particularly are looking forward to "The Green Pastures."

Betty Compson and Warren Hymer in "Laughing Irish Eyes."



A Story In Every Still.

They are a pair of sleuths. Bill Powell and Jean Arthur in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford."



James Gleason and his new partner, Helen Broderick, in "Murder on a Bridle Path."



Duncan Renaldo warns Benita Hume in "Moonlight Murder."



Al Shean, Jeanette MacDonald and Ted Healy in "San Francisco."





"Mary of Scotland." Katharine Hepburn
and John Carradine.



Joan Blondell and
Joe E. Brown in
"Sons o' Guns."



(Right) Juno Lang
and Warner Baxter
in "Zero Hour."

IN SUMMER SEAS!



ALTHOUGH Eleanore Whitney favors form-fitting swim suits, (and who wouldn't, with her figure?), she has chosen one of Jantzen's more glamorous models. It has a deep Vee neckline held in place by contrasting lacings, and a high belt that is very flattering to her slim figure.

FOR her daily swim Rosalind Keith dons a form-revealing Bra-Tuck model sponsored by Jantzen this season. It's fashioned from Kava-Knit, a charming new fabric, and the shoulder straps can be dropped quite modestly for sun-bathing, thanks to the concealed Shouldaire cord.

IRENE BENNETT favors this practical but attractive Jantzen model called Adjusta-Bra. It also owes some of its charm to the new Kava-Knit fabric, which molds the figure so smoothly, and has the popular Bra top with braided shoulder straps that are laced through a small hem and tied into a bow.



Photograph copyrighted by NEA Service Inc.

Five... "Going on Three"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely through their second year

SINCE the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the dangers of Infection.

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in thousands and thousands of childbirth operations. For the danger of Infection is high in childbirth; and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, depend-

able germicide like "Lysol" to help protect both mother and child.

But here is a record for "Lysol" of extraordinary importance. Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world... "Lysol" has played, and still plays, a vitally important part.

Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, even their toys, the furniture and woodwork of that snug, modern, little Dafoe Hospital... all have been kept clean with "Lysol," the effective, economical germicide.

Are you giving your baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen, laundry, cellar... to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.? The scientific care given to the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Full directions for correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

During last winter's flood disasters, thousands of gallons of "Lysol" were rushed to devastated areas, to fight Infection and epidemics. Doctors, hospitals, and Public Health officers know they can depend on "Lysol".

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol." Protects longer against body odors, without after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Try a cake, today!



Lysol
Disinfectant

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. SS-6
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol"

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

FOR THE FIRST WARM DAYS



For her first garden party this summer, Anita Louise selected this extremely effective modern version of the Medieval "capeline" hat.



Jean Muir tops her tailored sports suit with a medium brimmed panama. The deep oval creased crown is banded with white ribbon, looped through a yarn-trimmed buckle at the front.

NOW that vacation days loom on the horizon, it's time to think of our summer wardrobes in real earnest. And what fun it's going to be this year with so many varied fashions to choose from! Hollywood decries that "feminine" styles are altogether *de rigueur* for almost every occasion except sports—and even then we can go in for some of those dainty "accessories," gloves, pocketbook, boutonniere, watch fob, etc., which brighten up severe costumes so effectively.



Marguerite Churchill is not only stunning but quite original, too, in this three-piece suit of hand-loomed tan wool, with the season's most unique accessories—a "hooked rug" belt and bag in brilliant green and purple. With this fetching costume she wears an overseas cap of purple suede, clipped with a green wool bow.



It's the season for prints again, and Joan Blondell has chosen an unusually charming floral design for her chiffon dinner gown. The high waist line—Empire fashion—is accentuated by twisted green and yellow bands which tie in the cluster of flowers at the low décolletage. A hip length cape jacket, always an asset, makes it suitable for informal occasions.

*Hollywood Does A Mirthful
Martial Musical Up 'Brown'*

JOE E. BROWN

joins the army and
'slays' the world as the
head man of a riotous
regiment of singing

**SONS
O' GUNS**

Including Joan

BLONDELL

Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore,
Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds,
Joseph King, Robert Barrat

**TAKE A BOW, LLOYD
BACON, FOR YOUR
DIRECTION**

**And the Same To You,
Warren & Dubin, for
These Great Songs**
"A Buck And A Quar-
ter A Day", "Put On
A Uniform", "In The
Arms Of An Army Man"

**THE PICTURE OF
THE MONTH**

Those thousands of "Bright
Lights" audiences who demanded
another song-and-dance show for
Joe have had their way! Warner
Bros. went right out and bought
that famous stage musical 'Sons
O' Guns,' equipped it with an
uproarious cast and all modern
conveniences including new
Warren and Dubin songs, and a
passionate apache dance number
by Joe that stops the show.
The riotous results emerge as
the month's top entertainment.

ORANGE BLOSSOM TIME



Irene Dunne, with a rose in her hair, finds a swirl of veil very becoming.

June Travis in a charming gown for a garden wedding.



Bridal gown worn by Gail Patrick in "The Preview Murder Mystery." The gown is fashioned of silver lamé with a silver leaf pattern.

Hollywood Picture Marriages Stir The Ambitions Of Every Girl.



The SPARKLING VIENNESE

The Fires Of
Genius Glitter
From The Eyes
Of Luise Rainer.

By Lenore Samuels

ONE of the most popular and successful themes for the plays, novels and short stories of a past generation was woven around the idea of the hero or heroine stepping into another person's shoes. Luise Rainer, hitherto an unknown actress, so far as American audiences are concerned, did just that last summer when Myrna Loy staged her by now famous "walk-out" from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and left her scheduled role in the sophisticated Continental comedy, "Escapade," hanging suspended high in the cinema heavens waiting to be clutched by whichever screen luminary cared to be "second choice."

Fortunately for Luise, she had no objections. She had been under contract to the studio for months without being assigned to a single part and was delighted to accept work of any sort rather than remain idle any longer.

Because Myrna Loy had, just prior to this casting, or mis-casting as she termed it, achieved a sensational success in her "Thin Man" role, her walk-out, so far as the press and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was concerned, took on the guise of a somewhat minor revolution, and the public started debating the question: Was she or was she not suited to the role, and was her decision justified? I asked Myrna that question myself when I saw her on her return from her "vacation" in Europe. To which Myrna only replied: "See the picture for yourself and you will have your answer." Well, I saw the picture eventually, and I had my answer and you no doubt saw the picture also and likewise had your answer, so there's no need of going into that here.

Yet what I want to bring out is that it's one thing for an unknown player to step into the discarded shoes of a glamorous star who has already balanced herself with amazing dexterity on the dizzy pinnacle of success, and it's another thing for her to fit them so extraordinarily well that the public immediately shoots her right up to the same dizzying heights on the strength of one performance. And that's exactly what happened to Luise Rainer.

No sooner had "Escapade" been released than the critics spoke of her in the most glowing terms of praise. And the public, keyed up to a high tension of curiosity because of the publicity given Luise's selection for the role after Myrna's walk-out, flocked into

the theatres and for once agreed with the critics wholeheartedly. So, not only did the critics and the public alike greet Luise Rainer with open arms, but they immediately forgave Myrna for her attitude toward the part which, if the truth must be known, they had secretly attributed to the fact that she must have turned high-hat after her "Thin Man" success. After seeing Luise in the role of the naive, unsophisticated Viennese companion to a wealthy dowager, they were convinced, one and all, that Myrna would have been terribly mis-cast and that Luise was absolutely made-to-order for it.

Everybody was curious to see her. Some critics compared her to her compatriot, Elizabeth Bergner. I disagreed with them. It's true that her rather delicious accent is somewhat Bergner-ish, but her charm is more unstudied than this older star's. Perhaps it is her youth that brings with it a certain freshness, a dewy softness and a warmth of personality so definitely her own that it defies comparison with any other star either in Europe or in America.

"Escapade" did another thing for Luise Rainer—in addition to possessing a role which Myrna Loy refused to play and which consequently fell like a plum into Luise's eager lap—it introduced her to us in a setting calling for the early Nineteen Hundreds. A period, sartorially speaking, which was about the most unflattering to women since the world began. And Luise, the newcomer, emerged from those ugly gowns and hats and cloaks a true vision of feminine loveliness—minus the lovely aureole bob of a Marlene Dietrich, minus the svelte, sophisticated clothes of a modern Norma Shearer or a Kay Francis—in fact, minus all the typical Hollywood glamour touches so dear to the Lombards, the Crawfords and the Harlows. She not only emerged, but she emerged triumphant.

And now, after seeing her truly beautiful performance as Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," in which she is again dressed in the somewhat fantastic and often rather unflattering gowns of the late Nineties and early Nineteen Hundreds, I feel that Luise stands in a niche carved for herself alone so far as the films are concerned. The only two actresses with [Continued on page 76]

LAUGH CHAMP

Lionel Stander
Has Found A
New Comedy
Angle.

By
Whitney
Williams

I simply stepped into their respective parts."

From an old friend of Stander's, I learned that he put on such an exhibition in trying out for the bone-rolling "super" that he sent the entire company into hysterics, including the stage director. Naturally, this individual snapped him up in short order, realizing that in his grasp lay a youth of enormous theatrical potentialities.

Born in New York City, in 1908, the future actor ran away from home at the age of fourteen. "My father wanted me to follow his profession, public accountancy, but I wasn't exactly statistically-inclined," Stander explained, as he chalked his cue. From the moment I had entered his home, he had insisted that we initiate

A boob is always funny but a tough boob is funnier.

LIONEL STANDER is the new laugh-sensation of Hollywood. Just as surely as he has skyrocketed into one of the most dangerous scene and picture stealers ever glimpsed on the screen.

Ever since the lads and lassies of the film colony caught his frantic and farcical stage director in "Hooray For Love" they've howled for more, and still more, of this comical young gent whose tousled hair and whose hoarse and guttural croak panics 'em into a state of near-hysteria. Were he twins, they couldn't get enough of him . . . and when Hollywood goes that way about any new actor you can depend upon it there's plenty of fire behind that smoke.

And there is—for Stander, big-boned and towering, who looks as though he sprang from a race of wild-eyed Communists and is just about as funny as they come, has created a new technique—if you can call it that—as well as brought to the screen a very different brand of humor. He's decidedly tops in the eccentric comedian class . . . and boy, oh boy, IS he eccentric.

Of course Hollywood, ere this, has known demented gentlemen who kept the village in stitches with their acting—but Stander, whose middle name—don't laugh—is Jay, stands alone. Nobody in motion pictures today can hold a candle to him in the delineation of slightly mad and "screwy" characters . . . and when I say screwy I mean screwy.

By the time you read this, his priceless interpretation of the dumb fight trainer in "The Milky Way" no doubt will still be fresh in your mind. "Hooray For Love" proved pretty conclusively that a comedian of parts was with us, but "The Milky Way" leaves not even a particle of doubt that Lionel Stander deserves a niche all his own as one of the great fun-provoking personalities of the films.

Of Latvian-German descent, he turned actor because he could shoot a noble game of craps!

When he was nineteen, and out of a job, an actor-friend mentioned a show then in rehearsal that needed an extra who could manipulate a pair of dice convincingly.

"I thought I could handle that part all right and rushed over to the theatre," Stander told me, in his heavy voice. "I got the job, and before the show opened I was playing six different roles. There was a bit of sickness in the cast and as players dropped out

his new pool table and we were now embarked upon a heavy game.

"I couldn't see spending one-third of my life over sets of figures, so I packed and left. I became an office boy in a shade factory at the munificent salary of twelve dollars a week.

"I remained in this job for six months, longer than I've ever held any other job. Then I was fired . . . for losing \$147,000 worth of negotiable bonds. I was held in the custody of my father until they were [Continued on page 74]



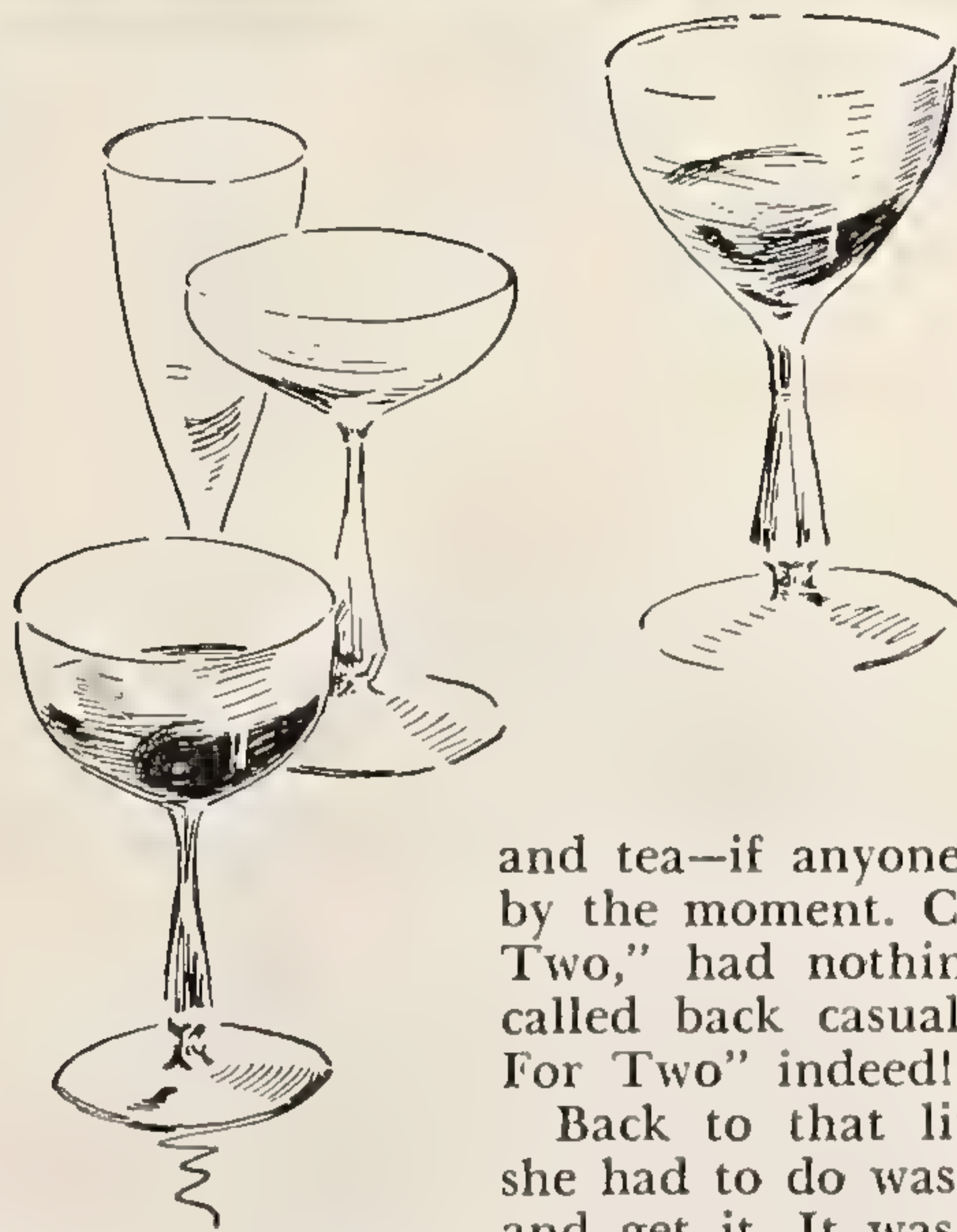
Lionel's face is a gift, but his fortune is in his swell comedy sense.



(Above) James Cagney, Leopold Stokowski, Fredric March, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. (Below) James Stewart, Franchot, Joan, Stokowski and Henry Fonda.



COCKTAILS WITH JOAN



Joan Crawford Is Becoming So Interested In Music That She Gave A Party To Honor Conductor Stokowski.

By
Jerry Asher

"LET'S give a reception for Leopold Stokowski," said Mrs. Franchot Tone, across the breakfast table to Mr. Franchot Tone. Otherwise it was a very calm morning. "There are so many music lovers in Hollywood," she continued. "As long as Stokowski is going to conduct here, I think it would be a nice tribute to have him meet his admirers."

Mr. Tone gazed across his two-minute eggs at his anti-social wife. A look of wonderment crossed his face. Yes, life was full of surprises. One would think tossing off receptions was just part of the daily routine. For a moment, Mr. Tone hesitated. "But you don't like large parties," he reasoned. "Crowds scare you. It's a wonderful idea, but I think you'd be very miserable. Why don't you think the matter over twice?"

Mrs. Tone had long since thought the matter over twice. Her mind was rapidly becoming a jumbled mass of names, dates, faces and places. Just because she personally preferred the little Saturday night gatherings of her closest friends, didn't mean that she couldn't survive one b-e-e-g affair. In fact, she rather welcomed the new idea. It was for such a worthy cause.

Donning her best gardenia, Joan was off to the Ambassador Hotel. Up to Jimmy Manos, the smiling Maitre d'hotel, she marched. "I'm giving a cocktail party and reception for Leopold Stokowski," Joan announced, at the same time surprising herself at the tone of bravery in her voice. "I'll give it in the French room on Sunday afternoon. We'll serve fried shrimp on tooth picks, caviar on toast, sandwiches, cakes, five kinds of cocktails

and tea—if anyone wants it." Mrs. Tone was getting more social by the moment. Carl (Dimples) Brisson, warbling "Cocktails For Two," had nothing on her. "Cocktails for *Two Hundred*," she called back casually to Jimmy, as she said goodbye. "Cocktails For Two" indeed!

Back to that little place called home went our heroine. All she had to do was make out her list and tell the people to come and get it. It was as simple as all that. Giving great gatherings was just child's play. The Countess di Frasso in her was beginning to assert itself. What did Elsa Maxwell have that she didn't have? Hail La Crawford, Hollywood's happiest hostess!

The following morning, bright and early, found Joan Tone on the phone. One week later, dazed but determined, she was still carrying on. In Hollywood, a telegram is the usual way of extending an invitation to a party. But never let it be said that a Crawford does things by halves. This was a very special affair. Joan felt that the invitations should be personal. So were some of the remarks that greeted her, when she announced her presence over the wire.

Poor suspicious Hollywood. After all, movie stars aren't in the habit of calling for themselves and straining their million dollar voices. That's why secretaries are born. Television would have helped, but alas, Joan Tone was on her own.

"This is Joan Crawford calling, Miss Sidney," said Joan to Sylvia. "Franchot and I are giving a reception for Stokowski on Sunday afternoon. Will you come?" There was a long silence at the other end of the wire. Another Hollywood ribber, thought Sylvia, who had never met Joan. "I'm working on Saturday and I sleep on Sunday," was her curt reply. And that was that.

"This is Joan Crawford calling," this time Joan was talking to Robert Taylor, whom she had never met. Once again she went into her act. "Oh Yeah," replied [Continued on page 68]

IN DEMAND!

DEAR little fans—out there in the great big world panting for Clark Gable—you are in good company.

Every leading-lady, even every lady of stellar magnitude, is panting right along with you. A few are even way ahead of you. Yes, my dears, the blasé glamour-gals give him a case that would almost leave you back there at the starting-post, they are so eager and anxious—nay, insistent! The only difference being that they won't be satisfied with a button off his coat—no ma'am. They want him to play opposite them in a picture. And they are prepared to put up a right handsome fight to get him. They want his autograph, all right, even as you do—but they want it on a dotted line at the bottom of a contract.

It's the same way with Leslie Howard and Bob Taylor, Gary Cooper and Herbert Marshall, Charles Boyer and Bill Powell. Not to mention Freddie March and Ronnie Colman. The gals figure—a picture with one of these devastating gents, and they can't miss. They get to be pretty shrewd in this business in a phenomenally short while—and practically the first lesson they learn, which always remains with them, is that the leading-man can make or break a leading-lady.

Imagine "It Happened One Night" with, say, Charles Butterworth in the Gable spot! Do you think it would have shot Claudette into an Academy-winning place? It was that team—that absolutely *right* complement of persons, Clark and Claudette, which turned the trick. And so, before and certainly since, the lovely ladies have clawed each other tooth and nail—in a nice way, of course, to get Clark for *their* screen

lover. Politics and intrigue, so involved as to make European armament conferences look like nursery games, go on under their prettily coiffed domes, all directed toward one end—how can I get Clark for my next picture? You even hear them sigh, in unguarded moments, "Oh, if I could only have Clark Gable to play the part," as if they could then leave it all up to Gable, and wouldn't have to do a thing themselves but just be there.

"Of Human Bondage" gave the best young actress on the screen, Bette Davis, a chance—her first—to prove it. She would have been *good*, couldn't have helped being good, no matter who had played opposite the malicious *Mildred* in that picture. But with Leslie Howard, she was superb. Exactly the right contrast, the combination of remote poignant suffering, in Howard, to her exquisitely defined little irresponsible alley-cat. They struck a perfect balance, a balance difficult to imagine between any other two players in those exacting rôles.

play in a picture. These two pictures, alone, have precipitated her out of the rank and file into a high eminence—and we are not overlooking her splendid performances in other pictures, "Dangerous," for instance, in which she gave a performance, to this writer's mind, unequalled by any since the late Jeanne Eagels. There is no doubt about it—the girl is good. But she is better with Leslie Howard.

No wonder Norma Shearer held out almost any inducement for his Romeo to her Juliet. Juliet is only half a woman without the right Romeo, it makes no difference *who* plays her.

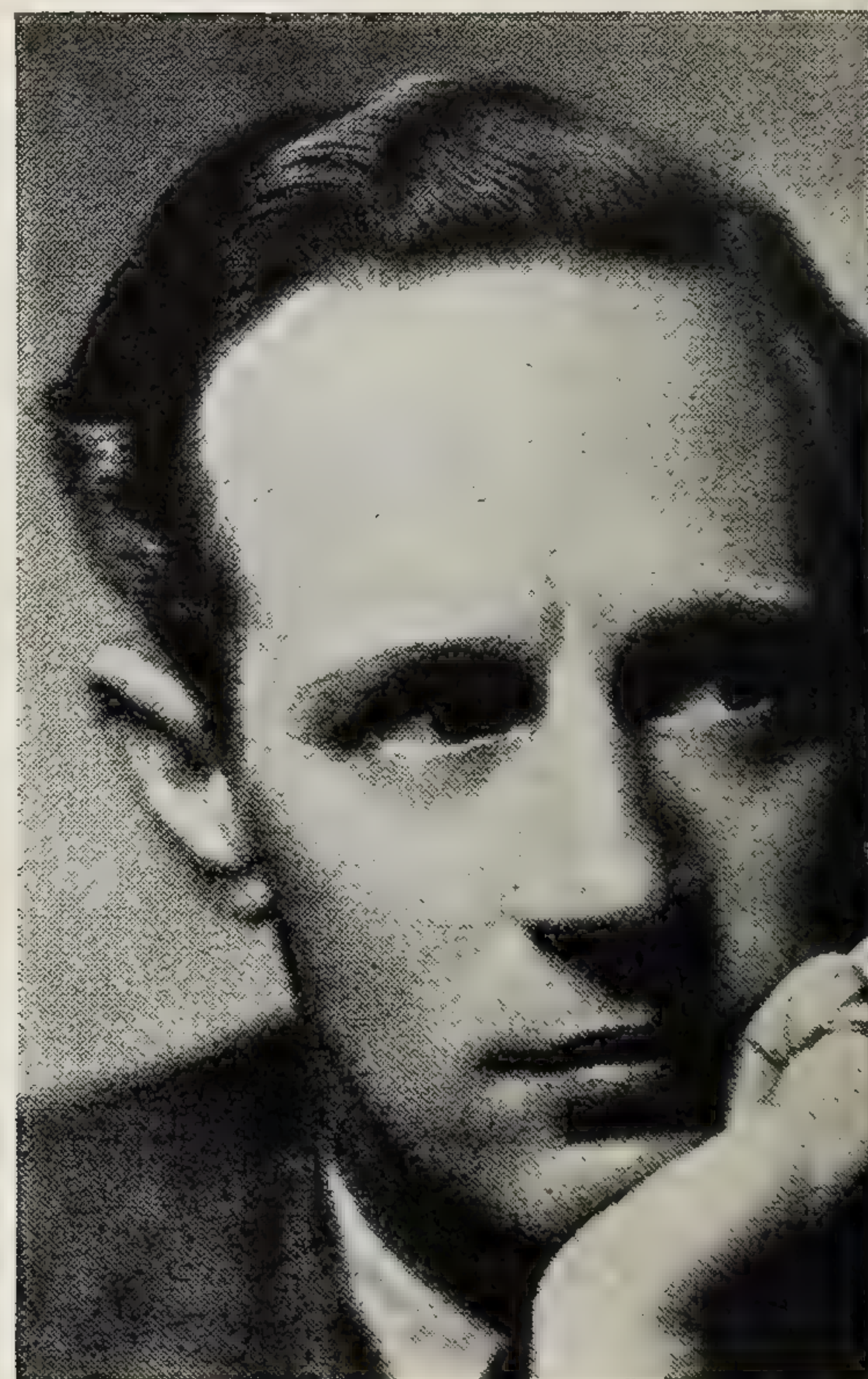
Ann Harding in "The Animal Kingdom"



Cary Grant once saved a big star from the ignominy of failure.



Robert Taylor's star is rising, so the girls want to be that star.



Irving Thalberg selected Leslie Howard from among all the eligible Romeos.

—will you ever forget it? Leslie Howard and Ann Harding. An extraordinarily fine play, yes. There have been several fine leading men with the Harding since—but we skip them lightly and land back in "The Animal Kingdom" to recall Ann at her best—that is, always excepting "Holiday."

It's a wonder the girls don't weave an unbreakable, inescapable chain from which he cannot escape, to keep Leslie in Hollywood.

The contrast was not so sharp in "The Petrified Forest," but they proved again what the perfect leading-man can do for an actress. No actress, no Bernhardt or Duse, could ever do it alone.

It would be stupid and superfluous to ask Bette with whom she would prefer to

One could forgive them almost anything, when one considers what he has done for them. How he does it is difficult to analyze. Whether he puts them on their mettle until they say "I *have* to be good in this or no one will remember *me* in it," whether he hypnotizes or mesmerizes or charms them with that irresistible charm

The Ladies Of The Screen Yearn To Play Opposite The Successful Romantic Actors.

of his—whether he makes their most insignificant remark important and effective because *he* is listening to it—well, heaven only knows. It just happens, that's all. The answer is that a poll of Hollywood leading-women would undoubtedly reveal an astonishing number who would be willing, or shall we make it *anxious*, to play opposite Leslie Howard in a picture, for no remuneration whatever. What will you bet?

Marlene Dietrich, badly in need of a box-office picture after straying in the fields of von Sternberg "art," has re-entered the box-office with Gary Cooper. If you recall "Morocco," he assisted her initial entry in no insignificant manner. Since then her leading-men have been—oh well, so-so. I can't even remember them, off-hand. But you are going to remember "Desire," her latest—with Gary Cooper. She is called the most beautiful woman in the world—but she can't make the grade without the right leading-man. Gary's healthy, brusque, sombre he-mannishness is the perfect contrast for her mannered exotics, her slight



Ronald Colman is the veteran among screen lovers. Even in this photograph, from a scene in "Under Two Flags," he shows his absolutely perfect camera poise.



Nelson Eddy is a singer, but, first of all, he is one of the most manly of the leading men.



Charles Boyer is the top among the romantic heroes.

touch of decadence. We demand contrast in our screen romances, and you will go a long way to beat the combination of pale frail blonde and tall, stalwart dark-and-handsome Gary Cooper.

Bill Powell and Myrna Loy were the perfectly idealized married couple—until you saw Gable and Myrna in "Wife vs. Secretary." Without being in any way reminiscent of Powell, Clark steps into the husband's shoes, and gives matrimony a new boost toward popularity. You almost figure it's here to stay, when Myrna plays the wife. But it might not work at all, opposite say, Bob Montgomery. It looks as if the lovely Loy should settle down into a life of blissful bigamy, alternating between Powell and Gable. Recently, she played in "Whipsaw" with Spencer Tracy. [Continued on page 77]

Which STAR Got the BEST HUSBAND?

WHICH one of our dazzling movie queens has the best husband? My editor wants to know. Confidentially, I couldn't answer that question in a million years. Which is the "best" all depends upon the girl and what she prefers in the way of a male spouse.

But if you ask me what it is that these gents have which intrigues the fancies of the beautiful girls they lead to the altar, that is a different question. I can tell you quite a bit about the boys the girls have married!

First, the one thing most husbands of screen stars have in common, is that they wear the pants in the family. Yep, they do the bossing.

"What?" you murmur. "Do these modern cinema queens permit themselves to be wooed and won by the old-fashioned type of male who insists upon being the head of the family?" Yes, ma'am, and yes, sir. Hollywood's famous husbands believe in being the king pins around their hearthsides, no matter how much temperament their lovely wives may get away with at the studio.

They all have their own ways of exerting authority. Johnny Weissmuller socks Lupe Velez, and that's *that*. (Don't tell me that little Mexican firebrand doesn't love being smacked by her handsome cave-man husband, no matter how much she yells and screams.)

Gene Markey, on the other hand, is married to one of the famous Bennett girls known for their independence and their individual Bennett tempers. Even if Gene were the socking kind,

I don't think he'd get very far socking Joan. No, but with his gentle courtesy, his thoughtful charm, he has his



Bette Davis is No. 1 Girl on the screen and in the heart of Harmon Nelson, her husband, (above).



Gene Markey, gentleman of letters, and beautiful Joan Bennett (above), his talented wife.



Grace Moore, as she appears in "The King Steps Out." And her husband, Valentin Parera.

own ways for circumventing his wife and having the household run about him rather than her. Irving Thalberg? Sure, he tells Norma Shearer what to do,—well, most of the time he does! But, I'll tell you more of that later.

Second, you'll probably be interested to know that a requirement for a Hollywood husband does NOT include good looks. Most of the famous spouses are not handsome and they distinctly are not male clothes horses. No, boys, if you have a yen to wed a glamour queen don't think you will have to have your nose remodeled or go out and buy your-



They Could Marry Almost Anyone—Millionaire Or King, Scientist Or Farmer.

By Muriel Babcock

self a pair of striped pants and a morning coat. Most of the girls have male Apollos thrust at them in such large quantities at the studio that they are just *busting* to look at something homely at home.

So you really shouldn't be a handsome actor and there are no arbitrary rules about being a doctor, a lawyer, or a producer—even if the latter three are kind of handy around any Hollywood home. You don't have to be tall, or you don't have to be short, you don't have to have black hair or brown or even red. Which brings up the question, if you don't have to be any of these things, what *do* you have to be?

Well, let's analyze a few Hollywood husbands and find out what they're like.

We might start with Dr. Joel Pressman. Certainly, as far as his pictures go, he is an unprepossessing looking gent. I might even go so far as to tell you that some people have come right out and said they thought he had a sour puss! What did Claudette see in him? Claudette, in addition to being a right lovely girl, is an exceptionally smart one and in her Joel she found a man with all the qualifications mentioned above and—*intense and vital interests of his own*—interests away from Hollywood, in things far remote from screen tests and makeup problems.

Claudette, who has lived and breathed Hollywood for so long, found this man refreshingly intriguing. Do you remember when he smashed the news camera on that plane trip to San Francisco? What I thought was interesting was *not* his bad temper and annoyance at being photographed, but the fact that Claudette would find time to fly five hundred miles and back to hear her Joel deliver a dry lecture in medical terms on the idiosyncrasies of the throat. It showed she was making an effort to understand *his* business, that she had a definite respect for it, the same kind of respect she asks him to show her when he accompanies her to a Hollywood premiere to watch a picture which she must see.

Why, of all the doctors in the land, did he intrigue Claudette enough so that she married him? Readers, that is the question I can't answer. You remember Elinor Glynn defined sex appeal as "It" and Joel, I guess, has "It" for Claudette.

Take Irving Thalberg, one of our other leading husbands. Sure he's pretty nice. But Norma has always insisted she fell in love with him before she knew who he was—that she thought he was an office boy at Universal when she first met him and felt her heart go pitty pat. Which means he probably has "It," too, for Norma.

For that matter, he is most attractive personally to almost all women. He has a delightful smile and a flattering way about him even when he is giving studio orders. He has an intriguing boyishness when he is frolicking at a party. And he has, above all, the rare quality of real charm. I think it was Merle Oberon who was quoted, when she first came to Hollywood from London, as saying that she thought Irving was one of the most interesting and attractive Americans she had met.

In addition he is young, powerful, successful and wealthy. In his position as a producer of Norma Shearer's pictures he can give her invaluable aid in being important as an actress. He, himself, is rated as a very successful man, and his personal fortune for all his youth—he is still in his thirties—runs into millions. Really, what more can you ask of a husband except devotion, and he gives that to Norma.

Does Norma appreciate him and is she a good wife? Yes, ma'am, you should see her step around for him. She never asks him to go anywhere with her. She says: "I think it is more important that my husband has a good time than I, and I try to go to the places he wants to go." She does many little personal wifely things for him. She orders the kind of food he likes

[Continued on page 70]



Dr. Francis Griffin and his wife, Irene Dunne, as they returned from Europe.

REVIEWS

OF PICTURES SEEN



"13 Hours By Air" with Fred MacMurray and Joan Bennett. Another milestone in the triumphal march of Joan Bennett.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

Rating 94°—GLORIFYING THE GLORIFIER—
M-G-M

IF you will take all the luxurious adjectives and lavishly bedeck them with feathers and use them for a chorus, and then in front, in the center, put one super-inspired word that means gay, beautiful, gorgeous, Follies-esque and terrific, then, my dear, you will have a sentence that will somewhat convey the idea of this dramatic, musical biography.

There has never been a sequence even remotely approaching the succession of effects which accompany the song "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody." The music is by Irving Berlin and the way the scene is handled is the most perfect compliment to Flo Ziegfeld, for it shows that his art was a new and definite method, which, now that he established it, could be repeated by his students.

William Powell plays the character of the great showman and Luise Rainer appears as Anna Held. Hers is one of the most important parts and she is quite fascinating. Virginia Bruce and Myrna Loy are delightful, but the outstanding character after you mention Powell and Rainer is Frank Morgan, who plays the friend of Ziegfeld.

The picture is not in color, but it is more colorful than any film we have ever seen—it is a continuous story, yet Ray Bolger's dance is a solo number, complete and entertaining—every girl is gorgeously dressed, yet you have the feeling of intimate, stirring visions of girls, Girls, GIRLS!

It is the reincarnation of a great spirit.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN

Rating: 90°—CAPRA IS IN AGAIN—Columbia

GARY COOPER in a fine comedy, with Jean Arthur outstanding and Lionel Stander very amusing in a press agent role. It has a plot, too, which takes Gary Cooper, an unassuming citizen of Mandrake Falls (he plays a tuba in the town band, that shows you) and leaves him surrounded by sharpers in the neighboring city where he has gone to straighten out his inheritance of twenty million dollars. He makes one friend in town, but alas, as a sob sister for a daily paper she double-crosses Gary and prints

his story, which you can see would make him feel very badly. It is the best picture Gary has had in a long time, and of course Robert Riskin did the adaptation.

CAPTAIN JANUARY

Rating: 85°—NUMBER 1 GIRL—Twentieth
Century-Fox

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, who is number 1 at the box office these days, is all set to beguile you; indeed, to completely captivate you once more in her newest picture. Shirley plays a little waif who is rescued from the sea by a jolly light-house keeper, Captain January, who is none other than our good old robust pal, Guy Kibbee. The action centers around a truant officer's determination to take Shirley away from the Captain and put her in an institution.

When Kibbee and his side-kick, Slim Summerville, start coaching Shirley for her school examinations sea-faring language reaches the boiling-point, and you take a roll in the aisles. Shirley sings "At the Codfish Ball" and "The Right Somebody to Love," and, with Kibbee and Summerville, she joins in the rendition of the Sextette from Lucia de Lammermoor, which is really a knock-out.

Buddy Ebsen, Hollywood's homeliest and funniest six-footer (you remember him in "The Broadway Melody of 1936") unwinds himself to do a tango and a hop-skip-and-a-jump dance with pint-sized Shirley. There just seems to be no end to that little Temple gal's accomplishments. Sara Haden plays the acidulous truant officer, and June Lang teams up with Buddy for the slight love story. It's another triumph for Miss Temple.

THE SINGING KID

Rating 82°—JOLSON'S BEST—Warner
Brothers

THIS is by far Al Jolson's best picture to date and one of the maddest, singiest pictures you'll ever have the extreme pleasure of seeing. If you miss hearing Al and the Yacht Club Boys sing "I love to sing" you've missed half your life—well, at least a quarter of it. That song and its bizarre staging on a city street, with the Yacht Club Boys begging Al not to sing a mammy song, is very well done.

Al plays a popular New York stage and radio star who loves to sing and give away money. He is cleaned out by his crooked lawyer, who also walks off with his girl, and one awful night at the theatre he loses his voice, so, with his two pals who refuse to leave him, Al, penniless and sick, goes to the country. Here he meets a sweet country girl with writing ambitions, Beverly Roberts, and her cute little niece, Sybil Jason. Of course Al falls in love with Beverly, regains his voice, and everything is hotsy tots.

A slight plot to be sure but my, my, the interludes are crammed full of the best comedy and the very best songs. The Yacht Club Boys sing "My How This Country Has Changed" and that topical song itself can bring the house down. Then, with Cab Calloway and Wini Shaw and a colored chorus, Al sings a spiritual called "Save Me

"The Great Ziegfeld" →
"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" →
"Captain January" →
"The Singing Kid" →
"Thirteen Hours By Air" →

"Two In Revolt" →
"Laughing Irish Eyes" →

Silver Screen's
Picture
Thermometer



"You girls
who want a
lovely skin—
use my beauty care"

says

GINGER ROGERS



Star of RKO-Radio's "Follow the Fleet"



**"Don't run the risk of clogging your pores!
I avoid COSMETIC SKIN this way" . . .**

• It's when stale powder and rouge *choke your pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics? Ginger Rogers does. "But," she says, "I remove every trace of stale make-up with Lux Toilet Soap." Clever girls use this ACTIVE-lathered soap before they put on fresh make-up—*always* before they go to bed. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth, flawless," says Ginger Rogers.

NO PICTURE!

Impossible to print a picture that would make its point and still stay within the bounds of good taste

WE'D LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic ... and turn on the X-ray camera. We'd like to *show* you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see a picture like that, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You'd be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed*. A laxative like Ex-Lax.

WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unassimilated food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards ... all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should *never* be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a *correctly timed* laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know you've even had a laxative. You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works easily and gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! No stomach pains! No distress or nausea! No unpleasant after-taste.

30 YEARS' PROOF

For over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. *More people use it than any other laxative in the world.* You can count on it for mildness, effectiveness and correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

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(Paste this on a penny postcard)

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I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

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(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)



Evalyn Knapp in "Laughing Irish Eyes," and the mascot of the picture.

Sister" which is elaborately staged. Al's pals and number 1 gag-men are Edward Everett Horton and Allen Jenkins, and you've never seen anything funnier than that mug Jenkins and fussy Horton playing dolls with Sybil. It's all a lot of swell fun.

THIRTEEN HOURS BY AIR

Rating: 80°—THRILLING AND GAY—
Paramount

COMEDY, romance and thrills aboard a giant transcontinental air liner bound from Newark to San Francisco—and what better setting could you ask for than that? Fred MacMurray plays a young air pilot with a girl in every air-port, all of whom he tries to forget when he meets Joan Bennett, beautiful young heiress, who must be in San Francisco before the Honolulu boat sails to save her sister from marrying a bogus nobleman.

Also on board are Waldimer and Miss Hawkins, two characters you won't forget for a long time, played by the most pestiferous kid on the screen, Bennie Bartlett, and by ZaSu Pitts, who is a riot as the frightened guardian of Waldimer, child of divorce.

Alan Baxter, as an escaped bank robber, and Fred Keating, bent upon keeping Joan

from reaching the boat in time, provide the sinister element, and Alan's hold-up of the plane is plenty exciting. Brian Donlevy plays a dead pan G-man trailing the bank robber, and Adrienne Marden and Ruth Donnelly play stewardesses. Grace Bradley and Marie Prevost are in for a few minutes as two of Fred's girls he'd like to forget.

The plane gets lost in a snowstorm near Seattle and has to land in the snow-covered mountains, Waldimer breaks the radio set, and what a predicament! It's all very gay.

TWO IN REVOLT

Rating: 70°—THOROUGHBREDS—R-K-O

A SPECIAL treat for the animal lovers. A thoroughbred colt with wobbly legs and a puppy with a tucked-in tail start life together in a stable. The story follows them through scenes of pathos, moments of excitement, and clouds of dust to a final race track victory. John Arledge, from Texas, is their proud owner and gives a fine performance. Louise Latimer, from the New York stage and lovely to look at, is most pleasing as Johnny's girl friend. It's an unpretentious little picture but so humanly appealing that you'll like it far better than some of those super-colossals.

LAUGHING IRISH EYES

Rating: 68°—THE WEARING OF THE GREEN—
Republic

IT HAS probably been ages since you've seen so many mercenary double-crossers lurking around the celluloid corners. In this picture you can count the strictly up and up on the thumb of your right hand. Nevertheless, all the duplicity, rackets and phoney fights make a rather ordinary story fast-moving and exciting.

Walter C. Kelly, with his daughter, Evalyn Knapp, goes to Ireland to bring back the Irish "tiger" for the prize ring. Instead he finds that Phil Regan, the singing blacksmith, has never won anything more than a song contest and a street brawl. But it seems that when a man is in love he can do great things, and consequently Regan wins the fights, wins the girls, and wins the audience.

Now, if you are a technical Tillie, you'll criticise the ocean liner for picking up two extra funnels in mid-ocean, but if you really want to be entertained you will overlook the flaws and enjoy the music and the laughs.



"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" is thoroughly delightful, with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in the leading roles.

The snapshot came
when I was feeling
low, wondering if
our great day—
THE DAY—will ever
come. I can't tell you
how much new courage
it brought me. Darling!
Bob



A LITTLE square of paper can hold so much! Memories... hopes... the look, the very personality of someone you love. Make snapshots now—they'll mean everything to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the
film in the familiar
yellow box.



The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

**EASY NOW TO
GET TEETH
LOOKING
TWICE AS
WHITE!**



**New!
PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER**

1 GETS TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT
... adds charm to any smile!

2 IS TWICE AS SOFT
... safe even for children's teeth!

3 CLEANS MORE THOROUGHLY
... foams between teeth

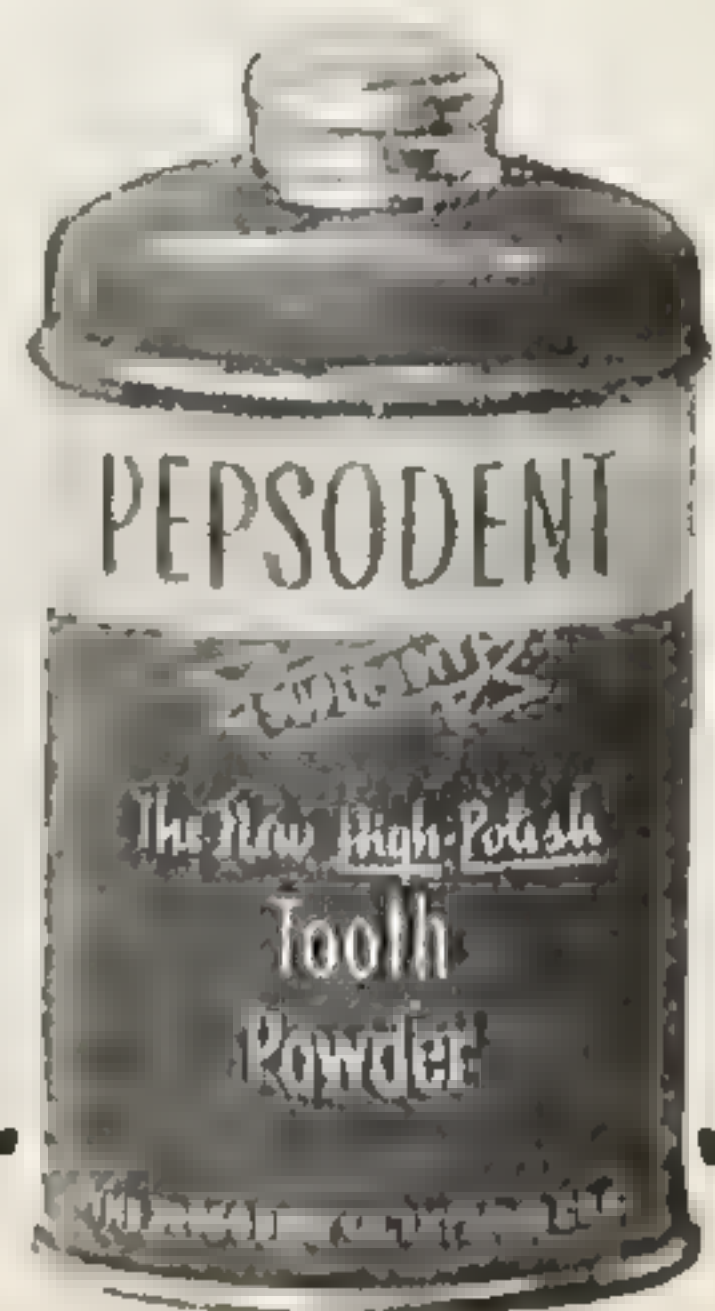
4 LASTS WEEKS LONGER
... far more economical to use!

Large Can

25c

Family size 50c

*Holds over twice
as much*



The Professional Tooth Powder
for Daily Home Use

The Heart of Every Fan

[Continued from page 24]

Champ" . . . Lillian Gish in "Way Down East" . . . Clara Kimball Young in "Eyes of Youth" . . . Eleanor Powell's artful mimicry of Katharine Hepburn in "Broadway Melody" . . . Norma Shearer cracking the phonograph record over Bob Montgomery's head in "Private Lives" . . . Mary Pickford and Frank Keenan eating a breakfast of burned oats in "The Warrens of Virginia" . . . Theodore Roberts as Moses in "Ten Commandments" . . . Rochelle Hudson in "Show Them No Mercy," turning the machine gun on Bruce Cabot . . . H. B. Warner in "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

I could go on for pages and pages, because the movie fans sent in thousands of these Forget-Me-Nots, but these are sufficient to illustrate the point I'm making.

The movie fan idolizes the stars of the flickers because of some particular scenes which they have played. It is not a negligible interest, this fandom of the movie-goers, but a very real and a very intelligent appreciation of the performers over a stretch of years. The scenes which they mentioned, like those above, are the proof of the pudding, for some of these pictures were made years ago, and yet the movie fan recalls the

scene and the characters in them as vividly as though they had been filmed yesterday. And the vast movie audience is sensitive in its appreciation. Hundreds of letters recalled the scene in "All Quiet on the Western Front" when Lew Ayres reached out for the butterfly, indicating a discrimination in taste that frankly startled me, and a memory that amazed me, for this picture was made years ago.

As I said in my opening paragraph, executives of the major companies might well study this Analysis of a Movie Fan, as revealed in their letters to me. I believe that it would give the Hollywood moguls an insight into your taste and preferences that would be invaluable in all studio plans, and it would give directors a guide to box-office pictures, for these are the things which you liked best and have remembered for years.

Never again will I look at a Movie Fan and place a low estimate on his or her mentality.

Judging all of you by your letters, you're a blue ribbon jury, because you know what you want and your taste is 100 per cent.



Acme

Jean Parker and George McDonald, her new husband. He is in the social register and a newspaper man as well.

"Unlucky Lady"

[Continued from page 25]

career. A movie star never envies another star's home, her husband, her car, or her clothes, but mercy, mercy, how she envies another star's pictures. A jolly little street brawl with baseball bats and garbage between the Gas House boys and the Tenth Avenue gang is nothing compared with the fight a star makes for a good picture. No matter how beautiful Bella is she knows only too well that beauty and personality alone aren't going to get her anywhere, but no, she's gotta have pictures.

Well, for a while there, Marlene was certainly sitting pretty for "Morocco" was a great success, "Dishonored" was a slight disappointment but Marlene was so dev-

astating that it really didn't matter, and "Shanghai Express" continued the tradition of romance, glamour and adventure. Marlene rented inaccessible houses, put on a lot of mystery, and no one really saw her away from the studio. She still kept her title, other movie stars still hated her, and publicity people still salaamed three times before addressing her—but something was happening. A little meddling auditor discovered that the Dietrich pictures were not making money. Of course it couldn't be Marlene's fault (she certainly was the same as ever) so it must be Director Josef von Sternberg's fault. "Blonde Venus" was a definite failure so Paramount ordered Miss

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millions are finding new beauty with
Hollywood's Make-Up Discovery
...are you?



JEAN ARTHUR, star of Columbia's
 "MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN"
 shows you how powder, rouge, lipstick created by
 Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, in
 color harmony shades, can give you new loveliness



*The Powder that is Making
 Women More Attractive*

"Now, smart women everywhere are learning what every screen star knows — that the color harmony shades of Max Factor's Powder will make the skin look younger, lovelier than any other," says Jean Arthur. Max Factor has originated powder shades for every type of screen star, and you. Try your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Powder and note the amazing difference. One dollar.

*Rouge that is Bringing New
 Beauty to All Types*

"HOLLYWOOD stars use Max Factor's Rouge exclusively," says Jean Arthur, "because it dramatizes our individual type through the magic of the color harmony shades — a make-up secret that is bringing new loveliness to women everywhere." There is a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge for every type. Fifty cents.

*New Lipstick that is Creating
 a Sensation Everywhere*

TO MEET the exacting demands of screen stars for a perfect lip make-up, Max Factor created a Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades. "Being moisture-proof," says Jean Arthur, "it may be applied to the inner, as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them an even, alluring color that lasts indefinitely." Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades for every type. One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

*Would you like to try Hollywood's make-up
 secret — powder, rouge, lipstick in your color
 harmony shade? MAIL THE COUPON.*



SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
 Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
 also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage
 and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 24-page
 Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". FREE

17-0-7

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWN ☐
Medium ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Black ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐		Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
SKIN Dry ☐		
Only ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

She's a Champion
SWIMMER . . .
yet she TINTS
her own nails!



MANY hours spent in harsh water fails to detract from the gem-like loveliness of her fingertips — yet it took but five minutes to achieve this lasting perfection with F-O Manicure Preparations.

Women everywhere are partial to F-O polish because it does not peel or chip and its lovely lustre is a source of constant satisfaction. A variety of heavenly colors of creme or transparent polish provides a shade for every occasion. Then, too, you'll find F-O Oily Polish Remover a boon to brittle nails. Try the Five-Minute F-O Self Manicure today.



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FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., ALBANY, N. Y.



Wide World

Justice A. E. Freeman claims his legendary right after marrying Jack Oakie and Venita Varden at Yuma, Arizona, and the young husband has his first pangs of jealousy.

Dietrich to make her next picture, "Song of Songs," without von Sternberg, but instead with that arty chap, Rouben Mamoulian, in the director's chair. Marlene complained bitterly, went home in a huff, and announced that she was leaving for Europe at once. (Garbo always tanks she'll go home, but Marlene always tanks she'll go to Europe). Paramount started a million dollar suit against her (all suits in Hollywood are a million or more) and Marlene tanked she'd do the picture. As a matter of fact she and Mamoulian became very chummy, and she began to wonder if perhaps he wasn't a better director for her than "85-take" von Sternberg. But, alas, people laughed in the wrong places and the picture wasn't exactly what one would call a sensational success. Marlene demanded that von Sternberg be returned to her and he was—worse luck. In "The Scarlet Empress" he went mad for gargoyles and in "The Devil is a Woman" he went mad for masks, and the audience just went mad. Poor Marlene—all the glamour in the world at her fingertips and it wasn't doing her a bit of good. She and Mr. von Sternberg called it a day.

Well, Marlene was frantic. What to do! What to do! She could pick up a fan magazine and there wasn't a picture to be found of her all the way from the cooking department to the crossword puzzle. Crawford with gardenias—Mae West with curves—Del Rio with spangles—Hepburn with bangs—but no, no Dietrich. So Marlene changed her way of living, put on her most exotic clothes and lunched daily at the Vendome and danced nightly at the Trocadero, and of course if photographers were lurking around she really couldn't be rude to them. She even made a "personal appearance" that rated her more space in magazines and newspapers the world over than she had ever had before in her life. The "personal appearance" was not on the stage of the Chinese Theatre but at Carole Lombard's party at the Fun House on the amusement pier. Marlene appeared in shorts. If I had a dime for every time I've seen that picture of her and Claudette Colbert on the slide taken that night I could realize my life's ambition—I could own a race horse named "Wait For Baby."

So with portraits of herself all over several continents, and people getting all Dietrich-minded again, Marlene was all set to do a glamorous picture and once more be the big box-office star of America. Yes, things had changed, she was going to get the lucky breaks at last. She and Mr. Ernst Lubitsch—a Continental like herself—had become great pals, and Mr. Lubitsch of the famous "Lubitsch touch" had promised her if she would sign a new contract with Paramount he would direct her pictures, and what with her beauty and his "touch"—Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!

Everything looked rosy, and Marlene was so gay she went out and bought the longest car in Hollywood. (That burned up Mae West all right). But poor gal, she just couldn't have any luck at all. Paramount began playing that little game we played when we were kiddies called "Fruit Basket Turn Over." When the excitement was over and everybody had rushed for a new chair, Mr. Lubitsch found himself in the great big expensive chair of production head of the Paramount studio. Marlene had lost her director. But he promised to supervise the picture for her, so Marlene started "Desire." "It can't miss," said Mr. Lubitsch, "You've got Frank Borzage for a director. You've got Gary Cooper for a leading man. There's nothing more glamorous than a beautiful woman thief. It's a natural."

Well, some people liked "Desire" and some people didn't. Anyway, it was not the colossal success it was supposed to be. "Now, now, don't mind that," said Mr. Lubitsch to Marlene who was plenty worried. "I'll personally supervise 'I Loved a Soldier' and you'll be simply terrific." So poor Marlene put her trust once more in mere man and started to work on "I Loved a Soldier." And then Paramount started playing games again—yes, good old "Fruit Basket Turn Over" again—and this time, when the excitement died down and everybody had knocked everybody else down in a mad rush for a chair, imagine Mr. Lubitsch's surprise when he found that he was "it", as we used to say in the playroom—but "out", as they say at Paramount. Marlene, that lovely lady of no luck, not only lost her supervisor, but added to all that she discovered to her horror that she was

supposed to go through most of the picture as a charwoman, and there's certainly no glamour about a charwoman. Marlene went home in a huff, packed her trunks, and announced that she would leave for Europe and a Korda picture at once. Then the studio said something like who are you to walk out on us and Marlene told them simply by producing her contract, which very definitely stated that Lubitsch would direct her pictures. She had them where the hair was short. "I Loved a Soldier" was finally shelved after practically every glamour girl had refused to do it—and some \$500,000 had been spent on it. But Marlene didn't leave for Europe. As we go to press, and right on the deadline too, she has signed a contract with Selznick to co-star with Charles Boyer in "The Garden of Allah." Well, the Garden is right down Marlene's alley. She can glam all over the place, and no mops and buckets of soapy water, thank you. As one of Marlene's most dyed-in-the-wool fans I'm keeping my fingers crossed (and my hat off the bed) for Marlene deserves a few breaks—and "The Garden of Allah" might just as well start them.

The Delightful Story of Shirley Temple's Picture

[Continued from page 29]

Peck's flinty old heart, the kind of thing that happens to the ice in a river on that very first moment in winter when a stray, shivering, wistful little zephyr whispers that Spring is on her way.

It wasn't long before Barbara had climbed onto his knee, the better to look at a picture book Peck had published to advertise his soaps.

"Do you know something?" she demanded, turning to dimple audaciously into the hard old man's face so close to hers.

"What?" said Peck.

"I didn't think I was going to like you at first, but I like you now. Your eyebrows are so nice and ragged!"

Finally Simon Peck remembered business. He sent for the Dolans, and Margaret Allen, his advertising manager (the same Margaret with whom Richard Barry had fallen in love the day Barbara sneezed.)

"I want these folks to start a series of fifteen minutes programs, five nights a week," he growled. The ragged eyebrows knitted and hard old eyes glared at them all. "You thought you'd trick me into going on the air, did you? You deliberately sent in this child to influence me. Well, it didn't work. I made up my mind to go on the air, long ago." He pounded his desk. "Understand that!" he barked.

Barbara, sitting on his knee, pounded the desk just like he did.

"Understand that!" she growled, beaming on them all.

Nobody had been notified of Nurse Collins' accident because her purse was gone and she could not be identified. Richard Barry pursued his courtship of Margaret, serene in the belief that his child was at Forest Grove school. In Margaret's apartment two nights later he heard for the first time the Peck Soap program that had grabbed the country by the ear.

He put his cocktail glass down suddenly. "That's uncanny. That child sounds just like Barbara!"

Margaret smiled pityingly at the fond father, but a moment later "Bonnie Dolan" began her own version of the song, "When I'm With You." Barry leaped from his seat. "The telephone . . . where is it? Quick!"



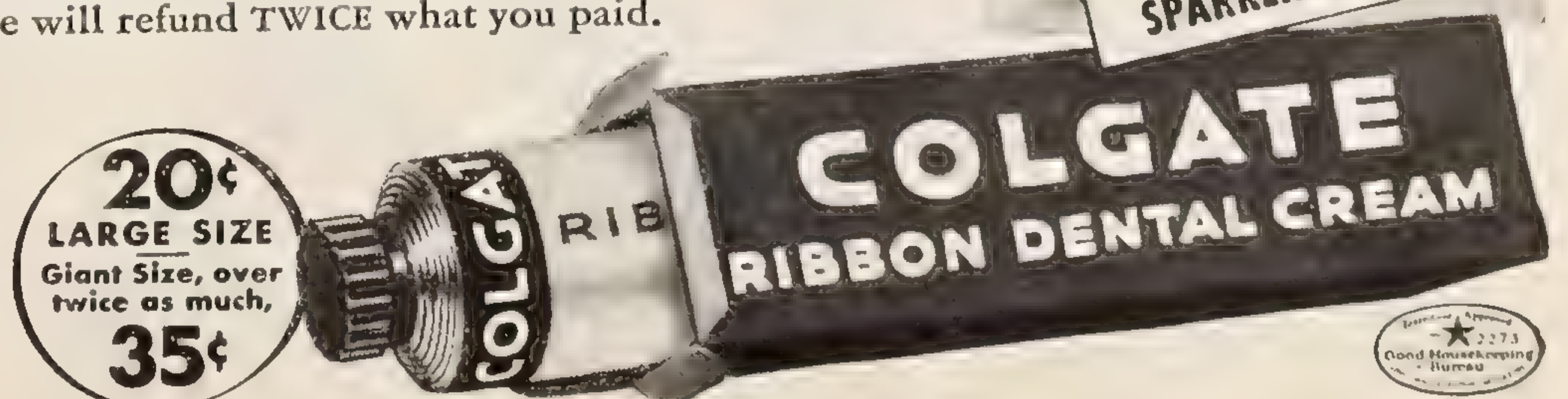
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

REMEMBER this important fact—and take the *sure* way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund **TWICE** what you paid.

NO OTHER TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!





It Last!

The Perfected CREAM MASCARA -by Maybelline

After long and intensive research to formulate a cream mascara that would be worthy of the name Maybelline, we are proud to announce the finest of all cream form mascaras! We know you will be delighted with the new MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA the first time you try it, because it is:

1. Easily applied—without water.
2. Creamy, velvet-soft—covers full length of the eyelashes evenly and smoothly.
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4. The quickest and easiest way to achieve the *NATURAL* appearance of long dark lustrous lashes.
5. Beneficial to your lashes, keeps them soft and silky.
6. Makes the lashes curl upward.

If you have been disappointed or dissatisfied with other cream mascaras upon discovering they are waxy, gummy or stinging to your eyes—try MAYBELLINE'S perfect and harmless cream form mascara for really delightful eye beauty. The generous introductory size in a specially constructed dainty gold-metal tube, complete with exclusively molded brush, is obtainable NOW at all leading ten cent stores. Colors: Black, Brown and Blue. For perfect eye make-up in good taste—

INSIST on Quality—INSIST on genuine MAYBELLINE

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WORLD'S FINEST AND LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Cream and Solid Form Mascara, Eye Shadow, Eyelash Tonic Cream, Eyebrow Brush, Eyebrow Pencil



"Hold that child," he snapped to the radio station. "She's my daughter. Be right over!"

"Barry, is it?" roared Simon Peck when they gave him the message. "Trying to put something over on me again! Try to steal my talent, will he—Here, Dolan. Get your wife and child out of here. I'll handle Barry!"

Barbara was gone when Barry reached the broadcasting station. Rushing along in a taxi with Jimmy and Queenie she admitted innocently that she really was Barbara Barry and not Betsy Ware at all.

Queenie, who had suspected the worst all along, was the first to tell her husband *I told you so!* "Didn't I tell you she didn't jump out of a hat? You . . . going to make stars of us! All I can see is stripes!"

"But what'll we do, Queenie?"

"Phone her old man where she is, sap! Then you and I scam!"

They left Barbara in the little flat, telephoned Barry and began their get away. Barbara felt a bit bewildered and pretty lonesome, but when the door opened and an evil faced young man stepped in, she didn't welcome this company. He was Tony's crook neighbor, Flagin, and he had tried before to get hold of the little girl. Flagin had a hunch Barbara wasn't any orphan and if there was a reward anywhere, he meant to collect it.

With an ingratiating smile that only made his yellow face the more repulsive, he said, "I'll make you a pretty present if you'll tell me who your father is."

"I won't!" Barbara declared.

"You'd better tell me!" Flagin had her by the arm. He didn't smile now. "Come on, spill it—"

"I won't! I won't! You let me go—"

"You're coming with me."

"I am not. I am not!" She began kicking and scratching. And at that moment Jimmy and Queenie returned. Remorse had turned them back. They couldn't act like a couple of heels, deserting the kid that way!

In the midst of the fight that followed Barry and Margaret and the repentant Simon Peck and the police all tumbled in. It was all over, except for the kisses and congratulations. No more adventures for Betsy Ware! No more Tony, no more monkey. But she could still go on the air with Jimmy and Queenie, sponsored by the greatest soap merger the nation had ever known, the Peck & Barry Soap Company. And what was a whole lot better, Barbara was going to have a new mama in the person of Margaret Allen.

The Practical Jokers of Hollywood

[Continued from page 33]

ing evening, and for a laugh he wired back an acceptance but added that he would like to bring Elizabeth Dupont, eastern socialite and heiress to the Dupont millions, with him.

Well, at Ginger's first party in Hollywood she was introduced as Miss Dupont, a lady of millions on her way to Honolulu, and no one recognized her until the Marx Brothers arrived. Editor Ross quickly called them aside and tipped them off about the masquerade, and you can be quite sure that the mad Marxes eagerly entered into the spirit of the thing. "Marvelous picture material, don't you think?" Harpo would murmur to an intrigued director. "Too bad she's so rich," Groucho would sigh. Finally the supervisor could stand it no longer. He most politely inquired of Miss Dupont if he might lunch with her the day after tomorrow and subtly, oh very subtly, intimated that they

might do business in the nature of a contract. Ginger told him that she had booked passage on the Lurline for Hawaii, but that she did find social life terribly dull, and she thought pictures would be most amusing. But she never did have that luncheon with the supervisor, for she ran into him at a preview the next night and her unsuspecting escort proceeded to introduce her to him as "Miss Ginger Rogers, greatest little dancer on the New York stage, signed by Pathe, lucky Pathe." The supervisor never completely recovered.

Ginger likes to dress up crazy and go to a preview and rub shoulders with her fans who have never yet recognized her, and like Carole Lombard, she adores answering her own phone and imitating a Swedish, Chinese, or French servant. They say that this great friendship that has developed between her and Hepburn is based on their mutual love for the practical joke.

Hepburn's "ribs" are more or less famous, one of the best of them being the one she played on the late Lowell Sherman, who was directing her in "Morning Glory." Katie was in her overall era and simply wouldn't appear on the set for rehearsals unless she had on her dirty dungarees. Sherman stole them from her dressing room one day and she was furious. That night she drove her own station wagon and five studio cars in a complete circle around Sherman's parked car, carefully locked them all, and then hid herself to watch the fun. They do say that Mr. Sherman, who was in a hurry to keep a dinner date that night, gave vent to the most colorful language—and Katie was avenged for her pants.

Bob Montgomery once gave Chester Morris a polo pony and Chester was so touched by his friend's generosity that he took the pony out for a canter on the Beverly Hills bridle path immediately—which is just what Bob and his pals had hoped he would do. It seems that the polo pony had once been a circus pony and when he felt like it he just sat down—and imagine Mr. Morris' embarrassment when the pony sat down on Sunset Boulevard right in the midst of traffic. He finally got him on his feet once more and was cantering away on the bridle path when an ice cream wagon with its jingly bells drove past. The pony heard the bells, thought it was another chukker, and dashed away like something possessed, leaving Chester sprawled on the bridle path, and Bob and the gang splitting their sides. When Chester told me about this the other day, he said he had recently played a good gag on one of the health magazines—though, really, quite unintentionally. A writer had interviewed him about the Healthy Morris and was coming back the next morning to take pictures of them in their bathing suits grouped around the swimming pool in Sunny California. Well, when the good lady and her photographer arrived the next morning, Chester Morris and wifey Sue Morris, and the kiddie Morris were all in bed with flu.

Nelson Eddy—now you'd never suspect him of being a practical joker, would you?—just loves to have a few friends drop in for a party and, unbeknownst to all of them, in the midst of their conversation he will turn on his recording machine which silently goes about recording on wax everything that they have said. Later in the evening he will ask everyone to be quiet for a moment and will proceed to play the record he has made of their conversation—and you have no idea how silly you sound. Nelson gets a big laugh out of it. But the guests who had fancied themselves as a lot of gay and witty raconteurs are rather pained by it all.

These recording machines and hidden mikes and loud-speakers are beginning to be a great nuisance in Hollywood. Nearly

★

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... AS A BREEZE IN SPRING

Dissolve some Linit in your bath while the tub water is running, bathe as usual, step out and when you dry yourself pat your body with a towel...do not rub...then feel your skin...*soft* and *satiny smooth* as the rarest velvet. And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is that the cost is trifling. Don't deny yourself such gratifying after-bath comfort when the expense is so insignificant. Try the Linit Beauty Bath and join the thousands and thousands of lovely women who daily enjoy its soothing luxury. Linit is sold by your grocer.

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Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package... recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.





**You wear lipstick
16 hours a day.
Be careful of . . .**

*lipstick
parching*

Remember that lips are sensitive. Does your lipstick leave your lips rough and dry?

The new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick *never* parches. Coty thought of *smoothness* as well as color. So a wonderful new ingredient was added. It's called "Essence of Theobrom." It has a special power to keep lips soft.

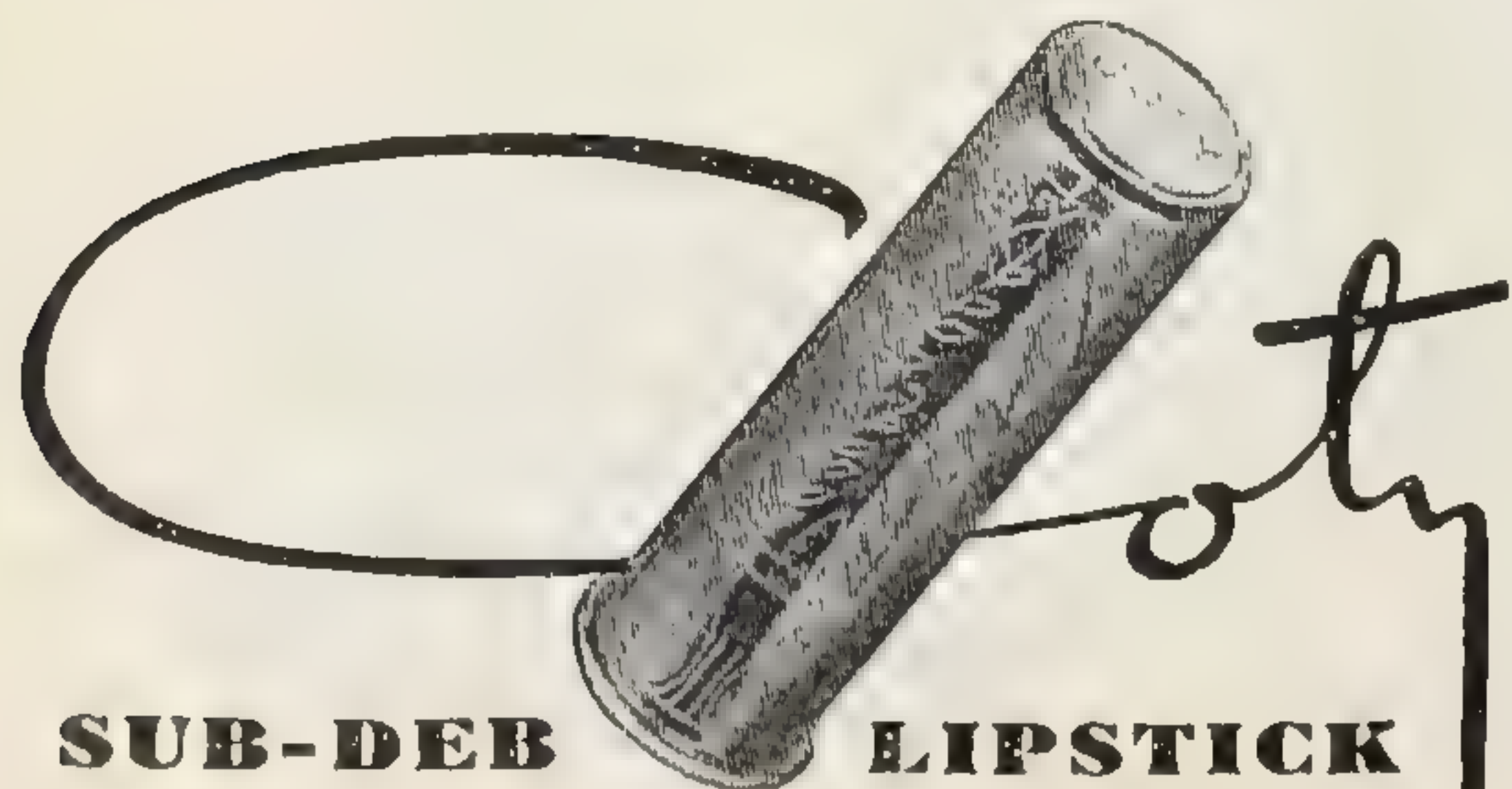
And what *warm color* the "Sub-Deb" gives your lips! Color that's ardent and indelible.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty... with the new Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder!



all parties, and a lot of the up-to-date homes now, are wired for sound. Bill Powell can lie in bed on his sleeping porch and hear what you say at the gate and also in his play-room. And as you well know it isn't a Hollywood custom to speak well of your host, so you can just imagine that ole Massa Powell often gets an earful.

The "breakdown party," which the practical jokers of Hollywood threw for Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart, was a new high in something. It seems that Mrs. Stewart had had a nervous breakdown and her doctor had ordered her to be in bed every night by six o'clock. So the party started at high noon, with all the men arriving in white tie and tails and the women in full court regalia, including plumes and long white gloves and tiaras (this as a "razz" to the numerous British guests visiting in Hollywood at the time.) Carole Lombard came in an ambulance all dressed up as a breakdown, but managed to leap from her stretcher in time to play a heated game of tennis with Clark Gable against Kay Francis (her tiara floating in the afternoon breeze) and Clifton Webb. Did you ever try to play tennis in long white gloves and a train—No? Try it sometimes. Gable broke his racquet and substituted a broom, but no one seemed to notice the difference. Mrs. Stewart was in bed by six o'clock.

Hollywood is all for the animal gag. If you're going away, or having a birthday, or practically anything, you can be sure that you will receive some live-stock or a

little something like an elephant from the zoo. Sid Grauman once sent a loudly quacking duck to Mary Pickford's drawing room on the Chief; some of her best friends once sent Pola Negri a basket of reptiles; and Gloria Swanson, beautiful in orchids and ermine, found a pig in her drawing room.

The cutest animal gift was the French poodle with diamond ear-rings and cute little bows that Helen Hayes gave to Adrian. Ranking second in popularity is the swimming pool gag. 'Tis said that Tallulah Bankhead started the charming little practice of jumping into the swimming pool fully clothed in the hour before dawn. It became quite the rage and all the smart backyards had tuxedos, tails, shoes, evening gowns, chiffon handkerchiefs and evening bags hanging out to dry in the mid-day sun.

Just when this fad was about to die down Director Woody Van Dyke revived it by pushing Maxie Baer, immaculate in his tuxedo, into his swimming pool at a party he gave for the cast of "The Prizefighter and the Lady." Maxie didn't like it. Ida Lupino is the latest of the Hollywood hostesses to engage in this guest-pushing-into-swimming pool gag. Let it be said for the founder of the sport—Miss Bankhead never pushed, she merely jumped.

Hollywood will never forget the neat little practical jokes, nor when the last laugh pops up. Mad, gay, childish Hollywood—the Clown Among Cities.



Josef von Sternberg wants to know how he can be expected to get anything done with a cat stomping about all the time.

Cocktails With Joan

[Continued from page 53]

Bob suspiciously. "Sorry, I'll be out of town." (Wonder how Bob will feel when he faces Joan before the cameras in "The Gorgeous Hussy?")

By the end of the first day, Joan had made three hundred calls. Some of the numbers didn't answer and had to be called again and again. Some of the people were working and had to be phoned back at night. At the rate of fifteen cents per call, the family budget tottered in the balance. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner were served to Joan at her post of duty.

On the fourth day Joan began to show signs of violence. "If one other person kids back and says hi' ya Joan, this is Shirley Temple, I'll murder him," she muttered under her breath. Then she dialed Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy. "Oh, how-ja-do Miss Crawford," cooed Julie Murphy, in mock elegance. "So ducky of you to call me up for a chat."

"But this is Joan Crawford, honestly it is," moaned Franchot's wife. Julie suddenly realized the invitation was on the level. Thirty minutes later a huge box of flowers

arrived at Joan's house. "Please forgive me," read the card. "I've never heard your voice over the phone and I never dreamed that movie stars called up in person." It was signed Julie Murphy. Not only did Joan forgive, but she forgot. She was so pleased she had convinced one more person that she wasn't pulling a gag, she invited the Murphys to Franchot's birthday party. And that's one way that Hollywood friendships are born.

The night before the reception, Franchot was awakened in his sleep. From the general direction of his wife's room, came the sound of Joan's voice. "Hello operator—operator—this is Joan Stokowski—I'm giving a reception for Leopold Crawford—please connect me with caviar—Operator—There's fried shrimp on the line—This is Joan—No—J-O-A-N—Joan Tone—Not Joan Cohn—Operator—you're giving me too many cheese sandwiches—Please ring Billie Burke on toast—Operator—connect Cesare Romero with a dry martini—Is this James Fonda—No, I mean Henry Stewart—I mean Henry James—Operator—This is Joan Reception calling—I'm giving a Crawford Sunday afternoon for Franchot Stokowski—Hello—Operator—Operator—O-O-h—Operator!"

Came the dawn (as we used to say in silent pictures) and the day of the reception. Joan, looking as fresh as the proverbial daisy, came down the stairs. "I had such a good night's rest," she exclaimed. "Everything is in order. I had a special hat designed to wear today and they're rushing it out here by special messenger. It's the only thing that isn't taken care of." Franchot gazed at his wife with admiration. How those Crawfords could take it!

Carefully Joan dressed for the reception. For the occasion she had chosen a navy blue crepe suit, a large crown-less picture hat (that hadn't yet arrived) and a corsage of white hyacinths. She had even managed to sneak out in the yard and acquire the beginning of a sun-tan. Everything was sweetness and light. As soon as her hat arrived, she could relax until time for her big moment.

Finally the hat arrived. Joan took one look at the outside label and flew down the stairs. Just in time she caught the messenger, as he was driving away. "If you don't mind," she said, between clenched teeth, "I'll take my own hat. *This one* is addressed to Joan Bennett!"

At four P. M. on the dot, Joan and Franchot received their first guest. The atmosphere bristled with importance. Graciously, and without a sign of nerves, Joan bowed and smiled at each new arrival. One would have thought that huge receptions were just a passing fancy. For two hours and a half, Joan and Franchot never stopped doing their stuff. By actual count, they had issued two hundred and eleven invitations. Out of that number, all but eleven appeared. At most Hollywood parties, when eleven are actually invited—two hundred usually show up.

When the white-haired Stokowski arrived, Franchot introduced him with a brief informal speech. The conductor (drawing gasps and sighs from the ladies) spoke glowingly of motion picture possibilities. If anyone expected things to take an artistic turn, they were doomed to disappointment. From a platform a stringed trio broke out in lilting tune. An endless stream of waiters glided in and out among the guests. The air suddenly became heavy with laughter and conversation. Cinema stars twinkled at every turn. The party was in full sway.

Hollywood is still talking about the Crawford-Tone reception for Stokowski. Given in perfect taste, dignified and yet at all times enjoyable, this affair was one of the nicest of the year. Stars who never venture away from their own fireside put

They're New

and they're NEWS!



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by B. V. D.

FOR the Eves of our sun-drenched beaches, for the sirens of the seas and the sands, B. V. D. offers the new perfection, the new sculptured grace, the new silhouetting devices of its Swim Suits of '36.

To the left, above, B. V. D. points with pride to "Classique"—a maillot in its elastic, figure-moulding and *exclusive* Perl Knit. Its seamless sides (B. V. D. *exclusive*), its built-in brassiere top, its adjustable bust straps give you a complete new mastery

of your own silhouette. \$5.95.

To the right—"Square Back"—a skirted suit in Perl Knit featuring the brilliant square neck and back of the newest evening gowns—B. V. D.'s new seamless back—and contrasting two-color adjustable straps that tie at the shoulders in twin bows. \$6.95.

But these are only typical—just two fair examples of a brilliant roster of beauty and style. The B. V. D. Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York.

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in a personal appearance. Irene Dunne was there with her visiting husband. Fred MacMurray and his fiancée, Lillian Lamont, deserted that Sunset Boulevard tea room and came right out in the open to be seen together. Irene Hervey arrived with Allan Jones. For hours they sat in a far corner and kept their heads together in deep conversation. Recently Allan presented Irene with an engagement ring. Wonder if he popped the question at Joan's party?

In another part of the room sat "Dr. Dafoe" and "Diamond Jim Brady." "Where're all your diamonds, Jim?" kidded Jean Hersholt. "I gave them all to your quintuplets," replied Edward Arnold humorously. Just then all necks craned toward the door, as Madame Schumann-Heink made a dramatic entrance.

With both hands outstretched she swept in and was greeted by Joan Crawford. "This is a special event for me," beamed the great Diva. "I never go to parties, so I can't be responsible for my behavior." Richard Cromwell and Henry Fonda, simultaneously, rushed forward with chairs. "Thank you very much," said that grand old lady. "But I'm in the movies now and I have to watch my figure."

Barbara Stanwyck (wearing silver nail polish) sat talking to James Stewart. Adrian, talking to Billie Burke, thanked her for marrying Flo Ziegfeld. "But why?" asked Billie, looking amazed, as only she can look amazed. "Because the story of your life made such a wonderful picture for me to costume," said Adrian, in his most unbusiness-like tones. All around were intimate groups, laughing, talking, having a good time. The Gene Lockharts talked to the Gleasons, and the Gleasons talked to Freddy

March. The Frank Forrests talked to Helen Gahagan (Melvin Douglas had to work), Jean Dixon brought Judith Anderson (who had *such* a good time seeing stars!) Irvin S. Cobb, Marion Talley, Edward G. Robinson, the Basil Rathbones, the Norman Fosters, Rouben Mamoulian, the Paul Kellys, the Otto Klemperers, the Otto Morandos (Joan and Franchot's singing teacher) the Dudley Digges, Charles Ray (he was a star when Joan played opposite him in "Paris") Dorothy Arzner, the John V. A. Weavers, the Samuel Hoffensteins, Dr. Bertrand Frohman (the noted Psychoanalyst), Dr. William Branch, Dr. Joel Pressman and wife (you may call her Claudette Colbert), Jessie Ralph, Walter Plunkett, Una Merkel, Madge Evans, Jean Muir, Louis B. Mayer, Constance Collier, the John Emersons, Francis Lederer with Mary Loos, The Frank Tuttles, Duncan Rinaldo (enthusiastically greeted by all his well-wishers), Ginger Rogers, Lew Ayres, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, the Jimmy Cagneys, the Robert Montgomerys and so on down the list.

Promptly at six-thirty the guests began to leave. That in itself is an achievement in Hollywood. By this time, Joan's smile had frozen into a permanent grin. For the first time she began to show signs of weariness. The party was a great success. Joan's career as a Hollywood hostess was safely launched. But just when it seemed she couldn't take it a moment longer, the door burst open and in walked columnist Sidney Skolsky. Being detained at a radio station, he was putting in a belated appearance. "Mr. Skolsky, this is Mr. Stokowski," muttered Joan, with her last bit of remaining strength. And now you know the stuff out of which movie stars are made.

Which Star Got The Best Husband?

[Continued from page 57]

best, she tries to get home from work ahead of him. She runs the house smoothly for him and—here is a little personal secret—she always puts make-up on before going to bed. She says it may not be so awfully good for the skin, but it is awfully good for one's looks in the cold hard light of the morning and very conducive to happy marriage! Yes, Norma appreciates her Irving.

Of course, if I drew Valentine Parera, the husband of Grace Moore, in a lottery of husbands, I'd never open my mouth to complain. Parera, you know, is a high born Spanish actor, the Ronald Colman of his own country, and like most Spaniards, is a gentleman to his finger tips, with all the old world charm, courtesy, gallantry and gentleness. I imagine he is brave too, although I know of no specific examples to prove that.

Everybody who works with and adores Grace Moore, loves Parera, too. Instead of dreading to see him come on the set—as they do *some* husbands, they look forward to his arrival. They know if Grace has had a bad day and gone a bit temperamental—as opera stars do—Parera will soothe and calm her, and straighten matters out. I saw him do an unexpectedly charming thing one day. On the last day of the shooting of "One Night of Love" it rained unexpectedly and when Grace came out of the sound recording room, rain was pouring down. She had on a flimsy chiffon dress, and like a flash off came Parera's coat which he bundled about her, while he himself walked the length of the lot in his shirt sleeves and vest.

Grace adores him. She told me: "I have found myself since I married. Life has never meant so much to me before."

Her devotion to him is sweet. She talks to him in Spanish and French but often

ends up in her good old Southern drawl, as she admonishes "Honey, take care of yourself." Every year except one, on the anniversary of their marriage, they have gone back to the chateau in Italy where they spent their honeymoon. This past year, on the fourth anniversary, both were in Hollywood and the trip to Italy simply could not be made, so they traveled to Yosemite and rode burros up to Glacier Point, one of the most beautiful peaks in America. Here they ate their lunch and drank to each others' health in a bottle of old Bordeaux. It was the sort of romantic thing they love to do together.

Although Gene Markey is a dyed-in-the-wool American from the middle western state of Illinois, he has much of the same charm, gentleness and romance in his heart. Some people have called him the *husband perfect*. That's a pretty broad statement, but I do think Joan Bennett loves him truly and appreciates his fine traits.

Gene is handsome and attractive—he has dark hair and dark eyes and carries himself well. He is charmingly witty. He tells some of the most delightful and amusing stories I have heard, and in his career as a brilliant writer he has known practically everybody famous who was interesting.

But the thing that makes him a husband to be treasured is his unselfishness and his thoughtfulness. He always thinks of the little things—such as always having flowers on the table when he invites Joan to lunch at the studio; always giving her some new present which, invariably, he will take pains to have initialed; phoning regularly to see how Joan feels and how her work is going; sending flowers to her at home and on the set, sometimes two or three rosebuds, or, a gardenia or two, and sometimes several enormous boxes of flowers!

He is forever trying to think of new ways in which to surprise and please Joan. One day she misplaced a cigarette case that she was very fond of and the next day (from Gene by special messenger to the studio) came a beautiful new gold one with a compact to match, with her initials on it. And he is one husband that never forgets an anniversary!

There is too much Bennett in Joan to be bossed directly by Gene, but he does a fine job of managing her without her knowledge, by seemingly always giving her her own way but at the same time directing it to their good as Mr. and Mrs. Markey.

And here's Dr. Francis Griffin, the husband of Irene Dunne, probably just what the doctor would order for quiet, reserved Irene Dunne. Doctor Griffin is a man of about 40 with graying hair and of medium height, who is quiet, thoughtful, unassuming by temperament and a New York dentist by profession.

He comes to the Coast to visit Irene whenever he can spare the time from his work and she likewise rushes east as soon as a picture is finished. When here, they go about quietly together, see only a very few friends and play a great deal of golf. He takes a deep, thoughtful and helpful interest in her work. On the evenings of those important days when she records her songs, and he is in New York, he phones her long distance to soothe and reassure her. When he is in Hollywood, he will go right into the control room and listen, making suggestions and criticisms.

They must love each other a great deal to be separated so much of the time and yet be happy. I imagine their separation was not worked out without much compromise, for when they were first married he asked Irene, and she agreed, to give up her work to be just a wife. Perhaps if I tell you a little of their romance it will explain him as a husband.

They met one night at a party. It was at that period in Irene's career when she was tremendously ambitious and had resolved to let romance occupy no part of her time. But she found she could not get thoughts of the quiet, pleasant doctor out of her mind. She had thought he liked her, but he did not telephone. Meanwhile, similar thought processes were going on with Doctor Griffin. He, too, had resolved not to think of romance for a long time, but he could not get Irene out of his mind. Finally, after three weeks, he telephoned for a date and Irene accepted promptly—breaking an appointment for a French lesson and a massage in order to go out with this young man.

They were married. Irene, when she found Francis did not like or understand her work, promised to give it up. And so she did. They went abroad on a honeymoon. They returned and settled in New York. Then came a call for Irene for "Show Boat." Griffin capitulated. He understood his lovely wife, her hopes and ambitions better now and he was no longer jealous of her career. "All right," he told her, "go ahead. I'll help you as much as I can." And he has, from then on.

There is Harmon (Ham) Nelson, the orchestra leader whom Bette Davis loves so much. A swell guy. Young, vigorous, independent, determined his wife shall live upon what he can make, and yet unselfish enough to let her go on and have her career, be a glamorous important star when he is still just a young struggling punk. It takes a lot of guts to know your wife is earning more than you, and is more important than you, and still keep on plugging. Well, Ham has guts. He is neither jealous of his wife, as some young men might be, nor has he, on the other hand, gone the least bit soft. He is determined he shall take none of her money. And more power to him.

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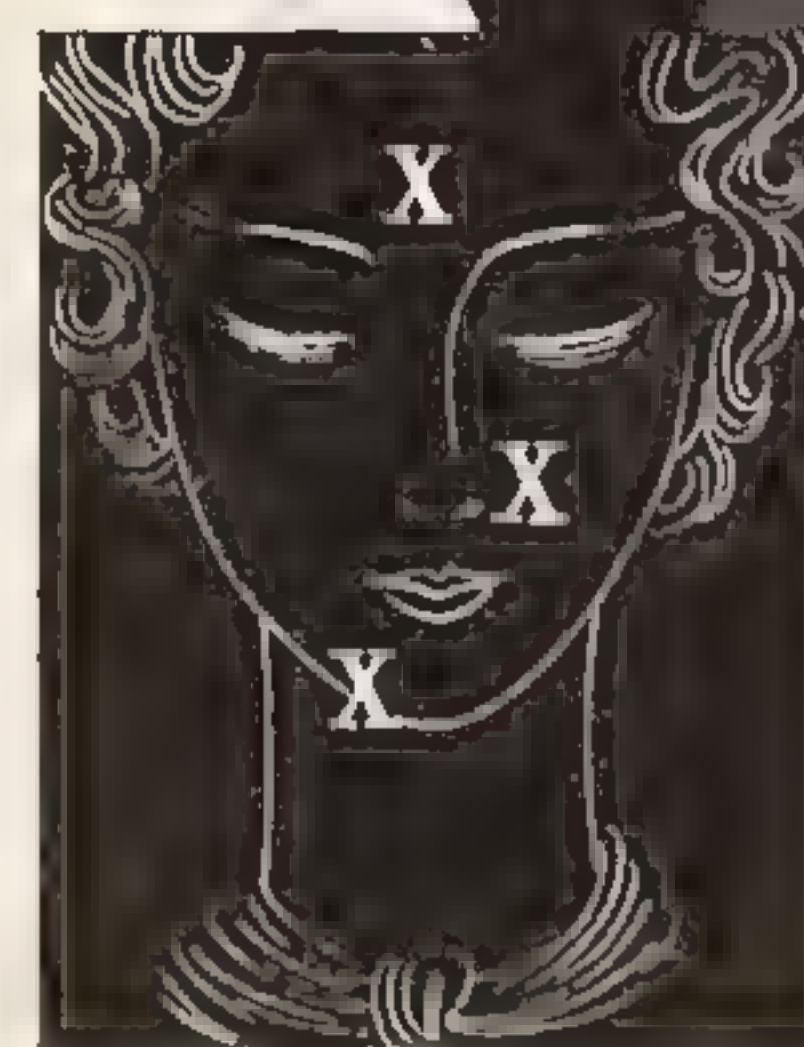
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Bette thinks she is lucky in having Ham for a husband. She said to me: "If anyone had told me when I was 18 and just starting that any man could be as important to me as my career, I would have laughed in his face. But now, I am sorry I ever had a career at all. That's how important marriage has become, that's how much in love I am with Ham."

"But you can't give up something like work so easily. You become accustomed to the tempo of it, to the feverishness and excitement of it. And it is difficult to drop it right in the middle. So here we are. All the same, I wish Ham and I were comfortably settled down in a little New England farmhouse and had never heard of Hollywood."

Little things show the stuff of which Ham is made. You may have heard the story and you may not, of the time when he needed a new car and announced he was going to buy a second hand flivver. Bette offered to loan him money enough to get a new one, but he replied, "Not on your sweet life. This is my car." And even though he had to spend hours in dirty overalls tinkering with it to keep it running, a flivver he bought.

Bette says she's known Ham all her life and there never was anybody else she even considered marrying. When I asked her what she liked about him she said, "Well, he was always so thoughtful to my parents,

and I've known him so long and well, you know, he's Ham." There you are, my readers, he has an affinity for her.

I won't go at length into the qualifications of Johnny Weissmuller as a husband. Certainly it isn't his intellectual power that intrigues Lupe. Rather I think it is his refusal to let her run him, and his penchant for taking those good hard socks I told you about. Lupe, who is a firebrand, likes warfare even in the domestic circle.

Joan Crawford has her Franchot Tone, good looking, young and positive. A young man with a fine brain, excellent background, and ability. Certainly a charming husband, and I think Joan is pretty proud of him.

Sally Eilers has her Harry Joe Brown. Older than she, to be sure, but an awfully nice guy. He is wise, tolerant, thoughtful, responsible; the kind of man a woman can lean on and feel secure. Also, he is important and successful in his business.

Binnie Barnes has her Samuel Josephs, a quiet, dark slender man who collects antiques and rare books and loves to shower his pretty English wife with lovely jewels and frocks. Her vivacity and his quiet charm make a nice contrast.

And there are other husbands—lots of them—whom I haven't mentioned.

Which one of them is the best?

Reader, I told you, I wouldn't say if I could.

The Polo Crowd

[Continued from page 27]

in front of his vine-covered cottage at the end of the field. "Polo isn't too dangerous. If you take reasonable precautions you're no more apt to be hurt at it than in your automobile. It's a disease, a contagious one. If you begin you will never want to quit. You must possess the power to think trigger-quick, be intuitive as to the other man's next move. Great zest is a fundamental requirement. Actors are extraordinarily well suited to play since they have all of these desirable traits. They also can afford the necessary equipment and the stimulating company of the foremost players."

The most surprising thing about Hollywood polo is that it's about five times cheaper than polo elsewhere! And I'll bet you'll be astonished at its being more democratic here, too. "Snowy" deserves the credit for this. He wants amateurs to have an opportunity and has done everything possible to bring polo within reach of many who've no fortunes to splurge. The stars are grateful, for it's still expensive enough. Those who have strings of ponies, and you'll use at least four ponies per game, must pay plenty to keep their mounts in perfect condition. Ponies must be treated exactly like race horses and a retinue of grooms is practically necessary. A pony worth bragging about costs anywhere from \$800 up, ducky!

Hollywood's number one player is "Big Boy" Williams. The United States polo association rates him at five goals, which indicates that he'd cause the fur to fly wherever he chose to play. He's one of the longest hitters on record and rides so hard that he generally has eighteen ponies up for one game. He owns a string of forty, plunging almost all of his picture earnings impetuously into horseflesh. Jack Holt and Kent Taylor tie for second place, being rated as two-goal men. Johnny Mack Brown and Charlie Farrell are third, as one-goal poloists. Others who wallop it up personally at the Riviera are Paul Kelly, Jimmy Gleason, Spencer Tracy, Hoot Gibson, and Leslie Howard—when he's in Hollywood.

Just before he finished Romeing, Leslie discoursed on polo for my explicit benefit. His blue eyes gleamed. It seems he stumbled upon the excitement when he entered talkies here, and now he plays in England, too. In fact, he'll be highlighting his summer vacation there with jaunts to Dunster Lawns.

"It's the most picturesque polo field in Britain," he explained, "for it lies in a dell at the foot of the walls of a feudal castle, and glorious elms border the turf which hasn't been turned since eleven hundred! You can imagine how velvety it is. Mrs. Howard and I and our friends make an Elizabethan inn, three miles away at the seashore, our headquarters. Then we go over for polo every afternoon."

You may not have expected Leslie to be among the polo players. He certainly isn't brawny. But he has nerve and he proves that strategy can equal steam. He's usually casual, even in all the melee. He's short-sighted, and a yarn he relates is of the occasion when he spectacularly forced one of his own team-mates out of the combat!

Paul Kelly is one star who laughs at the idea that you have to be wealthy to enjoy polo. "I shop for my ponies," he informed me. "They come down to my price, or I wait for some who will! I'm building a farmhouse out in the San Fernando Valley and already the oats I've grown on the ranch are supporting both my family and my four ponies. I'm putting in a practice field. I'll continue to dress at home and I have ordered a new Ford truck to haul my ponies to and fro from the Riviera when I'm playing. While I'm on a picture, or am out of town, I keep within my budget by letting my ponies out to pasture." So where there's a will like Paul's there's bound to be a system for escaping extravagance.

There are six chukkers (an Indian phrase meaning a period, pet!) to a game and the crowd can perceive how a man's disposition survives the seven-and-a-half minute spells in each one. The sport's so intense that instantly your real self is ob-

vious. Jimmy Gleason is as much of a comedian during the height of the spirited riding as he is professionally. Spencer Tracy's the most amiable player. He hasn't an unkind thought in his head and he never loses his temper when rival mallets are straining to capture the elusive pill.

I had lunch with Spencer at Metro to uncover his reactions to the pastime of the month. It appears he took it up because his mother objected to his flying! He was sent to San Diego for an opening, via airplane. The trip was so elating that he became an aviation bug. That frightened his mother, who begged him to disport himself in some less dangerous way. So he went in for polo. The studio won't allow him out at the Riviera while a production's before the cameras. But between epics he's one of "Snowy" Baker's A-1 pupils.

"Stop on account of a few recent deaths incurred in the game?" He was serious for a moment, and then grinned. "You don't abandon your car because of accidents, do you?" And that was that. Spencer's wife plays well herself. They learned together and often form half a team. (There are four on each side.)

The one actress who's keen enough to get right into the field is Heather Angel. You'd never suspect a girl of her fragile looks of being so spunky. But our Heather was initiated when she trouped through the British outposts in India. She was a whiz on horseback and the handsome Army colonels couldn't resist teaching her.

It's remarkable how Will Rogers's memory lives on. The Uplifters have leased Will's own polo field, on his nearby estate, and they've officially tagged their turf "The Will Rogers Field." According to "Snowy" there's no one today with the physical vigor Will displayed. "He'd be away on a lecture tour, or travelling. The 'phone would ring and he'd state that he'd flown in, and was there a game on? He'd hurry over and ride through two complete games at top speed. He had splendid energy, marvelous perception, and he neither granted nor asked for any quarter. Then he'd leave us to go home and rope steers until it was dark!"

The loyal gallery that cheers the dauntless these days doesn't forget to huzzah the producers who're performing. Hal Roach is a familiar figure on polo fields in many cities, for that matter. And when distinguished players arrive in Hollywood he entertains lavishly for them. Walter Wanger is fast developing first-class skill with his mallet, and Darryl Zanuck is as intrepid as ever. There have been those breathless minutes when Mr. Zanuck has slid off his pony, and it was a sight to see him holding on for dear life to a slipping tail. Only no one dared commit *lese-majeste* by grinning. You don't suppose the boys in the Prince of Wales' crowd chuckled when he used to take those falls, do you?

I said that you'd spot the most stunning sports apparel in the Riviera grandstand. Perhaps I should be more definite. Ginger Rogers typified the smart young number when she appeared in a suit of shiny shark-skin, cut very tailored, and in a chamois shade.

Her accessories were Dutch blue, including the flower in her lapel. Ginger eats up polo, but she remembers to doll up for the afternoon's frolic.

I'm so relieved that the darlings on the Cinema Coast are nuts about this genteel gambling. In the language of our noble industry, polo's colossal relaxation. You never can tell when someone in the fray is going to get a crack in the dome. And when you've ditched a stuffy appointment just to watch them "stick-and-ball" practice, on week days, you feel so teddibly, teddibly gentlemanly.

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Practical jokes are popular in Hollywood, but the best recent one was the slice of ham shaped like a heart that Carole Lombard sent to George Raft.

Laugh Champ

[Continued from page 52]

found on the street four days later, but my association with the firm had terminated . . . definitely." A slow grin crept over his not-too-handsome features.

Back home again, for the next several years the lad pursued his education . . . of sorts . . . at such institutions as the New York City public schools, Dwight Preparatory School, Mt. Vernon High School, Bloomfield Military Academy, New York University, Duke University, and finally the University of North Carolina. School days, however, held little appeal for him, and many of the institutions found him a bit too exuberant, several suggesting that he pursue his studies elsewhere.

During these years, he left home intermittently for one job after another, often alternating between work and school. Of one thing only is he certain . . . he held none of these jobs more than a month.

"After I played those six parts in my first show," he recounted, scoring sixty-seven points to my sixteen (page Willie Hoppe, the pool champion), "I decided that this was just about the nuts. I was tired of being just one of the army of the unemployed, and even though I might be out of work, as an actor, still I wouldn't be classed as a bum. I would be 'at liberty.' Yeah, that's what they call it when an actor's not working . . . 'at liberty.' Besides, acting was more dignified, I thought.

Occasionally, when theatrical opportunities seemed scarce, Stander would turn to newspaper work.

Looking to radio, the thought occurred to him that he might make a fortune writing for this newer medium of entertainment. Thought being father to the deed . . . when he had completed his first script he tried to sell it to Fred Allen. Allen thought the script terrible, but Stander's personality and voice so arresting that he put him on the air in his own act.

A scout for Radio Pictures saw him in the radio station one night and signed him for a part in a future production. Without considering the proposition very carefully, Stander signed on the dotted line.

Some little time later, he met Ben Hecht.

"Why, I remember you," said Hecht, "when you were just a punk hanging around the Village joints."

"And I remember you," retorted Stander, "away back in the days before you sold out . . . in the days when you were able to write 'Eric Dorn'."

That crack won him the part of the haranguing Communist in the Hecht and MacArthur production of "The Scoundrel," his first appearance on the screen in a feature picture. Previously he had played in seventeen short subjects, making his film debut with Jack Haley in "Salt Water Daffy."

"I wasn't anxious to do 'The Scoundrel' and turned the part down seven distinct times," he related. "I told Hecht I had a contract with a studio, anyway, and why should I go into his picture."

"I finally went through with it, though, and had the time of my life. I began to wonder where this racket had been all my life, and as soon as the picture was finished left New York for Hollywood."

"In New York, I had had six years of dramatic work on the stage, some of the roles bordering on the tragic. Hollywood immediately cast me as a character comedian . . . and character comedian I have remained. It wasn't until 'The Scoundrel' reached Hollywood that producers came to the realization I could do anything else but comedy."

"But I like comedy. I don't want to change, for comedians go on and on and always are popular. I want that popularity—whatever I may have—to remain a long time."

As perfect a dialectician as Hollywood ever has known—and as good an actor, too—Lionel Stander today reigns over an audience that daily is increasing with leaps and bounds. "The Milky Way" revealed him as one of the most hilarious figures on the screen. "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," starring Gary Cooper, produces further proof of his amazing versatility and cleverness.

Lionel Stander is one of the "finds" of the season.

Everything Under Control But Love!

[Continued from page 31]

temperamental outbursts, occurred while she was married to Lydell Peck. Perhaps it is not fair to blame her marriage for her professional upsets. But it is undoubtedly true that it is difficult for a sensitive woman to try to adjust herself to marriage with a man who does not belong to, and who can have no interest in her profession.

Once the break with Lydell was accomplished and final, Janet went back to being the amicable, easy-to-deal-with young woman she had been before she attempted domesticity. She was free.

I asked Ann Harding, a few days ago, "How is it that you look younger, more animated, more *alive* than you did five years ago when I first met you?"

"I have my life in order," she told me, gravely. "I have come through a difficult time and I have won my way to peace." Ann has emerged from the wreck of her romance, a rounded, alive, intensely interesting woman and actress. But love and its struggles very nearly defeated her!

Joan Blondell has emerged from her marital difficulties somehow blither, brighter, gayer than she was before. I saw her in the Brown Derby the other day and she was one bunch of sparkles, if you know what I mean. Perhaps she and George Barnes tried to be too close to one another. I recall that they used to telephone each other almost every hour when both were working. Then she used to dash from the studio in a breathless state to try to be at home, if possible, before he arrived. The notes they used to send by messenger. The . . . oh, well. Perhaps they enslaved themselves too closely.

Anyhow, Joan emerged from the shock of separation, looking younger and brighter.

Sometimes the thing works the other way around. After Kay Francis separated from Kenneth MacKenna, both Kay and her performances become a trifle pallid, a bit lackadaisical. The emotional interlude with Maurice Chevalier appeared to stimulate her briefly and then she lapsed into lethargy again. She lost weight and that worried her studio because Kay is especially valuable in a role which entails her wearing lovely clothes.

I visited Warner Brothers' Studio a day or two before Kay left for New York to visit Dick and Jessie Barthelmess. The studio was in a sort of secret twitter. "It looks as though Kay were really interested in that scenario writing chap . . . Delmer Davies!" about eight people confided to me in separate whispers. "He is going to New York, too, you know. Now, if that turns out to be a romance, we'll have Kay back here, all alive and interested again for her next picture. And really beautiful as she should be. . . ."

Well, at this point, I am not prepared to tell you anything of what happened while Kay and Mr. Davies were in New York. But I do know that she has been cast for "Angel of Mercy," the story based on the life of Florence Nightingale, and the most important assignment that Kay has had in a couple of years. You may draw your own conclusions. I'm drawing mine!

But, for the most part, if a woman has won her way alone, has fought for her own chance in this fantastic profession, love seems merely to hamper her, restrain her, constrict her. Sometimes she learns something valuable from it. But mostly she does not profit from it until she is free of those constrictions.

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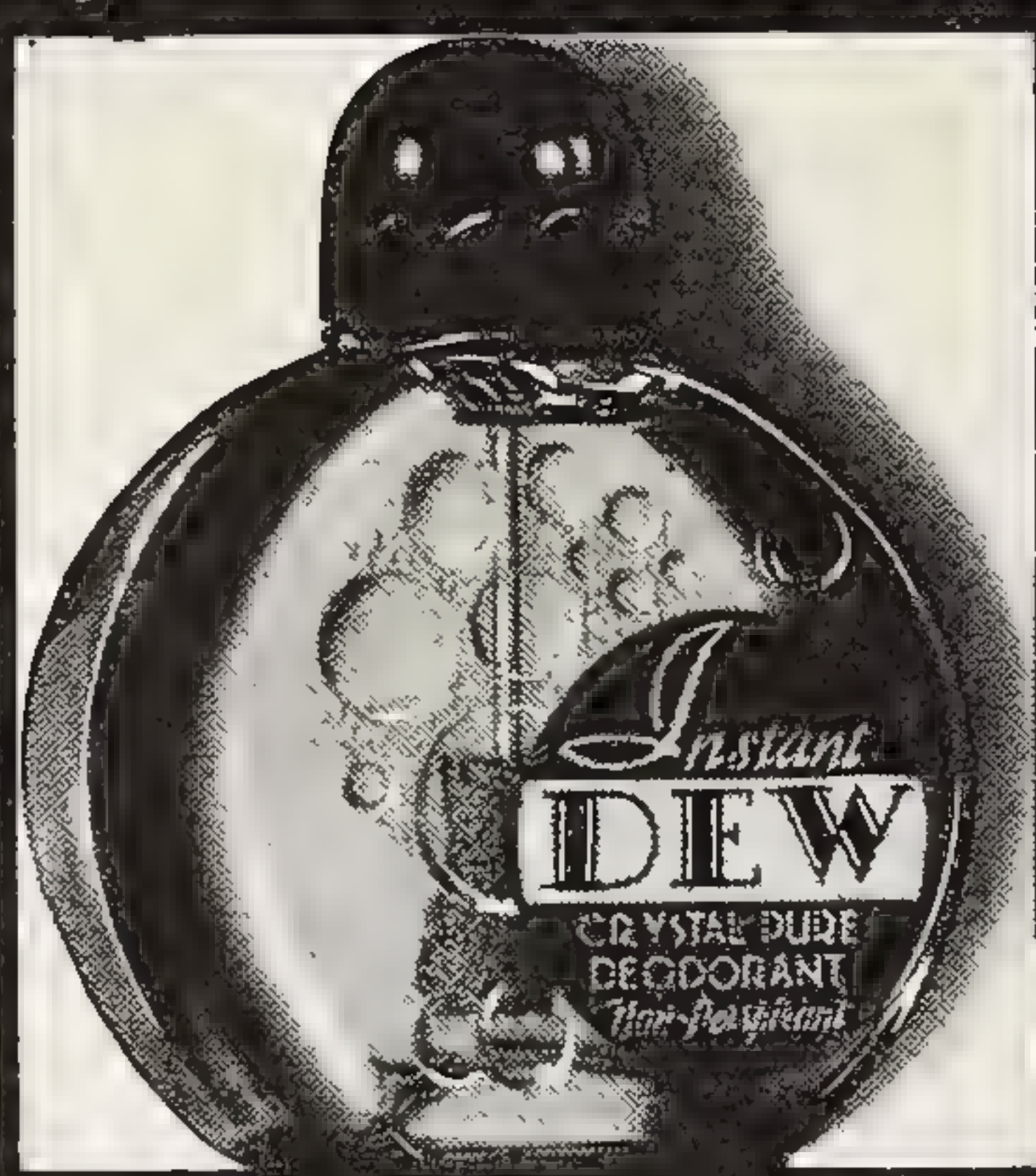
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Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM

The Sparkling Viennese

[Continued from page 51]

whom she should be compared, in my mind, are Katharine Cornell and Helen Hayes. And Katharine Cornell refuses to respond to the blandishments of glamorous Hollywood, while Helen, who has responded, has forsaken it, permanently she says, for the less glamorous but more exacting New York stage.

As the fascinating Anna Held, Luise puts her hand to her heart several times and says "I feel things here, so deep, I cannot talk about them."

And, as you sit in the darkened theatre watching her, amazed at those twin lamps that glitter so tantalizingly from the depths of her dark, velvety eyes, you, too, feel something here, close to your heart, and are not ashamed to find yourself winking back a tear or two so profoundly are you stirred by the character into which she has sunk her personality.

When next you see Luise on the screen, it will be as such a direct contrast to Anna Held that she will again be able to prove to you her worth as an actress—instead of a glamour queen. For she has pocketed the coveted role of the poor Chinese wife, in Pearl Buck's dramatic and almost primitively stark novel, "The Good Earth," which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are having the courage to film. Again, you see, no chance to dress her hair in a flattering aureole of curls, to don form-revealing, sex-appealing gowns or to clamor for the right camera angles so that her "best profile" can be photographed with the most devastating results. Lucky Luise, say we, gathering the star-dust of fame and glory in a nice big heap at her twinkling toes without such mundane accessories.

With all her unprecedented success, Luise has remained surprisingly naive and sincere. When interviewers and critics call her "great," she smiles deprecatingly. "You can call Beethoven great," she responds softly while listening to the strains of his magnificent Ninth Symphony, "but me, no."

Perhaps this simplicity is hers because even though she has but recently scaled

the difficult heights of cinema fame, she has not been handicapped by an obscure childhood spent in a remote hamlet unfrequented by the great or near great. On the contrary, she was born in Vienna, the gayest city in the world before the war. Her father was very wealthy and had a passion for travel. Consequently before Luise and her two sisters were well into their teens, they had travelled extensively on the Continent and, along with their native German, they spoke French and Italian fluently. Luise had also been trained, but only superficially, in English and for that she's now truly sorry. For she hates to study, but now that she's in Hollywood she's forced to perfect her English.

With the decline of so many large European fortunes, the Rainer family began to feel the pinch of necessity gnawing at their leisurely, well-travelled vitals, and Luise, searching around for a means of helping the exchequer, chose the stage. For two years she played with a small theatre group and then she had the good fortune to meet Max Reinhardt, and under his guidance she found herself growing in importance on the stage of every large city in Europe.

Luise feels that she owes her Hollywood contract to Max Reinhardt's superb and flawless training. She also feels that she owes some of the success that followed to the unstinting help of William Powell, with whom she played in both "Escapade" and "The Great Ziegfeld."

"He taught me so much," she says, "he was completely unselfish, advising me to do certain things even if they proved to his own disadvantage. He loved to tease me, too," she laughs. "But I will never, never forget his kindness and understanding."

As for us, we shall always be grateful to Myrna Loy for having the perspicacity of stepping out of "Escapade" and, by so doing, providing us with an introduction to Luise Rainer so appropriate and so perfect that it will linger in our memory always like a precious perfume.



International

Mary Brian returns from abroad and once more rumors about her engagement are current. This time it's Cary Grant.

In Demand!

[Continued from page 55]

Spence is a swell actor—but not for Myrna.

It is doubtful if Claudette Colbert would be playing "Cigarette" in "Under Two Flags," at this moment, if the leading-man didn't happen to be Ronald Colman. The girls have never noticeably shied from playing in a Colman picture. In the past, there have been occasions of doubt as to a number of possibilities, and practically every leading-woman in Hollywood has been perfectly willing to make tests for the part. So far as Ronnie is concerned it has always been an embarrassment of riches, in the case of leading-women. It narrows down to the point where he can just about take his choice.

Bob Taylor is way up in the running, after a phenomenally short career. Some of the screen's loveliest ladies are languishing for Bob in their next picture, since his "Magnificent Obsession." Bob makes a beautiful girl more beautiful when he looks at her. He is in the running to out-distance Gable, so the wise-acres say, and there will be some pretty hair-pulling matches to see who rates Bobbie, from now on. Bob is so good-looking it almost hurts your husbands and your suitors to figure the riot he's going to start. The girls are flocking in droves to see him. And any lady who happens, also, to be in the picture with him, is bound to be seen by a good-sized audience. Do you think that hasn't occurred to the ladies, by any chance?

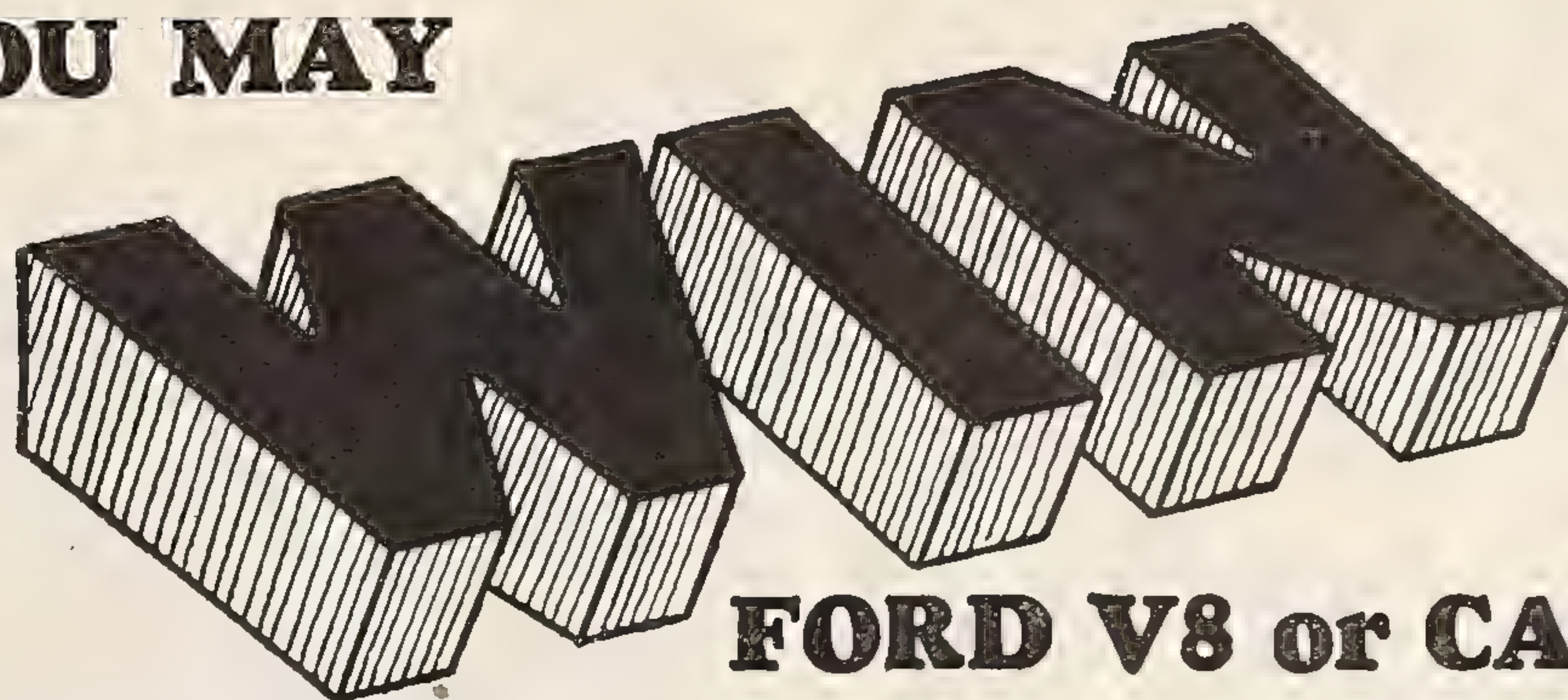
Herbert Marshall has been pretty well handed around—he has covered the territory—Norma Shearer, Ann Harding, Sylvia Sydney, et al, and the fiery tooth-and-nail struggle has calmed to a quiet simmer. Charles Boyer remains a dark horse—he has been so long away from the local screen, making pictures in Europe. The battle was on, after his first startling success in "Private Worlds," and then Katie Hepburn and Loretta Young rated him for two. His vogue may be diminished—it may start up again with renewed vigor, who knows?

A new neck-and-neck race is starting up all over again for Cary Grant, since the Hepburn "Sylvia Scarlett." The meanies say Cary moved the picture right out from under the dynamic Katie—but that won't stop the other girls. They know they are safer with a leading-man who takes the picture, than with one who doesn't register at all. No, you couldn't call it sweetness and light, exactly. Just good sense. Sure they're getting it.

Freddie March probably has thirty or forty leading-women for "Anthony Adverse," judging by the size of the book, but Olivia de Havilland will be lady No. 1. Olivia has started her career most auspiciously, having fallen, literally, into the lap of Errol Flynn, right off the reel. There's a lad who is being included in a lot of beautiful lady's prayers to producers. You can almost feel, all over Hollywood, the smouldering intrigue occurring on the Warner lot between the various leading-women. A lot of girls are being very very good and minding Papa and pulling wires, subduing temperament and behaving like angels—with Errol Flynn in mind. He is a reward worth working for, they figure. What do you think?

The languishing ladies languish—for a reason. The reason is that the latest excitement in leading-men can propel them up to the top of the box-office, can give them a lift back if they're slipping—and there are not half enough of him to go around!

YOU MAY

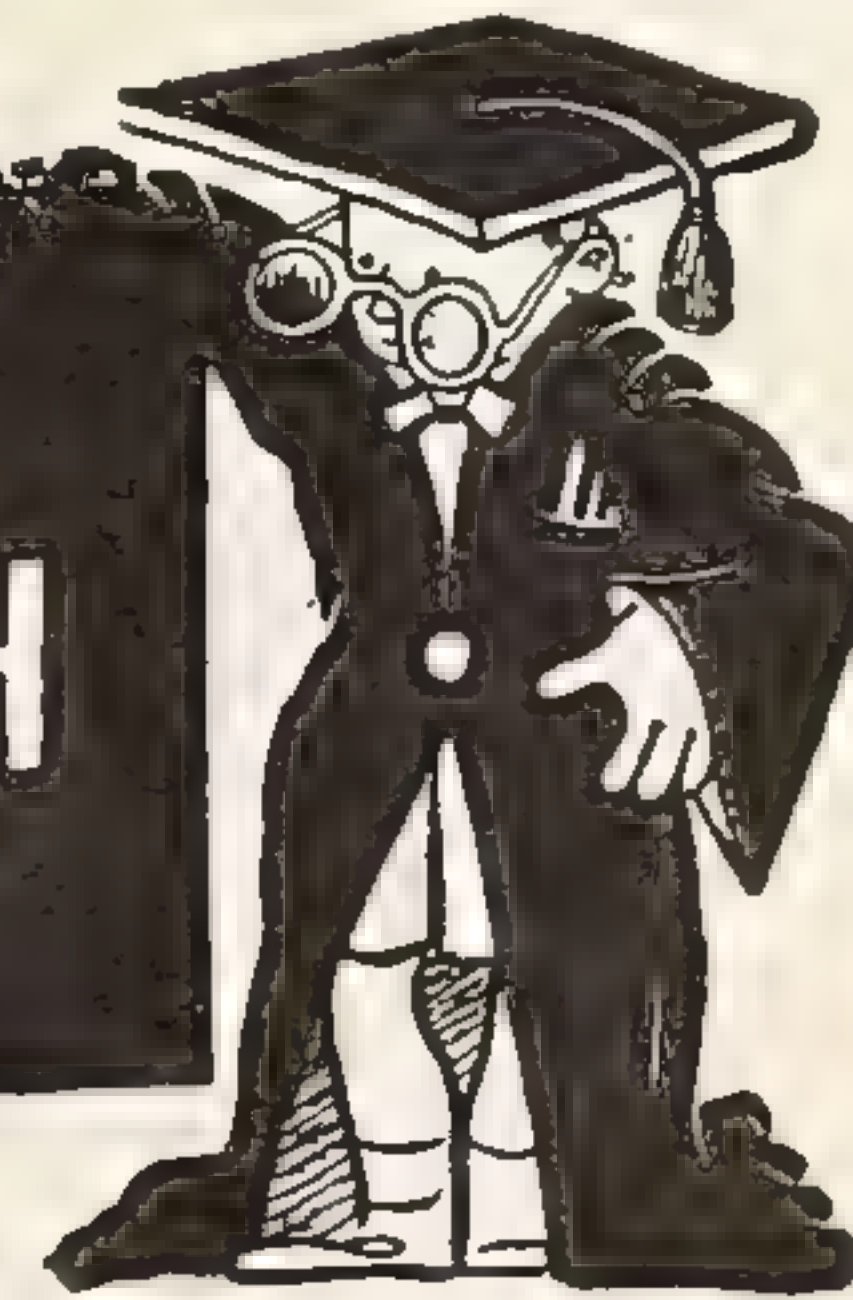


FORD V8 or CASH

Are you smart? Here's a puzzle that will test your wits. The Scrambled Letters below, when properly re-arranged, will spell the name of a Famous Movie Star.

Probably you know the names of most of the Famous Movie Stars, but just to refresh your memory we mention a few: Greta Garbo, Fredric March, Joan Crawford, Shirley Temple, Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Dick Powell, Warner Baxter and Kay Francis.

YES-RIP-MELT-LEH



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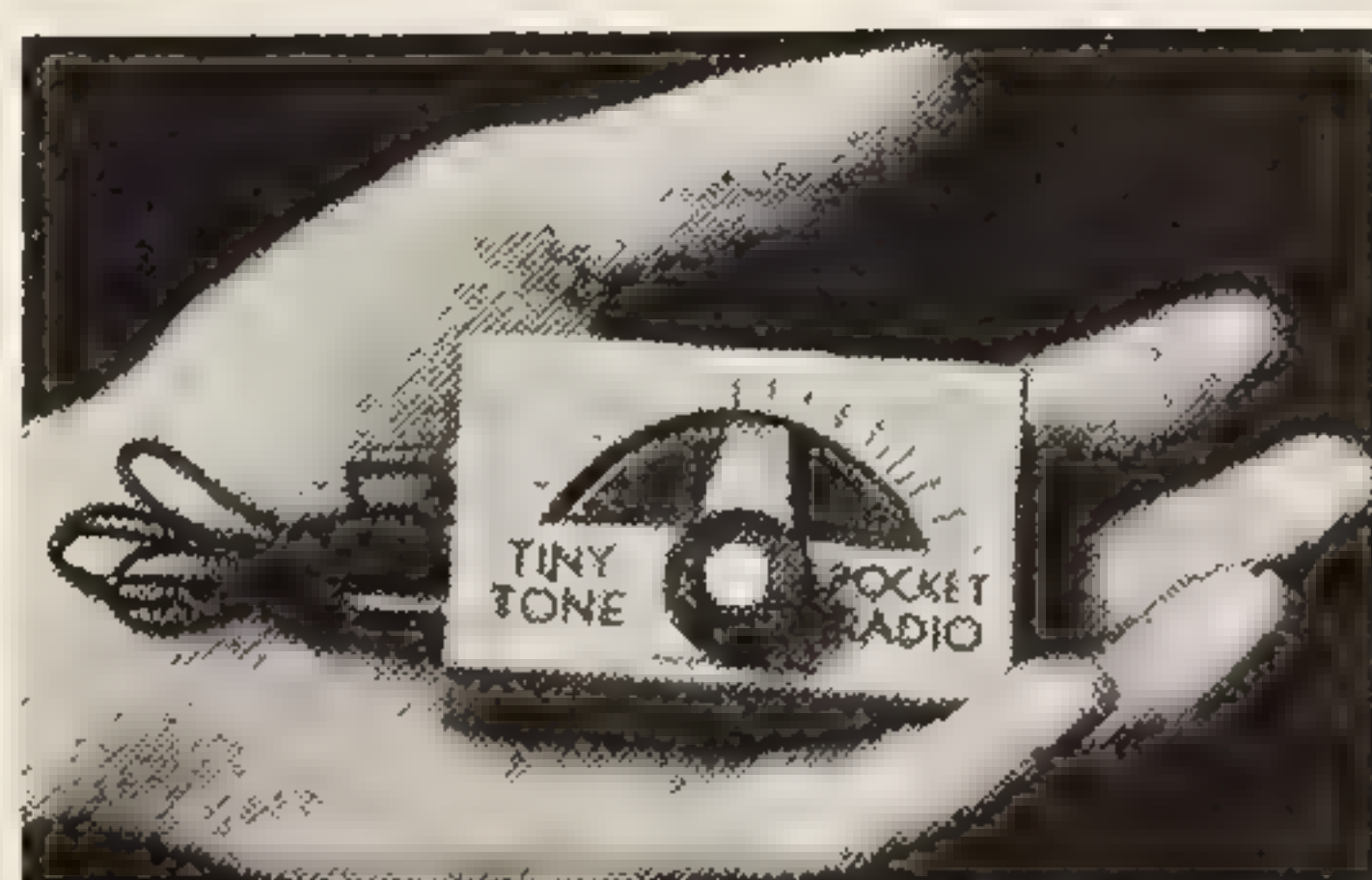
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Acme

Richard Arlen, his wife, Jobyna, and the cutest baby in the film colony set forth for England, where Dick will make a picture.

Studio News

(Continued from page 19)

they're ratting out on me," getting hysterical, "the way everybody's ratting out on me."

"Eddie, you've got to believe me," she protests.

"Go on—act some more," Sawyer says unemotionally to Naish.

"Are you gone on this weasel, Galt?" Naish goes on to Callahan, taking another step down. "Never mind, you don't have to tell me. It sticks out all over your map." Gratingly: "You did a sweet job for him. How does he feel about you?"

"I guess that doesn't matter now," she says helplessly, turning away and half sobbing. "Oh, I don't want him hurt—and I don't want you hurt, either."

"Get out of here," he barks at her viciously. "Get back in that car and beat it."

Now there is real devotion for you. He's sending her away—back to the man she loves. But I shudder to think what's going to happen to Joe Sawyer. He dished it out in "The Informer" but can he take it in "Special Investigator" is what I want to know.

Let me say this, though, before leaving; despite my flippancy this is really a gripping scene and it was played right up to the hilt. And now we'll look in at—

Columbia

MORE luck! Only two pictures shooting here, too. One is called "Blackmailer" and this one, also, is a murder mystery. Eight people are at dinner. The butler is serving. One of the guests (Alexander Cross) requests that the lights be turned out so they can see his cat's-eye ring in the dark. There is a scream and a thud. Mr. Cross is dead with a carving knife in his back. Then Inspector Killian (Paul Hurst) arrives with a lieutenant and suspects practically everyone in the room. He's just coming into the living room when I arrive.

"How are you getting along, sergeant," he inquires of George McKay, "got 'em all?"

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"Not quite," George answers. "I haven't got him (indicating William Gargan) or her (pointing to Florence Rice)."

"Have you any clues, inspector?" Gargan asks.

"The solution of any crime," Paul Hurst announces portentously, "is deductive science." He glances at McKay who takes out a notebook and begins writing. "All mental," he resumes, "all up in the head." With this astounding bit of information he turns to an ornament on the mantel, against which he's been leaning. "Nice piece of marble you got here."

"Jade," says Gargan sweetly.

"Yeah," Hurst agrees unperturbed. "Chinese. Ming dynasty. I've got quite a collection of these. At night, when I go home to my jades—"

"Leave 'em alone, chief," McKay advises, "they'll get you into an awful lot of trouble."

"You get on with your finger-printing," it's Hurst's turn to advise.

The humor of this scene lies in Hurst's appearance and the way he drawls his lines. In both appearance and delivery he's not unlike W. C. Fields.

I nod to Bill Gargan and get beautifully snubbed. "You're on my go-to-hell list," he explains.

"Why?" I ask.

"How long have you been promising to call up and let me practice tennis on you?"

"I been busy," I begin in an aggrieved tone.

"Nuts," says Bill, so I saunter over to Florence with what I fondly hope is a beguiling smile.

"You're on mine, too," she states positively.

"Why?"

"How long have you been promising to call up and take me to a preview?"

It's plain to be seen I am not the life of the party on *this* set so I transfer my activities to the next one. Here we have a little number called "The Mine with the Iron Door" which is being made by Principal Productions for Columbia release. It stars Richard Arlen and is all about the fortune hidden by the monks of the San Capello Mission, in the seventeenth century from the Indians.

Immediately on completion of this picture Dick leaves for eight weeks in England to make a film over there.

"Excuse me if I seem abrupt today," Dick says, "but we're jumping from scene to scene like acrobats, trying to finish up so I can get away by Friday. Come out to the house Thursday night. We're having a few people in for a farewell brawl."

By the time Dick has finished his speech he's halfway through another scene so I leave for—

M-G-M

THERE are several pictures going here but "Mob Rule," starring Spencer Tracy, has just started and the director is one of these foreign artists (Fritz Lang) who can't work without a monocle and a clear stage, so there are no visitors. "The Good Earth" starring Paul Muni is on location. You'll hear about these two next month—maybe.

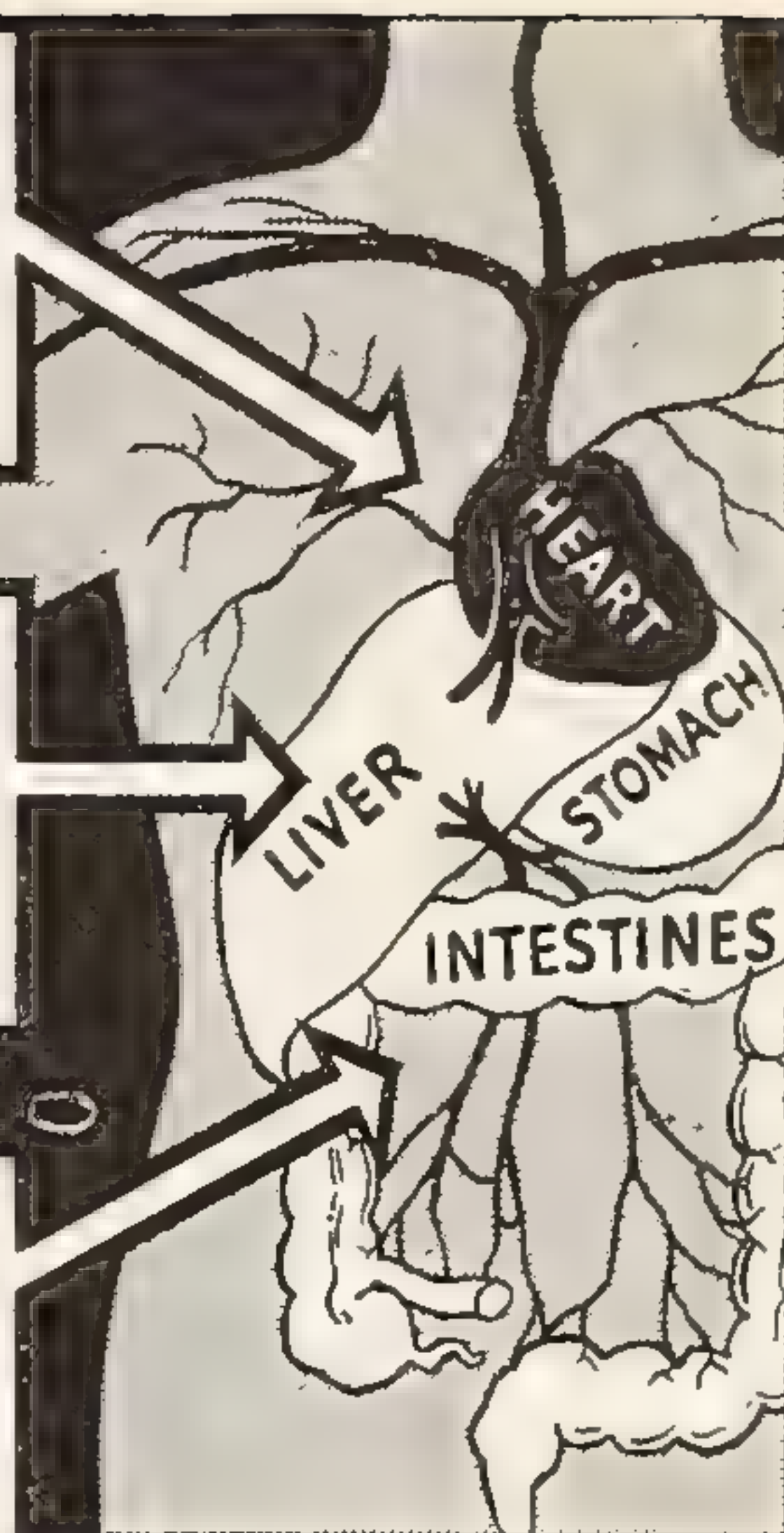
But we have access to "San Francisco" which features Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy (yep, he's in this one, too).

Clark is the boss of San Francisco's Barbary Coast (in 1905, that is—long after Cagney in "Frisco Kid" and Robinson in "Barbary Coast" have got through bossing). On New Year's eve a tenement burns down leaving Jeanette (a minister's daughter) homeless. She is wandering through the streets when Gable's genial bouncer sees her and drags her into his cafe for a drink. She meets Clark and he becomes in-

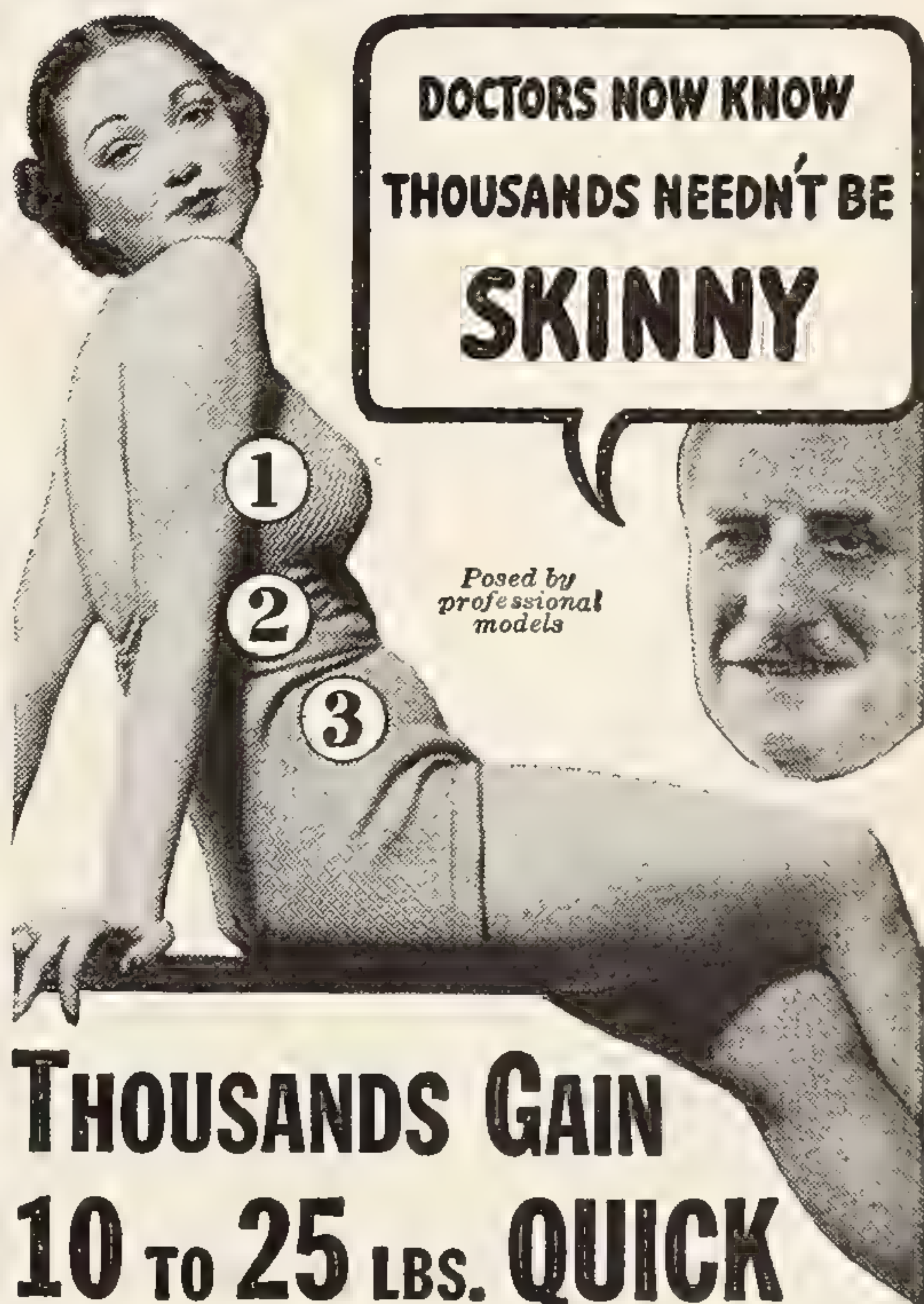
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terested in her and offers her a job. Spence plays a priest. He and Gable are great friends and he meets Jeanette through Clark.

Everything goes well until Gable has posters made of Jeanette in tights. These posters are plastered all over her dressing room. As she and Gable talk the door bursts open and in comes Spence looking quite outraged.

He and Clark have a terrific argument over the posters, with Spence trying to get Jeanette away from this sink of iniquity and Clark trying to hold her. In the midst of the argument the stage manager calls in, "Mary's on next."

"Come on, Mary," Spence urges, taking her cape from the wall. "Come with me."

"Wait a minute," Clark expostulates. "I'm running this place. You take care of your suckers—and I'll take care of mine."

"She's not going out there," Spence announces.

"Mary! Mary Blake!" the stage manager calls.

Spencer moves across the room and stands in front of the door, blocking it. "She's not going out there," he repeats stubbornly.

Gable looks at him for a moment, then hauls off and hits him square on the jaw. Blood trickles from Spence's mouth but he just stands there and makes no move to defend himself.

"They're playing Mary's number," the stage manager calls.

"Get out there, kid," Clark urges Jeanette.

"I'm not going, Blackie," she says quietly, taking off her head-dress. "I'm going with Father Mullins."

"If you leave now," Clark mutters in a livid rage, "You're never coming back!"

"Cut!" calls the director.

"At last I'm a success," Spence says gleefully as he comes up to shake hands. "Playing in two pictures at once."

I congratulate him and wonder how long it will be before he starts squawking about being over-worked, the way everyone else does. So I get in the rattletrap and head off for—

20th Century-Fox

BECAUSE I've been a good boy all day and haven't hated anyone out loud, and because I've taken the slings and ar-



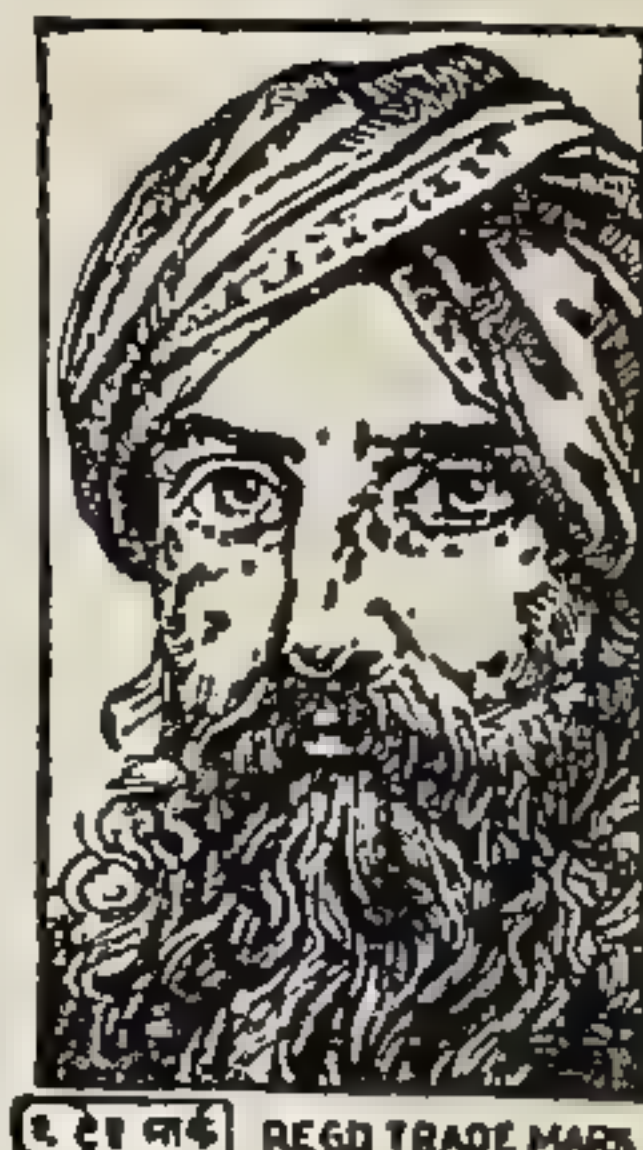
Warner Baxter and Fredric March in a tense, gripping scene in "Zero Hour."

rows of outrageous fortune in good grace, my virtue is rewarded. "Poor Little Rich Girl" starring Shirley Temple is closed to visitors. "Under Two Flags" is on location in Yuma. "The First Baby" has just finished. So that leaves only—

"Zero Hour," starring Fredric March and Warner Baxter. This is really a most depressing war story. At the beginning, the 39th regiment is billeted behind the lines (Warner Baxter is the Captain and Freddie is the Lieutenant). They move up front

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again and Leonid Kinskey is going nuts because of a man's groaning, over in no-man's land. March comes up.

"Can't you do something?" Kinskey wails. "Three men were killed last night trying to bring him in," one of the men explains.

"Two men could get him, Lieutenant," Kinskey urges.

"You and who else?" Freddie asks, not meaning to be funny.

"I'll go," Paul Six offers.

"He wants to go," Gregory Ratoff explains to March. "His brother died on the wire that way last year in front of Souchez. Rigaud (Six) had to listen to him for two days before a barrage came."

"All right," says Freddie. "Come with me." He turns and Kinskey and Six follow him to a section of the trench directly opposite the wounded man's cries. Kinskey and Six start over the parapet. A few feet away Warner Baxter is watching the scene. His eyes are expressionless. As the men crawl forward a light makes them stop and shows the wounded man.

Suddenly a German machine gun rakes the terrain. Kinskey screams. As the machine gun travels on, March, who has been watching from a loophole, leaps for the parapet and starts over. Not expecting this, Victor Killian, who is standing alongside, is late in grabbing at his legs. He gets one foot but March kicks free and disappears over the top. A little while later he comes crawling back and tumbles Six's body into the trench. Soldiers reach and help as March follows with Kinskey, the latter whimpering but unwounded.

"God rest him," says Freddie speaking of Six.

And then Baxter comes in, his eyes on Kinskey, who is still whimpering. "Send that man to the rear," he orders and then turns to March: "You're a stout fellow, Denet, but you're a fool." With that he draws his pistol, mounts the firing step, levels the pistol through the loophole and fires several times. The cries of the wounded man out there stop.

Freddie, slightly sickened, turns with an effort at casualness to Killian as Baxter steps down. "Shall we get on with that report?" March asks him, trying to keep his voice steady.

"Yes, sir," Killian agrees. They leave. Baxter watches them go. His eyes pass on to other soldiers. They turn away, also trying to look casual, and move out, leaving him alone. He looks down at the pistol in his hand, puts it back into its holster, raises his head and moves off towards the officers' dugout—alone.

What a tense, gripping scene. And what a set! The trenches, the mud, the barbed wire entanglements, the dugouts, everything is so realistic you don't have to do much imagining to fancy yourself in France. There is even the smell of gunpowder in the air. And the painted backdrops show nothing but dull gray skies. The soldiers look filthy and haven't shaved in weeks. I can't help wondering if they've bathed.

I'd like to chat a few minutes with Freddie and Warner but, gee whiz, you can't go up and ask a guy if he's playing much tennis when you've just seen life and war in the raw like that. I start away, slip off the plank into the mud, up to my ankles, and a new 15c shoe shine is shot to blazes.

And so, as my friend Eddie Martin says, grumbling over my luck which changes with every tick of the clock, I hit the trail for the homeland. *Adios!*

Something To Look Forward To

The dramatic "Beau Geste," a great success of silent days, is to be remade in full color, with Gary Cooper in just the kind of part that suits him.

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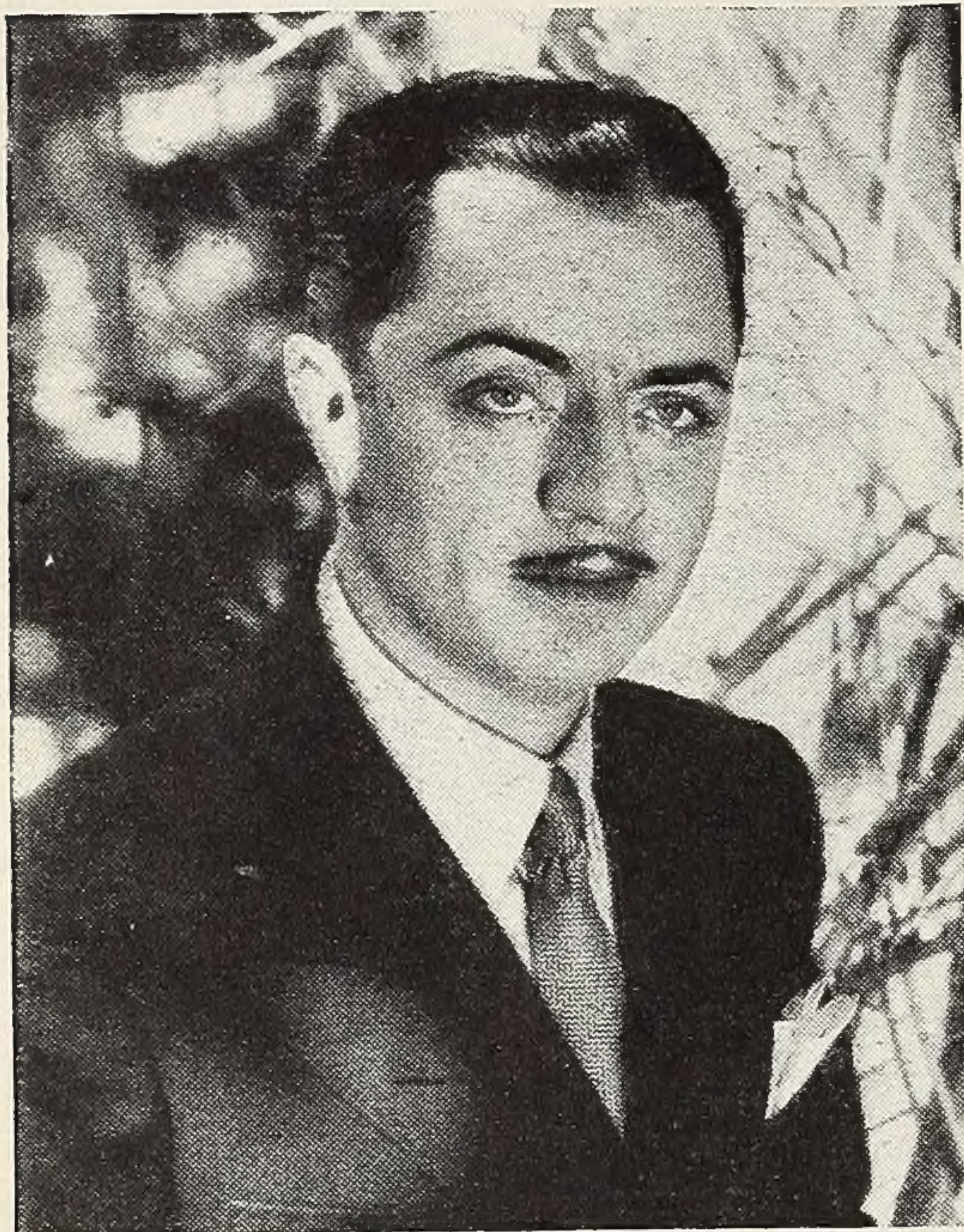
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The Final Thing

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



William Powell

BIOGRAPHICAL pictures are gaining ground. The Pasteur film, Dr. Mudd ("Prisoner of Shark Island"), and Garcia have led up to Ziegfeld, played brilliantly by William Powell. This cycle became possible when the producers decided that truth need not give way for a happy ending. The life of Thomas A. Edison should be filmed and many others. Florence Nightingale is on the way.

* * *

THOSE interested in the theory of scenarios will check that Ziegfeld lies and lies and, as the audience knows this, we have one more instance of the intriguing quality of a deception practiced not on the audience but on someone in the picture.

* * *

DID you ever give a thought to the writers of Hollywood? Here's your chance. In Mr. Will Hays' annual report he tells that there were 519 feature length pictures produced in 1935. Of this number nearly half—that is 244—were "originals," written on the spot. The stage gave the screen only 41 plays.

There are 749 writers in Hollywood who actually write for the screen, not about it. Half of these writers (391) did only one picture, and yet so important is each story that they probably received good pay, even though they concentrated on but a single plot. The head man, Charles Brackett, worked on the scripts of 12 pictures—that goes to show you!

There are many writers everywhere. This is to tell them that their stories are *wanted* and to suggest to them the way to proceed if they are ambitious to reach the pinnacle (and the safe deposit vaults) of writing—that is, writing for the screen.

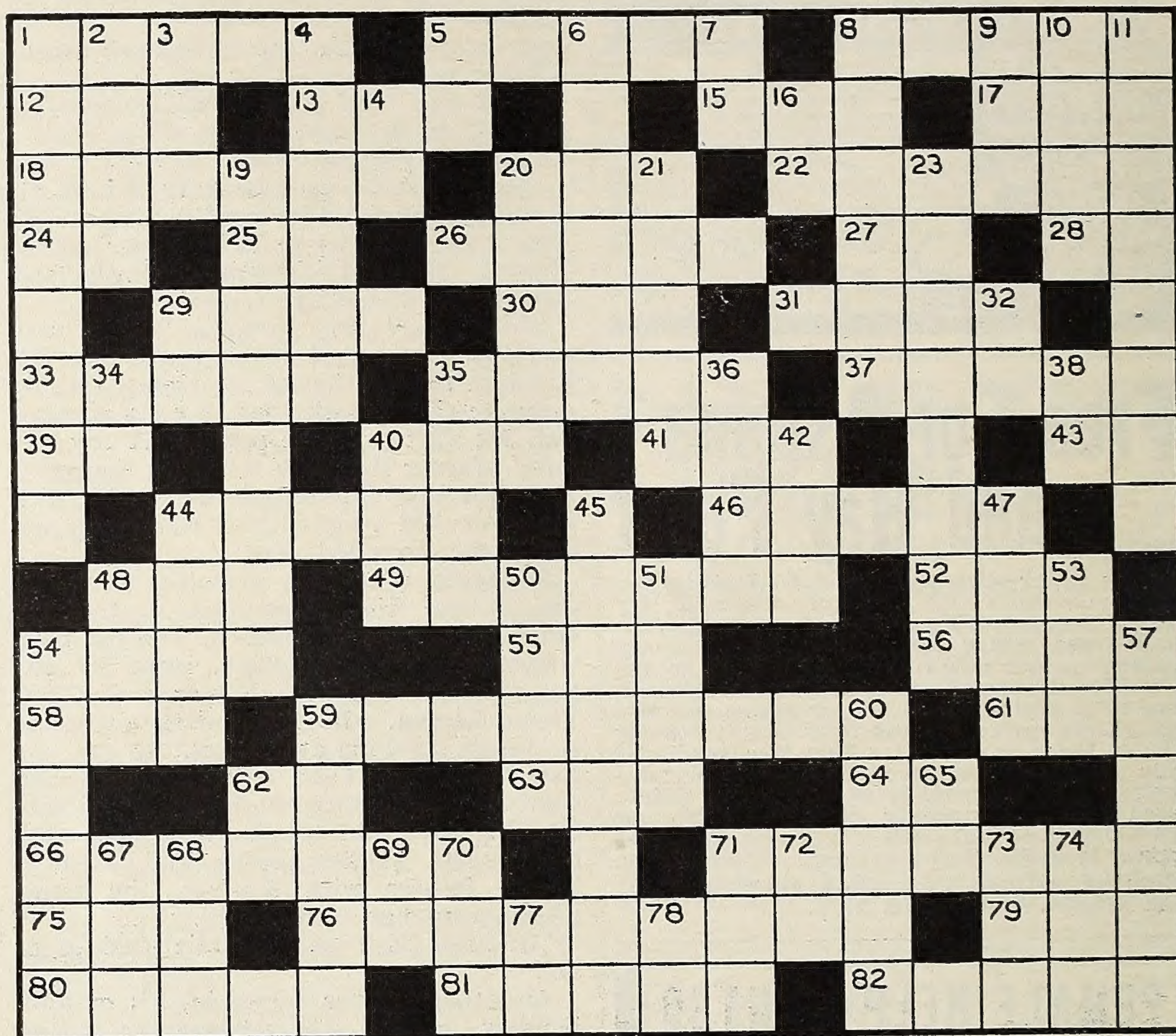
Out of 519 scripts, 220 came from writers of stories, novels and plays, who are *not* in Hollywood. Hollywood will read your story wherever it is printed—they studied 5,358 stories last year to find the 220 that were used.

It is all very simple. You write the story, sell it to a story magazine and Bang!—the first thing you know you are on the TWA plane rushing to Hollywood to tell Garbo or Crawford what you meant.

Bon voyage!

Edw. Keen

EDITOR.



ACROSS

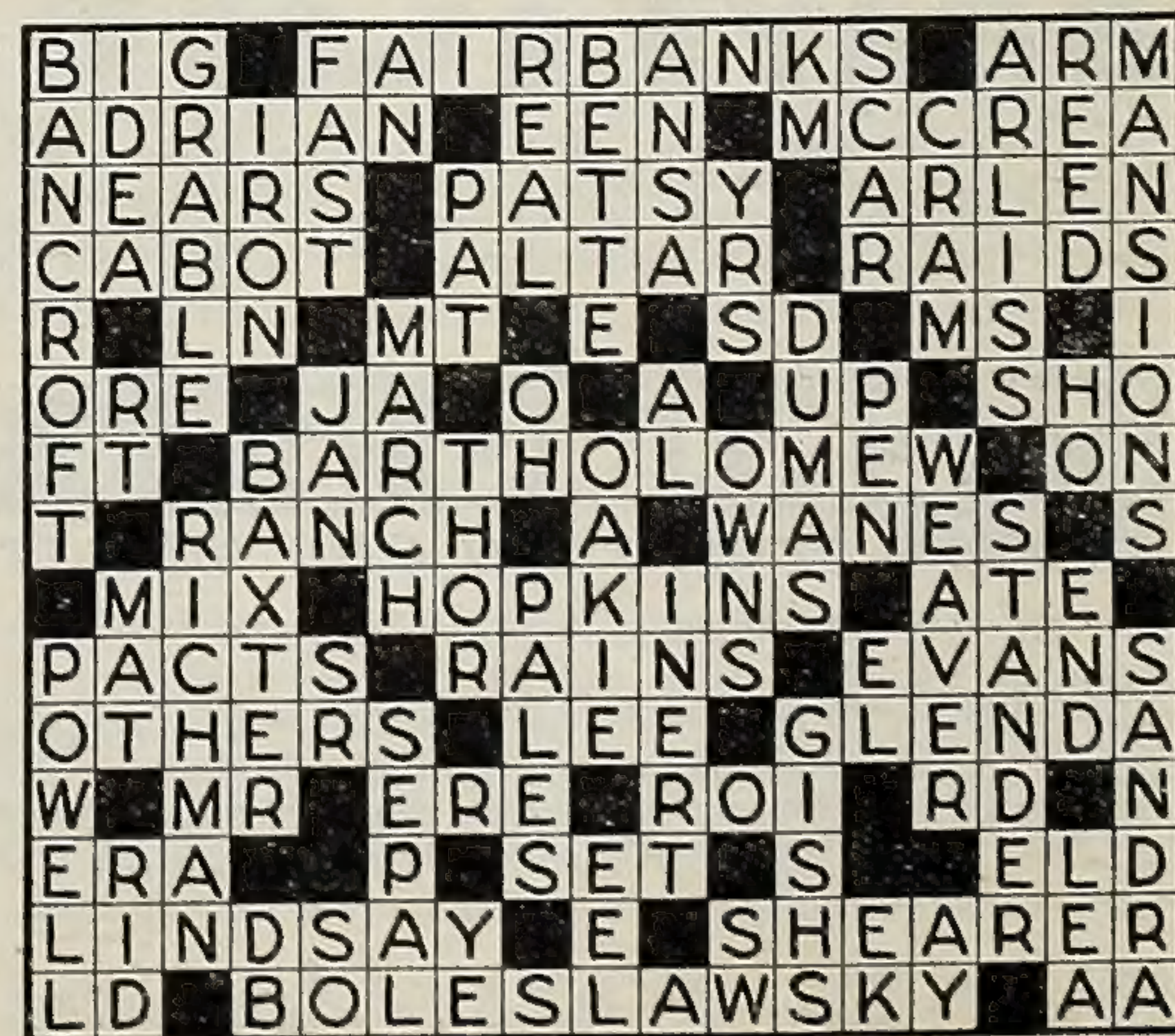
- 1 The architect in "Don't Get Personal"
- 5 The newspaper man in "Absolute Quiet"
- 8 She dances with Eddie Nugent in "Dancing Feet"
- 12 A period of time
- 13 A large tub or vessel
- 15 A favorite dessert
- 17 Suffix used to denote a follower
- 18 Metro considers him the next Clark Gable
- 20 The ex-husband of Barbara Stanwyck
- 22 She's in "The Song and Dance Man"
- 24 Type measure
- 25 Indefinite article
- 26 The wife of Donald Woods in "A Tale of Two Cities"
- 27 Master of Science (abbr.)
- 28 Postscript (abbr.)
- 29 A charming young star
- 30 Over (poet.)
- 31 The "Songbird of the South"
- 33 A raised platform
- 35 With Margaret Sullavan in "The Moon's Our Home"
- 37 A black man, especially of African blood
- 39 Exclamation of surprise
- 40 Parent
- 41 A runner used in sliding over the snow
- 43 "The Singing Kid"
- 44 To ravage in search of spoils
- 46 Separate articles
- 48 To make a mistake
- 49 Renders calm or quiet
- 52 Partake of food
- 54 Regard with care
- 55 An island off the English Coast
- 56 Draw along slowly
- 58 Finish
- 59 She appears with Fredric March in "Anthony Adverse"
- 61 A collection of facts
- 62 Behold
- 63 Untruth
- 64 Birthplace of Abraham
- 66 Books
- 71 Engineer extraordinary in "Modern Times"
- 75 Before
- 76 Systematic training
- 79 Trouble
- 80 Periods of time
- 81 He is married to Pat Paterson
- 82 Senior

DOWN

- 1 The nurse in "The Country Doctor"
- 2 Persia
- 3 Negative
- 4 One of the famous quintuplets
- 5 And (L.)
- 6 A new heart-breaker on the 20th Century-Fox lot
- 7 Notary Public (abbr.)
- 8 Stage and screen musical comedy songstress
- 9 Large running stream (abbr.)

- 10 Cease from action
- 11 "The Country Doctor" himself
- 14 Arabia (abbr.)
- 16 Neuter pronoun
- 19 The singing comedienne of "Collegiate"
- 20 A deluge
- 21 Enclosures adjoining houses
- 23 Prized most highly
- 29 Mrs. Bruce Cabot (initials)
- 32 For example (abbr.)
- 34 A comedian on the Metro lot
- 35 She is no longer a blonde
- 36 Delightful Mexican bandit in "Woman Trap"
- 38 Sun god
- 40 Touch lightly
- 42 Pronoun (poss.)
- 44 With Joan Bennett in "13 Hours by Air"
- 45 An important member of the cast of "Desire"
- 47 The matron in "The Matron's Report"
- 48 Even (poet.)
- 50 To furnish with a ceiling
- 51 The hero in "Murder by an Aristocrat"
- 53 A color
- 54 The former "big moment" in Robert Taylor's life
- 57 The "Small Town Girl"
- 59 Dwelling places
- 60 Magnolia in "Show Boat"
- 62 Girl's name (abbr.)
- 65 She was teamed with Dick Powell again in "Colleen" (initials)
- 67 Natural metal
- 68 A meadow
- 69 Editor (abbr.)
- 70 A substitute (abbr.)
- 71 Circle (abbr.)
- 72 Wool (Scot.)
- 73 Boy
- 74 Suffix
- 77 Company (abbr.)
- 78 Symbol of Tellurium

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